THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 300,000 COPIES Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. III. No. 46. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1936. 60 PAGES. PRICE 3d. SYDNEY

LIBRARY 15 APR 1936 NEW SOUTH WALES

A Fair Favorite

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612836

NEW CENSOR *Ban on* CHAPLIN FILM

"Modern Times" too modern for Belgium ... so cuts were ordered!

FUNNY LIFE OF FUNNY PICTURE

By Cable from JUDY BAILEY.
Our Special Film Representative in Europe.

Shocked Belgian censors have just banned Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Modern Times," which is now enjoying its Australian premiere.

Hitlerised Germany has already objected to it, but the Russian Government likes it, seeing in the comedian's quaint humor ironic propaganda against the world.

It all sounds funny, but then it's said to be a funny picture.

PAULETTE GODDARD, Chaplin's new love, is seen here in part of the incident in "Modern Times" to which the Belgian censors objected.

THE really humorous part is that Chaplin's Hitler-like moustache and appearance are causing a delicate situation in Europe and threatening the success of his film.

The anti-Hitlerites regard Chaplin as Hitler making fun of the world. The Hitlerites think he is making fun of Hitler. Either interpretation suits the Soviet Government.

In that summary of the situation is said to be the real reason for the remarkable European reaction to Chaplin's film.

Right on the eve of Chaplin's "come-back" to Australian audiences the Belgian censors banned the picture in its original form. It put "dangerous ideas into children's minds," they said.

So while Charlie has been playing "high jinks" around the East Indies, making front page news for Java and Singapore natives and filling the world with wild speculations about his romance with Paulette Goddard, the censors have been playing "high jinks" with his film. Only after quick cuts were made was Belgian censorship honor appeased and the ban reluctantly lifted.

The official reason for the preliminary ban, which was derided by the Belgian Press, was that the "film ridiculed the police," particularly in the gaol-breaking scenes. It also portrayed numerous petty thefts and revolver shootings which the police considered would "encourage juvenile crime."

Chaplin's whimsical humor was viewed with suspicion by police and censors in a country that is surrounded by suspicion. If Chaplin were in Belgium now he would probably be interned on the presumption that he was Hitler!

A REVIEW of "Modern Times" by our Film Critic appears on Page 36.

One of the instances objected to by the Belgian censors portrays Paulette stealing a loaf of bread, for which Chaplin subsequently takes the blame. The elimination of this incident actually confuses the whole scene and spoils the continuity.

Another incident which had to be cut showed Paulette being chased by a sailor for stealing bananas. Apparently the objection to this was that it would encourage the unemployed to take food if they could not buy it.

This is not the first heap of bananas on which Chaplin has slipped, but the world always laughed on previous occasions.

The Belgian censorship, generally acknowledged as one of the strictest in the world, insists upon cinemas prominently displaying signs, "Children not admitted," when showing pictures portraying love scenes. It is just as well, therefore, that Chaplin did not include in "Modern Times" scenes from his romantic East Indies voyagings with Paulette Goddard, the leading lady. In the film she is a little gamin girl whom Charlie befriends (a friendship that blossomed to real romance).

CHAPLIN in the hands of Justice—a scene from the bread-stealing episode that provoked the Belgian censor's ban.

Satire on Society

"MODERN TIMES," among other things, is regarded as a humorous satire of the capitalistic system, and on such grounds was the first non-Russian picture to be purchased by the Soviet.

While the German ban is said to be due to the Chaplin moustache resembling Hitler's, there is a suggestion that the report that Chaplin is of Semitic parentage was a contributory reason.

No objection could be made on the score of his "foreign" accent, since he relies upon action and not speech for his humorous effects.

Every incident and role in "Modern Times" has the Chaplin stamp, for he personally supervised the whole production, even the marketing arrangements. He wrote and arranged all the incidental music himself, and in the course of training the cast he acted and reacted every role.

His insistence, it is said, is responsible for the direction that previews of the film should not be allowed; that in each centre all first screenings should be public premieres, a method which restricted any possibility of unfavorable advance criticisms. Could Chaplin have anticipated a few brickbats?

Whether the German and Belgian representatives in Australia will make it their business to view the film is a matter for speculation.

It is stated in London that the Australian censor, Mr. O'Reilly, passed the film without ordering cuts.

Whatever moral or other reason caused the Belgian censor's last-minute action, it certainly helped Chaplin's publicity in other parts of the world by provoking general curiosity — and curiosity swells the box-office receipts.

Shrewd cynics see behind the national and international by-play Charlie's hand pulling the world's publicity strings—to open the public's purse strings, of course.

Can He "Come-back?"

WITH all this added blast of world propaganda, can he make his "come-back," or will he find that he is on the wrong side of the escalator, as he is seen in a comic situation in the film?

None will be more interested in his success than the studio team who have worked for him for years—Della Steel, the "script" girl, who has "held the book" in all his most successful films; plump and genial Harry Bergman, who has appeared in all his films for twenty years; and those other members of the "happy family" who have been working with Chaplin so long that they anticipate his every direction.

Like the LOVELY BLOOM on petals...

A silk-sifted, clinging face powder to create a youthful bloom for your complexion .. and, being semi-transparent, to reveal your skin's own lovely warmth. The fragrance of Black Tulip is light and sweet and faintly mysterious.

1/6 A BOX

Also Face Creams, Talc Powder and Perfume .. all in the same enchanting fragrance.

In 4 Shades at all Chemists and Stores.

Black Tulip
FACE POWDER

29.3.4.37

WIGGLE *that Cost* A LIFE

Twist in medical symbol caused poignant chain of tragedy

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe.

Through the wiggle of a pen in writing a medical symbol, a woman has lost her life, a husband has lost his bride and his savings in legal action against a hospital, and two nurses were each fined £100 and lost their jobs.

The poignant circumstances surrounding the case, which hinged on the misinterpretation of a prescription, have revived the controversy concerning the unintelligible-looking symbols used in doctors' prescriptions—and the danger of similar errors endangering other lives.

THE victim was Mrs. Norman Strangways - Lesmere, of Weymouth. Her husband sued the hospital as well as the nurses for negligence. The hospital authorities were exonerated, but the nurses in charge of the case were each fined £100, and lost their positions.

That is not the end of the business. The mother of Mr. Strangways-Lesmere said after the case:

"My son has lost his wife after only a few weeks of marriage, and now all his money will go in paying the costs of the case won by the hospital. It seems too much to pay for an extra wiggle on the prescription. The practice, too, may mean the death of other patients."

The young bride, who became ill, was ordered one drachm of a certain drug. The symbol generally used by medical men for a **drachm** is something like the figure three. With an extra wiggle on it the figure becomes the recognised medical symbol for **an ounce.**

This is what happened in this case. Two nurses misinterpreted the meaning of the symbol, with the result that an overdose of the drug was administered to the patient, who died from its effects.

Vital Terms

A CHINESE puzzle is nothing to a doctor's prescription—a mixture of dog-Latin, drugs, and contractions on the correct deciphering of which human lives depend.

Leading chemists and pharmaceutists explain that all medical men, in all countries, write their prescriptions in Latin, because it is a dead language—its words are not subject to any change of meaning with the course of time.

Further, Latin is the language of medicine in practice all over the world, and the language by which all medical knowledge and experience is transmitted from one country to another. It is the medical "Esperanto."

Therefore, a prescription given by a doctor in Sydney or Melbourne can be taken to any country in the world, wherever you happen to be travelling, and the foreign chemist will make it up accurately and without difficulty.

The Weymouth case, however, shows that there is always the risk of an inadvertent twist of the pen when writing prescriptions making a poison of what is intended to be a curative medicine. This emphasises the need of extra care in writing and reading all prescriptions, a fact that is generally recognised by the medical and pharmaceutical professions all over the world.

THE CLOSELY-RELATED medical symbols that cost a woman's life. The symbol on the left represents a drachm, and that on the right an ounce.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612837

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

OLYMPIC ORGANISER

BARONESS JOHANNA VON WANGEMHEIM, whose late husband was for many years German Ambassador in Constantinople, will direct the "Comradeship House," which will accommodate the women competitors in the Eleventh Olympiad to be held in Germany this year.

The Baroness has for many years taken an active part in Red Cross work, and has won distinction through her services in the establishment and maintenance of Welfare Kitchens.

ENGINEERS' FRIEND

P. A. ELLIOTT, organising secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers' Union of South Australia and Broken Hill, past president of the Trades and Labor Council in Adelaide, and a member of the executive of that body for the past 10 years, has a busy life attending meetings of metal workers in his home State. And he is greatly assisted in his organising and secretarial duties by reason of the fact that he had 30 years' practical experience as an engineer before he stepped into the job he now holds.

Mr. Elliott plays cricket for the United Churches Association in South Australia, and takes a keen interest in Church work generally.

GREAT "ARMY" WORKER

MAJOR BATTERSBY, of the Salvation Army, who is at present in Sydney, is on a 10 months' vacation. For 27 years she has been connected with the "Army," and prior to being stationed in the Vendaland (South Africa), was in Korea.

When her holiday expires, Major Battersby, who is a fully-qualified nurse, will go to Kenya (British East Africa), to carry on her work among the natives.

At the hospital in Vendaland where the Major was last stationed, between 300 and 400 hatives were attended to monthly in the casualty ward, many of them for crocodile bites.

A MODERN *Search* FOR GOD

Beverley Nichols Hunts Clues in the Divine Mystery

HIS "DISCOVERY" OF FAITH

By JOHN BRIEARS

Presenting Christ as a moral "policeman," or "sublime magistrate," Heaven as a place reached by observing a time-table, and himself as a detective seeking faith, Beverley Nichols has written a challenging new book, "The Fool Hath Said," which he describes as a modern search for God.

The book, which is only just off the English printing presses, has already provoked comment here because, in elaboration of his arguments, he criticises our White Australia policy, as reported in the cables a few days ago. In other respects, the book provides material for interesting Eastertime reflections on the "discoveries" of Mr. Nichols.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS, who, in his latest book, protests his faith in Christianity.

NICHOLS has chosen a cocktail bar on the Riviera as a theological balcony from which to review and analyse the documentary and other evidence on which is founded Faith, as known to the Christian world.

Mr. Nichols well understands the art of aiming at the provocative interest of his audience. In his new book he has provided food for argument and controversy, as he did in "Evensong," which is remembered chiefly as being harshly analogous to the life of Melba.

As a theological treasure hunt, "The Fool Hath Said" is hardly likely to convert the rationalists, agnostics or atheists, nor will it impress the millions who, in any case, found Faith long before Mr. Nichols was ready to tell them about it.

He has created a new Nichols cocktail, with a familiar tang that is yet hard on the palate. For ingredients he has combed ancient archives and searched the works of Aldous Huxley, Tennyson, Darwin, Sir James Jeans, Noel Coward, H. G. Wells, and other modern writers and scientists.

Mr. Nichols reviews the records concerning Christ's existence, covering ground already familiar to Biblical students.

"There are a number of scraps of paper," he says, "which tell us that God came down to earth in the shape of a man, Jesus Christ, Who died for our salvation. These pieces of paper are as clear as a time-table. A time-table informs us that if we catch a certain train we shall arrive at a certain station. **The documents tell us that if we obey certain rules we shall arrive at a place called Heaven."**

The Cross—Symbol of Faith.

Nichols—isms

I HAVE no use for Faith that is not based on fact.

MOST PEOPLE try to take the drug (of Faith) standing up, walking about, talking, fussing. It is a pity that they did not do as they were told and fall on their knees in a quiet room.

CHRIST was, after all, by far the greatest wit the world has ever known. . . . Christ's epigrams are like stars . . . they are as near to eternity as we could want.

Seeks Novel Effect

HE continues in similar vein. He visualises a scene in Jerusalem in A.D. 48, goes back to the Resurrection and beyond, and speculates on the scene to-day if Christ came again.

This is his picture of the writing of one of the earliest records:—

> **Scene: A room in Jerusalem. Time: A.D. 48. Dramatis Personae: Saint Paul, Timothy and Silvanus.**
>
> **Paul is a short, middle-aged man with weak, screwed-up eyes and hands that are coarsened with the constant rubbing of the black hair-cloth which he used in his trade of tent-making. Timothy and Silvanus are young men.**
>
> **Paul is dictating . . . he is dictating with fire, going abrupt, staccato sentences . . . slowly, but surely, the papyrus is being covered with little columns, two or three inches wide.**
>
> **Paul's voice rises and falls:**
>
> **"Paul and Silvanus and Timothy unto the Church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Grace to you and Peace."**
>
> **With a nervous gesture he throws aside the haircloth and rises to his feet:**
>
> **"We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers."**

His researches reveal nothing particularly new. Rather, he seeks a novel effect in his treatment, as, for instance, in his references to the Resurrection, of which he says:—

". . . We must not imply a merely spiritual resurrection, nor a mere survival of a dead man's ideas, nor a pious legend derived from a hotch-potch of Greek manuscripts.

"We must imply that on a certain hour between night and day in an Eastern tomb, there was a strange stirring, while immense and incalculable forces poured back life into the body of a dead man, so that He was able to rise up and walk out into the moonlight. We must imply this and nothing else."

Note the use of the word "imply," suggestive of doubt. Then he becomes more positive:

"We must believe the thing happened; it must be so real to us that we must be able to hear in our hearts the faint sigh in the tomb as the life spirit flooded back into the tortured body, must be able to smell, in our own nostrils, the medley of strange scents which floated back to Him, the scent of spices and dust. . . ."

If Christ Came Again

REFERRING to Saint John's story of how Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, Beverley Nichols says:

"If we believe that story, it is one of the loveliest things that the printed word will ever give us. It is a story over which, without shame, a man may weep."

Note the significant use of the first three words, "If we believe."

Dismissing the factor of time, as distinguished by the scientists, he explains that the vastness of time need not concern man, because for nearly all of time, as we know it, the curtain had not risen on his little drama. What God was doing behind that curtain throughout infinity need not really concern us.

Mr. Nichols' faith carries him over that hurdle and many others. But many readers will gather the impression that if the hurdles had proved more difficult he would have wavered and turned back.

When that Holy curtain was raised at last, the whole drama of history seems to lead swiftly, inevitably, to the great climax of the Cross, he says, and adds:

"The year A.D. 1 is at least not a wildly improbable one for the revelation of Christ. God might have chosen the year 30,000 B.C., but he would not have had a very considerable audience to whom he could speak."

"Try to imagine what a world without Doubt would be," says Nichols, speculating on what would happen if Christ visited the earth again to remove the doubts of his previous existence. "Supposing He had come only for an hour. Science would have perpetuated that hour for all time. We should be able to read in the newspapers a thousand reports of his slightest gesture. There would not be the faintest shadow of a reason why any man or woman in any country in the world should for one moment question the complete authenticity of the Christian legend."

In a world without Doubt, "Christ would descend to the level of a policeman. He would be, at best, a sort of sublime magistrate," is his conclusion.

In his opinion, "it would be a drab world in the light of such a challenging revelation. All merit would have been taken from Faith and the man who did not do as Christ told him to do would be a fool. The man who did do what Christ told him to do would be no more admirable and no more spiritually benefited than the man who keeps within the speed limit and obeys the ordinary laws of the land."

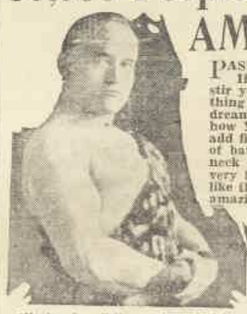
Remove Doubt from the world and you remove the incentive for living, he argues. Oh, Mr. Nichols, why did your Faith baulk at this? The presence of Christ might end Doubt, but we would still have to attain heaven.

Discussing in this book the consistency of the British Empire and Christian principles, he has questioned the wisdom of the White Australia policy. To this, Australians will naturally answer, "Have Faith, Mr. Nichols!"

Faith is the drug he prescribes for all the world's ills. It is a remedy that the world passes back to him when he predicts that mankind would react unfavorably to the stimulus of another Divine revelation.

HAVE FAITH, MR. NICHOLS!

80,000 People Have Read This AMAZING BOOK!



Alfred J. Britton, Australasia's Leading Physical Director, Founder of "Health and Physical Culture" Magazine.

PAST the 80,000 mark, and still going strong! If you would read something that would stir your very vitals—if you would learn something the like of which you had never even dreamed! Then send for this book and read how YOU can charge your body full of vitality, add five inches to your chest, acquire the power of battering-rams in your arms, and develop a neck and legs like pillars! It's all here in this very book, explained in detail, and you'll agree, like thousands of others have, that it's the most amazing book you have ever seen.

Be a Man She'll Admire!

NOTICE how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. AND YOU CAN BE THAT MAN. Remember, I do not only promise it, I GUARANTEE IT. . . Now, don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood, to-day!

500 FREE BOOKS!

For a limited time you may get this wonder book free if you act quickly. Its message and its many illustrations will amaze you. It contains matter of vital information that you should know about at once. Rip the coupon out and post TO-DAY!

Yours FREE If You Send Now!

THIS month, to every man reader of this paper who is interested, here's my offer. To prove to you what I have said about the "Secrets of Muscular Strength and How to Acquire It," I am going to give ONE FREE ISSUE providing you make application at once! This book has been the cause of changing the lives of thousands of men. I have received countless thousands of wonderful letters and photographs of actual transformations of men who never thought they could acquire strength and development! Make me PROVE these assertions to you by sending for your copy this minute, not to-morrow, you may be too late, but to-day—NOW! Are you ready! Let's go!

Rush Coupon Along!

ALFRED J. BRITON, DEPT. W3.
167 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,—Please send me, absolutely FREE, a copy of your latest book, "The Secrets of Muscular Strength—And How to Acquire It."

NAME .....

FULL ADDRESS ..... 18/4/'36

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612838

SOPRANOS & *Contraltos* in *Boat Race* TEST

Girls will be There to Cheer Head-of-the-River Heroes

Shrill sopranos and deep contraltos, lusty bassos and baritones, high-pitched tenors and altos, will vie with each other this week in the most exacting voice test of the year — that of shouting wild encouragements and cheers to the competitors in the Great Public Schools boat races on the Nepean River.

In fact, "Boat race voice" is a hoarse complaint that is likely to affect both sexes, of all ages, who line the river on Saturday to cheer their favorites in the annual Head-of-the-River events.

FOR the past 43 years this spectacular contest for the coveted title of "Head of the River" has been fought on the historic Parramatta River course where each year it has proved a colorful and thrilling spectacle.

The Public Schools' boat race has always been one of our great sporting events. It provides a real day out for many thousands. Young girls, particularly, on this day of the year deck themselves out in their gayest frocks, flaunt the colors of the school in which they are interested, and armed with megaphones shout themselves hoarse in encouragement of their favorites.

In previous years several heats were necessary before the final event was decided, but the new Nepean course will allow of the whole eight teams taking their place in one grand deciding championship.

Prior to the eight-oar championship race first and second fours from the eight Great Public Schools will provide interesting tussles.

The old Cabarita course on the Parramatta River, although in close proximity to the city, was not nearly as suitable as the new course on the Nepean, particularly from the spectators' point of view.

The comparatively flat banks of the Parramatta at Cabarita had many disadvantages for watching a boat race, whilst thousands of river craft and ferry boats always caused congestion on Head-of-the-River days on the Parramatta.

The beautiful Nepean River at Penrith, with its high banks, forms a natural amphitheatre for spectators.

There is no tide in this portion of the Nepean and post positions will make very little difference to the contestants, so that a great race on its merits should result.

Eight Schools

THE Great Public Schools competing this year are St. Joseph's, Shore, Grammar, Riverview, Scots College, King's School, Newington and Sydney High School.

On Saturday the public will see the finest types of young Australian athletes, straining every nerve and muscle in their determination to keep up the sporting prestige of their particular college.

It is anticipated that nearly a hundred thousand spectators, the majority of them women and girls, will be there to cheer and inspire the young athletes.

Some idea of the splendid types of physical youth who participate in these contests can be gauged from a glance at their weights. Most of the boys are between 17 and 18 years of age, and the average weights of members of the various crews are:—

King's School ..	11.2	St. Joseph's College	11.11
Newington	10.8	Scots College	11.0
Shore	11.4	High School ..	11.6
Riverview	11.4	Grammar	11.5

Although the intensive training of these young athletes for a ten minutes' struggle on Saturday has been continued for the past three months, it has not been allowed to interfere with the studies of the lads, who do their actual river work in the late afternoons, and gymnasium work at night.

BABY PRINCE EDWARD, son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who is now enjoying the brilliant sunshine at Adsdean, near Chichester. He is a fresh-air baby, being out nearly all the day without a hat, the air being a great contrast to London's fog and rain.

—Air Mail photo.

Choose Your Colors and CHEER!

HERE are the colors of the Great Public Schools which will compete in the Head of the River title on the Nepean on Saturday.

"Joey's": Cerise and Blue.
Grammar: Black and Gold.
King's: Pale Blue and White.
Shore: Dark Blue and White.
Scots: Gold and Blue.
Riverview: Royal Blue and White.
Newington: Black and White.
High: Chocolate and Blue.

Vacuum Packed Coffee

As fresh when you open it as the day it was roasted and packed—Bushells Coffee in the new vacuum sealed tins is the most delicious Coffee you ever tasted.

All the aroma and richness of flavor that makes freshly roasted Coffee so enjoyable is preserved by this most modern method.

When you open this tin the aroma of Bushells blend of Mocha and Mysore Coffee beans is so appetising that you are impatient to taste the first cupful.

Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh .... Stays Fresh

"PARACHUTE" *Skirt and* "PANTALETTES"

Startling innovations in women's fashions usually give rise to the question, "What next?"

But when the newest fashion novelty, a parachute skirt, arrives here from England, it will be more a case of "Where next?"

THE novelty is made on exactly the same principle as the aerial parachute, with many sections of material intricately sewn together.

Buyers from Australia's big stores will be back from abroad soon and will possibly bring some parachute models.

At present the nearest approach to the parachute is a very full skirt for evening frocks, of many pieces tapering from a hemline many yards wide in narrowing sections to the waistline. A genuine parachute skirt would curve under slightly at the ankles.

A parachute skirt is not likely to be popular for day wear if the experience of one woman were at all general. Some years ago when full skirts were fashionable for street wear she wore a taffeta frock with a parachute skirt down a crowded city street. A gust of wind blew the skirt right over her head. Her husband burned that frock.

Another oddity we are promised is "pantalettes," which carry us back to Early Victorian days, when two and three-tiered lace-edged frills peeped coyly from beneath long skirts. Fashion experts think they are not likely to be popular with Australian women, although overseas they are frequently worn under the "parachutes."

The sophisticated cousin of the pantalette—harem trousers—have already appeared here at mannequin parades and several fashionable young women have bought cocktail suits with harem trousers. One well-known society lass has made herself gold lame harem trousers, which she intends to wear to cocktail parties—when she has the courage.

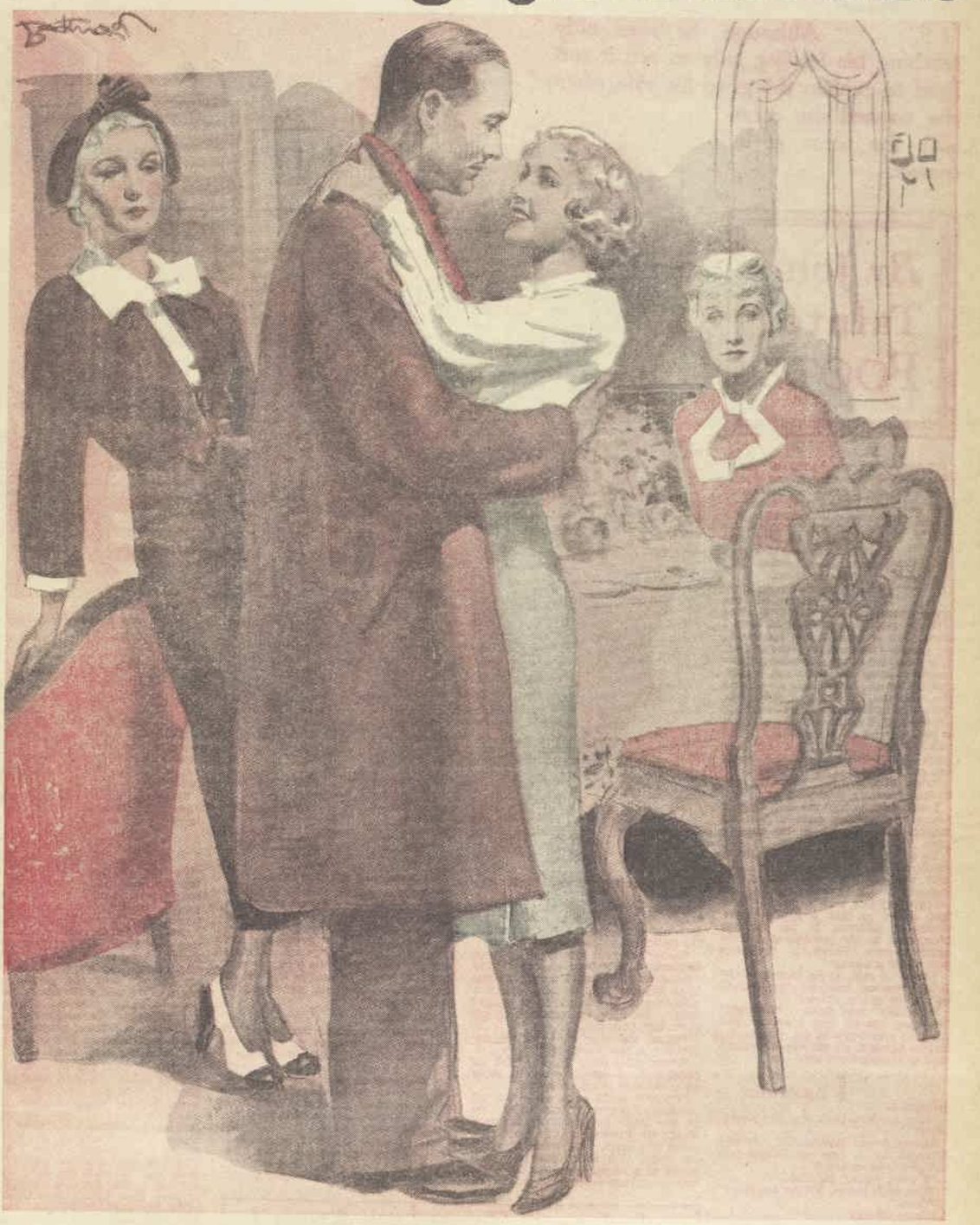
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612839

FIVE Little HEIRESSES

BRENDA wonders what Stella's next move will be. Will she make love to Maitland Orme — her guardian?

BRENDA ANGELL finds that her uncle has squandered her fortune, and in order to live she acts as chaperon to five beautiful American heiresses on a vacation tour of England. Brenda, herself, is still young and extremely attractive. Stella Converse is the "spoiled darling" of the five little heiresses, and she falls in love with every handsome male she meets. She is absolutely without conscience in these affairs. This is a great worry to Brenda. Several of the girls decide on a happy solution of their own love affairs, and Brenda goes to Scotland to visit Lady Walford, her sister, with two of the girls, Stella Converse and Mary Hyde. Brenda notes with despair that Stella is going to make her nephew, Oswald, fall in love with her. Although Mary Hyde is desperately in love with Oswald—or because of it—Stella gets engaged to him, although obviously she intends to break the engagement later. To add to Brenda's troubles, Gretchen Barnhardt, another of her girls, makes a runaway marriage with a ship's officer. The story continues:

BY... Alice Duer MILLER



They reached Brigochter to find everyone at breakfast—even Stella. She flung herself into Orme's arms, exclaiming, "Maitland dear—how wonderful to see you!" He smiled at Lady Walford over Stella's head.

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

"BUT I don't know anything about Dixon, the fellow Gretchen has married," wailed Brenda.

"I know a lot—I heard it all from him on the ship. He's a good young man, Herbert is. His father was a lawyer—an admiralty lawyer, don't they call it?—and Herbert wanted to follow in his steps, but he had to go to work to support his widowed mother. They live in that town on the south coast. You know—the one that has more hours of sunshine than any other place in England; only we didn't happen to strike any while we were there—Torquay. Gretchen will be the Queen of Torquay."

"Do you really think he will make her happy?"

"I'm sure he will, and so is your darling Mary. But the Barnhardts will be like maniacs. I bet that by this time they had it all doped out that Gretchen would marry a Duke. Don't look so shocked, Lady Walford, because I say 'doped out.' If I didn't say a few things like that they'd think me stuck up when I go home."

"It isn't that I'm shocked, my dear, but that I don't know half the time what you mean—except that I go a good deal to the American cinema and learn a few new words." Lady Walford went on to say that Walford's cousin was a director in the line on which Mr. Dixon was, or had been, assistant purser, and that he could easily find out all about him.

Mary, who heard the news when they met at luncheon on the moors, was even more consoling than Stella. "It's just right for Gretchen, Miss Angell. If she had married at home she'd have married either a highflier who would have taken her to night clubs and made her do all the things she does badly, or else a hard-working young man who would have left her alone all day long in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. But Mr. Dixon will be domestic and Gretchen is deeply domestic. Everything will be lovely except for the Barnhardts, who will make it disagreeable for you."

Brenda felt she wouldn't much blame them if they did. She herself was convinced that Gretchen would not have eloped if she had not been allowed to go and stay with the Duchess, but the Barnhardts probably wouldn't believe this. She sent off a long and extremely expensive cable telling them everything she knew. "If ever I take another group of girls abroad," she said to herself, "I shall buy stock in one of the cable companies before sailing."

IT seemed to her, however, unlikely that she would ever be able to repeat her tour if, after Gretchen's elopement, her own nephew married one of the most conspicuous of the great American fortunes. No one, she thought, would trust daughters with her again. Only Orme, it seemed to her, could save her. Late in the afternoon, a message came saying he was taking the night train.

Stella's face lit up at the news that he was coming. "Oh, how nice of you, Lady Walford, to ask Maitland—and keep it as a surprise. May I go to the station to meet him?"

Brenda's heart sank. She had intended to meet him herself, and be the first to explain the situation.

"Of course you may," answered Lady Walford, "but you will have to get up at seven. We always send into Edinburgh for those early train people—and it's a long drive."

Stella laughed. "Then I'm afraid Maitland will have to go unmet."

Brenda said nothing, but she gave secret orders to Amelia to wake her early, and to tell the chauffeur that she was going to Edinburgh with him.

The early morning is not supposed to be the most becoming time of day, but Brenda knew, as she stepped into the car, that she was looking her best—she had, indeed, taken a great deal of trouble to do so. She remembered that the last time she had met Orme she had studied to look old—forty, at least. What a goose she had been. A woman should always look as young as she can—no matter what the advantages of age.

It was a beautiful drive in the still, blue-grey Scotch morning—a winding country road, soon to become a great highway, over moors, through beech woods, beside lochs and rivers. Brenda, usually so susceptible to the beauty of the Scotch landscape, hardly saw it. What could she say to Orme that would make him break off this marriage, and yet retain, as she wanted him to retain, the highest opinion of Oswald?

She had always thought it great fun to meet someone you like; there is a false excitement about it, the certainty that in a few minutes the anticipated will be a fact. The train slid into the station, all the carriage doors flopped open simultaneously, as if the whole machine were falling to pieces, and out stepped Orme, tall, thin and calm—just exactly as she remembered him. Yes, she said to herself, it was really most extraordinary, considering that she had seen him only once, how accurately she had visualised his appearance.

"Mr. Orme, I hope you haven't forgotten me."

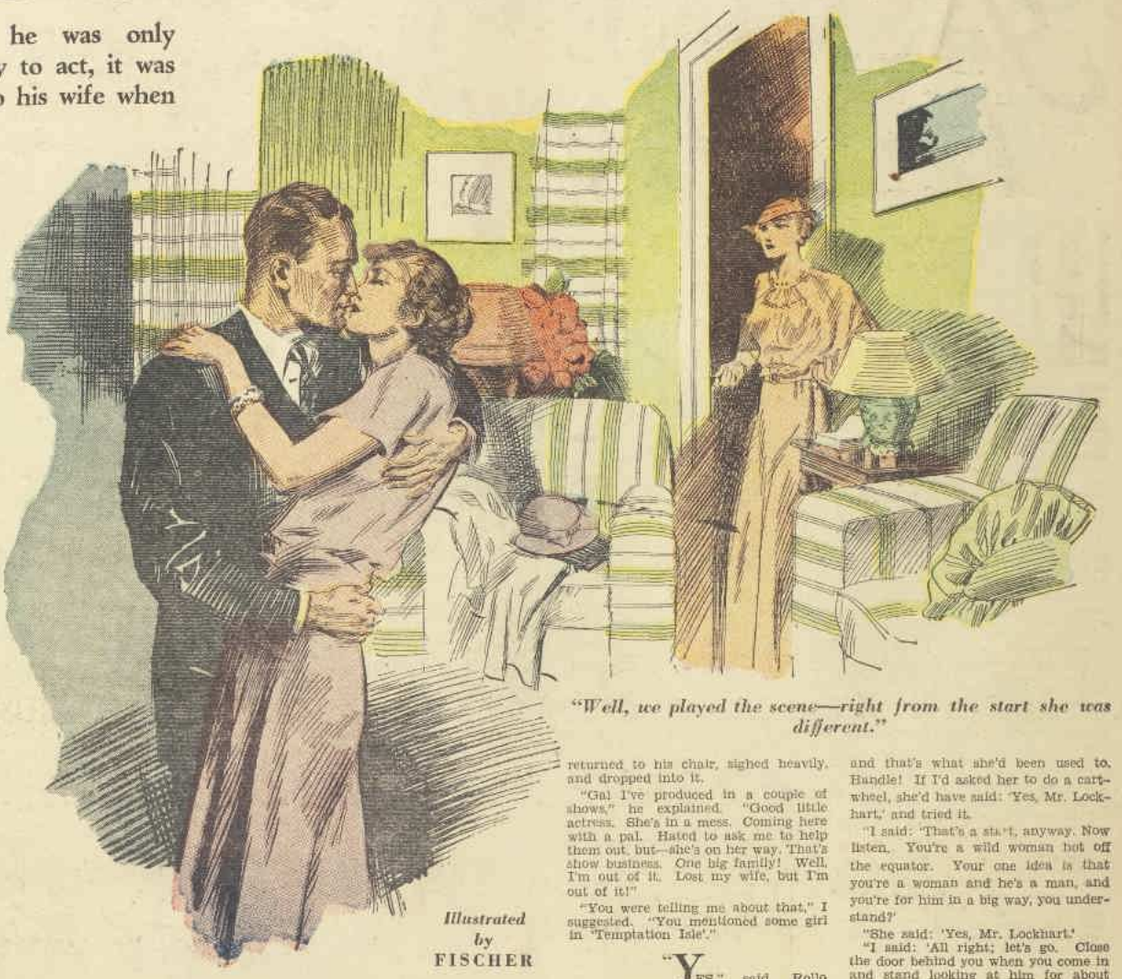
Please turn to Page 46

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612840

THE PLAY'S *the* THING

Although he was only teaching his leading lady to act, it was hard to explain things to his wife when she entered the room with the scene at its tensest.

By John Taintor FOOTE



"Well, we played the scene—right from the start she was different."

Illustrated by FISCHER

FACED with a plain, brown door and a bell-push, I hesitated. Rollo had been so astonishingly right. He had said: "You'll be wanting to read the first act of a new play to me a month after this one opens."

Just thirty-six days had intervened between the turmoil of our first night and the present moment, and here I stood. The script of a first act was in my pocket—there was no doubt of that. This door led to the Lockhart flat—useless to deny it. Rollo was within, waiting for me; he had told me so over the telephone, not thirty minutes ago. Well, who said I was going to read the act to him? I might not even mention a new play. I could easily say I had just dropped in for a drink. But, why come all this way for a drink? Better not go into that. I rang the bell.

"Thought it was you. Come in," was Rollo's greeting a moment later.

I followed him into the hall, vaguely aware of something disturbing in his manner, in his voice, in his appearance.

He was, to begin with, dishevelled in his dress. He was without a tie. His coat was off. His shirt was badly crumpled. His trousers looked as though they had been slept in. There was, added to this, a bewilderment, almost a wildness, in his eye, an abruptness in his gestures that indicated pressure somewhere. The man was under a strain!

"Rollo," I said, as he turned in the living-room and faced me, "you look ill or worried or something."

"Worried!" said Rollo. "Worried!" He flung himself into a chair and frowned unseeingly at me, passing his fingers through his already disordered mop of brick-colored hair.

I OFFERED a politeness:

"How are Mrs. Rollo and the youngster?"

Rollo's frown disappeared. It was followed by a look of helplessness mingled with dejection.

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know! Where are they?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"To Brighton, I suppose. That's where her sister lives."

"You suppose. Don't you know?"

"No," said Rollo. "She took the youngster and went."

"But what did she say?"

"Not much. Just one word, as a matter of fact."

"What was it?"

Rollo's eyelids flickered, drooped. They lifted. His eyes met mine.

"Tomcat."

"Tomcat!"

Rollo nodded gloomily.

I stared at him in some alarm.

"Don't look at me like that!" he roared. Then his tone softened. "The only thing I ever deceived her about was her acting. When it comes to Evelyn I'm a husband, not a producer. The mother business stopped her for a while, but here lately, when I'm casting a play, she comes in with hands clasped and eyes lifted. Well, I tell her there's nothing for her in the show. I tell her she has a special gift that requires just the right part. You can't expect me to say: 'Darling, if London theatre-goers knew what they owed to the youngster they'd send him a platinum rattle studded with diamonds.'"

Before I could reply the telephone rang. Rollo seemed to shoot to his feet and across to the desk on which the instrument stood, in one motion.

"Hello!" he said eagerly. . . . "Yes, speaking." His tone changed: "I've read it all right and I wouldn't stage it at any price. I wouldn't touch it with tongs. If you put it on, you're mad." He hung up, returned to his chair and sank into it.

"What did you want to see me about?" he asked wearily.

"Never mind that," I said. "Tell me about this—er—trouble you're in. What on earth have you been up to?"

"Up to!" Rollo bellowed. "I'll tell you what I've been up to—I've been up to the neck in the show business. That's all I'm ever up to. And, listen—not any more. It's made me gaga for years. I've been just one jump ahead of a keeper from the day I got into it. I've wrestled with actors and bad plays and the stage-hands' union and the lighting and scenery and ten thousand mad approaches and angles that couldn't happen anywhere except in the theatre, and I've stood it all, year after year; but when the wretched business can take a man's wife and child from him it's too much. I give up! I'm done with it!"

"Suppose you stop shouting and tell me what happened," I suggested.

Rollo gave me a gloomy look, lit a cigarette, and slumped farther into his chair.

"Casting to type, eh!" he said. "A Smouldering Flame! Hah! She handled all right. Yes, Mr. Lockhart; No, Mr. Lockhart! She'd made good on the films. She'd . . ." The telephone rang. Rollo leaped for it.

"I've told you, Sam," I heard a moment later, "I don't want any of it. Now understand this: I won't stage it and I don't care a damn who plays the wife of the airman or any other part and will you stop ringing me!"

Rollo returned to his chair.

"That's a sample. Nothing makes sense. I tell Sam Bloomfield I won't stage a play he wants to do, and send back the script. He says I didn't read it. I say I did and it's rotten and I'm finished. Now he rings up and asks who shall we put in the airman's part and how about Constance Mather for the wife. . . . Have you seen 'Temptation Isle' yet?"

"No," I said.

"You haven't missed much, but it'll do about two thousand its first week. There's a gal in it. The yachting party find her all dressed up in coral beads and dry grass on an island. She's been left there to die because she's broken a rule or somethin' of another island. Well, of course, she's an impulsive, untaught creature full of . . ."

"Never mind that," I interrupted. "Get back to this business about Mrs. Rollo."

"Get back to it! I'm telling you. That is, I'm trying to, but when the telephone doesn't stop me you do. This gal I'm talking about was . . ."

THE telephone rang. Rollo answered it with less alacrity than heretofore:

"Hello . . . Speaking . . . Well, if I'll never guess who it is, why not start by telling me? . . . Marian! Marian who? . . . Oh, yes . . . Well, I'm pretty busy . . . Why not go back to your hotel? . . . I see. Where are you now? . . . Have you taxi fare? . . . Who's Lolita? . . . Well, come on here; I'll see what I can do . . . No, it's all right. I understand. I'll be expecting you. Good-bye."

I heard the receiver click as Rollo hung up. He stood by the telephone for a moment, passing his hand through his hair.

"A touch!" he said at last. "Well if it isn't one thing, it's another." He returned to his chair, sighed heavily, and dropped into it.

"Gal I've produced in a couple of shows," he explained. "Good little actress. She's in a mess. Coming here with a pal. Hated to ask me to help them out, but—she's on her way. That's show business. One big family! Well, I'm out of it. Lost my wife, but I'm out of it!"

"You were telling me about that," I suggested. "You mentioned some girl in 'Temptation Isle'."

"YES," said Rollo. "We hunted the town over trying to cast the part. I had forty gals read it, but Hyman wouldn't sign any of 'em. He kept talking about a 'smouldering flem' and turning down everything that came into the office. Then an agent showed up with some photographs of this gal. She was looking for stage experience, and Hyman took one glance at the photographs and went mad. She was better than her pictures. She smoulders all right! Go and see the show! It's tripe, but a lot of people think it's worth eight-and-six just to get a look at her in her grass kirtle.

"Well, we went into rehearsal. I was kind of numb. I'd been showing Julie what I could put up with for three weeks in that thing of yours, and I was still groggy. I got 'em moving through it without their parts, pretty much as they wanted to, before I staged a come-back. Then I noticed The Smouldering Flame looked as if she'd melt asbestos, but that was all. She had a rich, red, pouty mouth, lots of wavy, black hair, a dead white skin and sullen, heavy-lidded eyes. She had a creepy, undulating way of moving about that was a miracle. You kept watching her, wondering just when she'd ignite. Well, she didn't ignite. She kept on being Vesuvius in a quiet interval. That was all right up to a certain point. It was good theatre. For all of Act One I just let her slink round looking silently at the earnest young scientist who's chartered the yacht for research in the South Seas with his fiancee's money. It was a build-up for the blow-off in Act Two, where she slides into his cabin at midnight.

"Well, with her looks and slinking, and what not, you expected the paint to peel off the cabin wall the minute she stepped into the door. It didn't. She was supposed to make the young scientist forget how much he owed his fiancee, but the way she played it he wouldn't have got his mind off crustaceans and polyps and flora and fauna.

"I went after her. I said: 'You don't by any chance think this scene is being played in an igloo by frozen Eskimos, do you?'

"She said: 'No, Mr. Lockhart.'

"In films a producer is a tin god, and that's what she'd been used to. Handle! If I'd asked her to do a cart-wheel, she'd have said: 'Yes, Mr. Lockhart,' and tried it.

"I said: 'That's a start, anyway. Now listen. You're a wild woman hot off the equator. Your one idea is that you're a woman and he's a man, and you're for him in a big way, you understand?'

"She said: 'Yes, Mr. Lockhart.'

"I said: 'All right; let's go. Close the door behind you when you come in and stand looking at him for about three counts, then glide towards him and read that first line as though you'd been running.'

"Hyman had dropped in to look at us for a minute. He watched the scene play. When it was over, he said: 'My hat!' and went out of the theatre.

"I spent the rest of that week trying to get some warmth, some vitality, into that scene, but it still looked terrible. The Smouldering Flame was all facade. The more she built for her big love moment, the worse it looked. She'd go cold on me the minute she came near her heart's desire. When she went into a clinch with him she was all elbows.

"We were opening on Tuesday night. I told her to come here Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. I'd made up my mind to give her some producing by herself where I could really concentrate on her.

"She said: 'Yes, Mr. Lockhart,' and was here on the dot.

"Evelyn wasn't here when The Smouldering Flame arrived. She'd taken the baby over into the park in his pram. I'd told her I had some rehearsing to do—as I remember. That is, I think I had. I can't be sure—it wasn't important one way or another.

Please turn to Page 14

A Long Complete Story!

The Corner Stall

Little old woman, in an old black shawl,
Crying your wares from the corner stall:
What do you think of this world of ours,
And the crowds that pass in the busy hours?

I'd like to know your point of view
And talk about many things with you;
And hear you tell how you see us all—
Crying your wares from the corner stall.

—"Vlemmehen."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612841

Complete Short Story

The JASMINE Balcony

OF course she had not been christened Anita; nobody is. They call you Anna when you are too young to do anything about it, and afterwards you name yourself Ann if you think you are going to be a piquant, daring character like the Anna in the novels. Anita, of course, connotes the pictures or the stage.

Calling yourself Anita, unhappily, does not mean that you are going to live up to the name. This girl had not done so. The stage (colonial) had cast her forth, and she was on her way to court fresh disaster in the cataracts and whirlpools of Hollywood, when she met Bob Kyle.

She had never seen anything like him before. He was tall, well made, and very thin; his clothes were good, and his manner was so completely devoid of manners that Anita thought at first he must be what she naively called a "lord." He spoke so seldom that everyone on the ship respected him; and once, when a quartermaster suddenly went mad, stole the captain's automatic, and invaded the promenade deck threatening to shoot the "sanguinary lot" of passengers, Kyle got him while the others were making up their minds what to do, and laid him out insensible on the deck, with the pistol skimming yards away.

It was then that Anita definitely fell in love with him. They were eight days from Sydney, and he had told her curtly that she was the best-looking girl on the ship; adding, with apparent irrelevance, that he himself was a persistent person. Anita understood.

The end was that, off Tahiti, the Anglican clergyman who was going to San Francisco for a holiday wedded them very quietly in a spare cabin, and ten minutes after they were going down the ship's gangway. "They say that you can live on love and nothing in Tahiti," Bob told her. "Ought to suit us." Anita knew by this time that he was almost penniless, despite the clothes and the luggage. He had not even told her his profession—if he had one. Bob parted with personal facts about as readily and cheerfully as a dog parts with a bone.

But any girl who has kept her end up on the colonial stage for three whole years knows men. Anita trusted.

The Anglican parson had kept them waiting most of the day. He had wanted to speak to the captain; he had wanted to see the British Consul; he had urgently required certain papers. The boat was leaving as they went ashore. It did not seem to matter.

"Gosh," said Anita, when they landed, "this is just like the scenery in a revue." She paused on the wharf, enchanted by Papeete's one-side street, with its canopy of flaming poinciana, its smiling, brown-faced people, the Chinese stores and the cars and the buggies, the sea wall where white and pea-green schooners rocked at anchor, [illegible] against the blue-blue [illegible] of Moorea. The Katara whistled; whistled again; was gone.

"You sit on this seat while I go and look up some kind of a house," Bob told her. "One can get 'm for a pound or so a month, and food'll be half nothing."

She was wilting to wait; the heat oppressed her, even here in the full current of the sea breeze. And there was plenty to look at. Beautiful native girls in gay little frocks walked past her, flirting with pale French officials; brown young men made like Bacchuses and Mercuries, but unromantically clad in cotton suits, with the "shimmying" movement of the barefoot islander.

SOMEBODY was getting a schooner under way. Anita watched it with delight; it was so like the ships in the films, a toylike pretty thing with pointed sails and the tiniest of cabins. Two men were throwing stores into the open hold as if the devil were after them: an odd sight on Papeete "beach," where no one else seemed to be hurrying. Anita idly watched the men. One of them intrigued her by his resemblance to her husband. She could not exactly place it, but he was like Bob. He moved and held himself in the same way; he had the same brand of iron self-possession; he spoke as Bob did, curtly and to the point.

"Hurry," she heard the man say to the Tahitian crew. "Lively with those cases." The other white man was beginning to cast off. "They'll be away in a minute," she thought. "I wish Bob could see them."

Then, suddenly, Bob was there beside her. She could not read his face; it wore an expressionless mask that she had never seen. But the mask itself frightened her as a blank "false face" frightens a child at a masquerade party, and for the same reason she feared what might lie behind it.

"What's the matter?" She was on her feet, holding to his arm. Whatever had happened, she had that to cling to; nothing could hurt her while it stood between her and the world.

He did not immediately reply. "I got the house," he said. "No great shakes, but it's cheap as dirt. Pretty—got a balcony—"

"Yes?"

"And when I was paying the rent in advance for a month the owner said I'd have to see the police. So I went to the police. And they said—"

HE paused for a moment. Sail was being hoisted on the schooner. Creak, creak, went the blocks.

The sea water, green as grass, slapped noisily at the harbor wall.

"They said—we can't stay."

"What!"

"Yes. There are laws, it seems—you can't stop if you haven't money to keep you. Damn it, we could have managed."

"We could! We could! I don't care if I starved, if I—you—" She was very near tears.

"The Ville de Beuzeval comes in this afternoon, due now, and sails for Panama to-morrow. They'll dump one of us on board. I can just raise the wind for a third-class ticket to the Canal zone, and I have a friend or two who'll look after you till I come along."

"But," she asked, "what'll happen to you—without money?"

"What, me? Oh, they'll let me—work it out." He grinned.

Anita had had next to no time to become acquainted with this new husband of hers. Nevertheless, she did not like that grin.

Please turn to Page 24

The Simple Man

He doesn't understand the international condition,
The state of economics, or the unemployed position;
He has a vague impression that the system is erratic,
And won't converse on politics for reasons diplomatic.
The government of social rule he terms as most depressing,
The rudiments of etiquette he spends his time in guessing;
He has his own religion, and a code of higher living,
Embracing all the splendidness of helping and of giving.
He can't define salvation for a heart that's sick and weary,
But can, and will, console one with a warmth that's fine and cheery.
He's quick in understanding, and he's loyal to the end.
In short, he's all the qualities that go to make a friend.

—Yvonne Webb.

Anita . . . bride left alone, looked at Tahiti from the jasmine balcony by day; listened to its music at night.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612842

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taiff, sketched by Petrov

BRIDES *and their* Attendants

IT is generally a difficult problem to find something "just a little different" for a bride and her attendants. The majority of bridal frocks are made of white or cream satin.

But the great variety of materials available this season gives the bride-to-be wide scope for planning an original and charming wedding ensemble.

Pastel colors are attractive and unusual for the bridal gown—palest ice-blue, sea-green, orchid and pale pink. Dead white, if it becomes you, is smarter than magnolia or cream.

Wide Choice

THE type of fabric will depend entirely upon the style of dress chosen. If you are tall, with a slim figure, the plainer the dress the better. A tightly-moulded or draped classical gown of lame, brocade, heavy crepe or satin would look charming. If you are the small and fluffy type, choose a soft filmy dress of chiffon, tulle, lace, or a picture dress of taffeta.

Satin and heavy crepe and brocade frocks have long tight sleeves, or three-quarter draped ones. Necklines are generally high at the back, but can be low or high in front. A low square or V is most becoming. Trains, if they are not too long, are cut in one with the skirt, but if you want yours very long and wide it is advisable to have it as a separate panel from the waist or set low down into the skirt. A lace, with a heavy pattern and made on tight-fitting lines, makes a lovely bridal gown.

Old lace veils go perfectly with very plain frocks, but the simple tulle veil will go with any style. Simplicity should be the keynote of all bridal attire—not too many flowers or jewellery. If you wear flowers on your head, either as a halo or at either side, carry the same flowers in your bouquet.

● *BRIDAL gown in dull white crepe. Pearl - embroidered belt. Tulle veil held by lily-of-the-valley.*

● *ATTENDANT bridesmaid in hyacinth-blue crepe. Little crepe toque, with feathers. Bouquet of hyacinths.*

Pastel Shades For Brides

TO be different, you could wear flowers on your head and have a belt made of the same blooms. In that case, just carry a prayer-book.

It is not necessary to wear gloves. If you have long sleeves do not wear gloves. If the sleeves are short, choose long gloves the color of frock.

Bridesmaids can all be in one color, or if you have four, each pair in a different shade. They could wear long frocks of crepe, chiffon, velvet, or lace. Pastel shades are the most popular for bridesmaids, but a winter bride could be different by dressing her maids in velvet frocks in one of the fashionable Renaissance colors.

Floral Headwear

BRIDESMAIDS' hats always present a problem. The maids can wear flower feather tiaras, little feather toques, crepe or velvet turbans and, of course, lace, fine straw, tulle or velvet hats.

● *BRIDAL GOWN in dead-white lace in heavy dull design. The lace is cut around the design at neck and sleeves. More lace edges the tulle veil framing the face. Bouquet of orange blossom.*

● *BRIDESMAID in orchid chiffon, with skirt and epaulets sunray-pleated. Purple velvet ribbon outlines the decollete. Violets for the tiara and bouquet.*

Here are several suggestions for bridal schemes:

Bride in a classically-draped frock of ice-blue heavy crepe. The same hue in tulle for the very long veil. Palest pink hyacinths for the bouquet.

Bridesmaids in a deeper shade of blue velvet or crepe with fabric turbans. Bouquets of hyacinths shading from pale to deep pink.

Small Bouquets Favored

BRIDE in white chiffon, the dress completely sunray pleated, and sleeveless. White tulle veil held at either side with a white camellia. Bouquet of white camellias.

Bridesmaids in pink chiffon frocks with long floating scarf ends. Bouquets in all shades of sweet peas or anemones. Pink feather toques.

Bride in silver and white brocade with long straight sleeves and a short train. Tulle veil, very plain, lily-of-the-valley bouquet.

Bridesmaids in white crepe draped frocks. Tiaras and bouquets of lily-of-the-valley.

Bride in white velvet, tulle or lace veil. Bouquet white roses. Bridesmaids in turquoise-blue or pale green velvet with little velvet hats trimmed with mauve ostrich feathers. Matching bouquets of mauve hyacinths or anemones.

Bride in a picture frock of palest green taffeta and green tulle veil. A bouquet of pink roses or sweet peas.

Bridesmaids in taffeta or fine lace frocks, in orchid mauve or dusty pink. Red roses for their bouquets.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612843

GRACIOUS SIMPLICITY

Keynote of the Mode . . . . for Morning, Noon or Night!

● *CREED IS an Englishman who has taken Paris by storm. Here is one of his neatly-tailored suits that will be worn this season. Made in multi-colored tweed, it has a chamois vest and is worn with a brown hat. Note the original placing of the three pockets.*

● *A BEAUTIFUL picture frock for a young girl. Created by Paquin in a new pearl-tinted satin, it has sleeves like cherubs' wings, and is worn with leaves and pearl flowers in the hair.*

● *IN PARIS and in London this is the type of evening ensemble which is most popular. This model has been designed by Worth, who makes it in black velvet, with a vivid green blouse embroidered in gold and green. The collar and revers are of black fox.*

● *PATOU, WHOSE RECENT death was such a loss to fashion, created this simple crepe antelope frock in an exquisite purple-mauve which he called "Iris." The hat and bag are in purple-brown.*

Tailored Evening Gowns

AT the smartest restaurants, cinemas, and theatres one rarely sees Parisiennes en grand tenue these days. They have gladly accepted the midnight tailleurs or evening gowns with sleeves for ordinary evening affairs, reserving formal evening clothes for balls or strictly formal receptions.

London is the one city in the world where everybody dresses at night, and even there less formality will be observed this season, and long-sleeved evening frocks will be considered correct.

Full Sleeves Featured

THE new evening clothes are easy to wear, and give just that touch of dignity and grandeur that is necessary to the full enjoyment of a festive occasion, and lend themselves to such variety of treatment that everyone can suit their own personality. They can be strictly tailored or tailored in a fluffy way in lace. They may be luxuriously trimmed with fur, or rely strictly on the beauty of the fabric. They can be sombre in tone, but relieved by a touch of contrasting color, or they can be made entirely in pastel shades.

Patou designed a charming evening ensemble in black lace with a blouse of black organza worn over a satin slip. The skirt has its fullness concentrated in the back, and the jutting peplum of the little jacket follows the same line. Since big sleeves are the season's note, the sleeves are full, and the accompanying little black velvet hat is really nothing more than a mask worn on the forehead, with a sheer veil shading the eyes beneath.

Lucile Paray, who is famed for her graceful formal clothes, has designed an evening gown in black-and-white crepe romain which has made a big hit with her French clients. The delightful double-puff sleeves in white are long and very full, while the back is cut to the waist—a feature of most evening gowns with long sleeves.

Paquin makes an evening ensemble along classical lines in the new pearl-tinted satin which has a sheen like that loveliest of all jewels.

It is admirable for the young girl, and its ruffled cowl collar is as new as it is charming. Again, you will note the back fullness in the skirt —a line which appeals to the Parisienne for evening wear.

Worth adds a blouse of vivid green to a black velvet evening ensemble, suitable for restaurant dining or the theatre. The blouse is further embellished with gold and green embroidery, outlining the low V-neck, while the fitted jacket, with its short, full sleeves, has a big collar and long revers of black fox. This ensemble is particularly becoming to the older woman, and is the type of evening attire that is endlessly useful.

Vogue of the Tailleur

BY day the greatest simplicity is stressed, and in London tailored suits will enjoy a tremendous vogue. There, too one will see an increase in the importance of afternoon dresses, for with the cancellation of the majority of the big evening entertainments, formal events take place in the afternoon. Except for elaborate occasions, silk dresses are demurely simple, and black with touches of delicate white lace are well-liked—which is not surprising, since they make Englishwomen look their very best!

Photos and article from MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail.

"I have suffered from Catarrh for fifty years, but have never used anything as good as GLO-RUB, which has cleared up the mucus."
C.E.L.
(*South Aust.*)

BREATHE IN GLO-RUB AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD

At a time when it is inconvenient to take medicine at regular intervals, GLO-RUB comes to the rescue with an "ALL-NIGHT" treatment.

INSERT A LITTLE IN EACH NOSTRIL. Glo-Rub will not burn or sting sensitive membranes. It adheres to and remains in contact with mucous surfaces long enough to do its work. Glo-Rub gives off a vapour which soothes any irritation, relieves congestion and opens the nasal passages. It relieves pain or soreness and softens accumulated secretions.

RUB IT LIBERALLY ON THE CHEST at bedtime and breathe in its soothing vapour all night long. Used in this way Glo-Rub is effective with any Cough Mixture; but when used in conjunction with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure its effect is positively amazing in the treatment of Coughs. Let GLO-RUB work whilst you sleep. 4/33

GLO-RUB For CATARRH, HEAD COLDS.
A SPLENDID VAPOR RUB FOR 2/-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612844

An Editorial

APRIL 18, 1936.

SISTER KENNY'S TREATMENT

A MATTER of vital interest to all parents was brought prominently before public notice last week.

At the Federal Conference on crippled children held at Canberra, Lady Latham criticised the attitude of Sister Kenny in not making her treatment for infantile paralysis immediately and unconditionally available.

This created the impression that Sister Kenny had been preserving undue secrecy in regard to her methods. Sister Kenny has since explained that her only object in withholding a full explanation of her methods has been to obtain medical confirmation of her claims.

There are several aspects of this controversy, which are of great interest to citizens generally. It has been argued that when any discovery is made that alleviates human suffering it should be given to the world immediately without any conditions whatsoever.

When Madame Curie, in conjunction with her husband, discovered radium, the method of extracting this substance was immediately made known. From this discovery followed all the recent research culminating in the use of radium for the treatment of cancer.

But in purely medical research the conditions are different.

Sister Kenny's treatment applies to cases of infantile paralysis which, after recovery from the preliminary stages, remain wholly or partly paralysed. Up to the present these cases have been treated by electricity and massage. Sister Kenny's claim is that her method is more reliable, efficient, and economical. The lay public, knowing that her methods have been under medical observation for many months, have lately become impatient over the apparent secrecy exhibited in these tests.

Lady Latham's protest may be taken as an expression of this public impatience. Medical men, however, insist that a verdict in this matter is extremely difficult, as many cases of late stages of infantile paralysis recover spontaneously; others respond readily to normal treatment, and a few are quite hopeless from the start.

It is gratifying to learn that an interim report will soon be made by the Sydney committee. This will, we hope, clear up a matter in regard to which the general public, however justifiably, have so far been kept in the dark.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

No Big, Big D's

KING CAROL of Rumania has issued an order which prohibits swearing in public. Fines up to £400 and even imprisonment of offenders is provided.

There may be more in this than meets the eye. With thrones tottering in Europe, and potential dictators on every corner, it may be a wise precaution Carol is taking. Even the reddest Red must feel something of a pale-pink ineffectual when the law excludes any references to the sanguinary enemies of society from his soap-box vocabulary.

Even Shaw couldn't write his plays without the forbidden adjectives, and you can't foment unrest on language which comes within the compass of broadcasters' English, and the conversational diversion of a curate's tea-party.

Bad Old Methods

CRIME experts in London have discovered by a survey of statistics that the "cat" is not a greater crime deterrent than a long term of imprisonment. Anyway, why should we have to go back to the chain-gangs for a line on how to make the punishment fit the crime?

Another point, too, is that the peculiar mental kink which makes criminals also tends to make heroes out of men sentenced to flogging, while there is nothing romantic about long terms of imprisonment. It may be more costly, but it is certainly more humane than the "cat," and, on the evidence, more effective.

Practice Made Perfect

SHAKESPEARE'S candle-gleam of goodness quite unaccountably continues to flicker in a naughty world. Now and then hitherto matter-of-fact and prosaic citizens become illuminated in the spotlight of a fine gesture of humanitarianism. Recently a prominent Australian medical man laid aside a most lucrative practice in order to devote the whole of his time to slum clearance. He said unified action was necessary to deal with the evil. A slumless city was a fine ideal. And being a medical man, he realised that prevention is better than cure.

A slumless city is also a healthy city—but what would happen if all the doctors got the same idea?

All-Night Jobs

WOMEN'S welfare organisations and those interested in the health of women workers generally will view with alarm the suggestion by the P.M.G.'s department that telephone girls should do all-night duty.

Despite additional inducements offered, this does not appear to be in the best interests of the girls. The department claims that the idea arose out of a staffing tangle, since it was not possible to provide men and boys for the job. This, obviously, is the fault of the department, since male labor for telephone work has not been sought for years. Anyway, it is a dead-end occupation, and the ambitious boy works his way into other sections of the service as soon as possible.

Instead of calling on the girls, the department should make telephone nightwork more attractive in conditions and pay so that sufficient males will be available for duties which, after all, are too arduous for girls.

Australian Precedent

IT is necessary sometimes to look abroad for a proper evaluation of our own institutions.

While we complain that the retiring age limit for judges robs us of many of our best judicial brains too early, an English Royal Commission has decided that, following the Australian precedent, English judges should retire at 72 years.

At present the Lord Chancellor has the invidious task of suggesting to English judges that they should retire when incapacitated by age or other circumstances. The Australian system of placing the onus on Parliament appears to be a much better way.

Hope from the Grave

THERE is a persistent sense of frugality about some people which survives from a sparser and more careful era.

The late M. Briand, who as Premier became custodian of French finance, could not resist the peasant strain in his make-up, which caused him to secrete small sums of money in old honey jars under the flags of his fireplace.

Wills left by various people also emphasise this canny note. The Probate Office recently dealt with a will in which trousers and shirt were left to separate beneficiaries. You would not, however, expect to find this meticulous regard for detail in the will of a confirmed "lottery addict." A woman who died recently directed that any money which she might win in lotteries for which she held tickets should be divided between her relatives. Anyway, she was consistent and still followed the gleam of the thousand-to-one chance turning up eventually.

WHILE HER FATHER, M. Flandin, the French Foreign Minister, discussed the menace of a European war at the British Foreign Office, Mme. Briguet went shopping in the West End of London, and is here shown at peace with the pigeons in Trafalgar Square.

Slow Poison—Very!

INVETERATE cigarette smokers may take heart again.

A woman, Dr. Marie Davenport, has died in New York at the age of 110 years. She was known throughout the U.S.A. and Europe as a lecturer on health and physical culture, and up to the day of her death smoked three packets of cigarettes a day.

Tobacco, she said, was a slow poison, but she always kept three puffs ahead of its insidious effect. Probably opponents of the tobacco habit will point out that it beat her in the end.

"By the World Forgot"

HOW soon the world forgets. Important events of one generation and the men who shaped them are the accepted commonplace of the next.

The other day the former Kaiser celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary at Doorn (Holland), his retreat from the glory that was Hohenzollern. Nobody knew much about it, and the man whose lightest word meant big headlines in 1914 emphasised the shrinkage in his own international significance by a "return thanks" notice for birthday wishes in the local newspaper, after the manner of a stout Burgher of Doorn with a wife "gone all social."

If the World Always Laughed At Its Troubles

The Rev. Dr. C. N. Button, of St. Andrew's Church, Ballarat, speaking recently at the Melbourne Rotary Club luncheon, deplored the dearth of humor in the world to-day. He suggested that international difficulties might be overcome if Hitler and Mussolini together could really laugh at themselves.

BUT humor in Europe is under suspicion, for following the recent German ban on Charles Chaplin's latest film, "Modern Times," comes news that Belgian censors almost banned it also, although on somewhat different grounds.

Not only to international situations would humor be invaluable but to most phases of life. Domestic tension could invariably be lessened if we would cultivate a sense of comedy and apply it to situations at vital moments.

The value of laughter has always been appreciated. Early monarchs recognised the necessity for comic relief, and the court-jester with his talent to amuse was an important prop in the court retinue.

The past few years were made tolerable by our humorists. The necessity for light entertainment was evident, as those who were catering for the public taste will confirm. The late Gus Bluett was a generous contributor to our laughter, and his evergreen wit endeared him to thousands.

His humor was almost responsible for an international situation last year, when he burlesqued Hitler in one of his shows.

The Consul-General for Germany considered the act an insult to Hitler, and to Germany, and it was withdrawn from the show. The act was repeated in Melbourne in its original form, without causing any dissension.

Climate and Humor

EACH nation has a sense of humor peculiar to itself. Climatic conditions are no doubt responsible for the light and shade qualities reflected in national types. Human nature is very susceptible to sunshine and environment.

America is the home of cartoons. Comics are the favorite form of pictorial humor. The American variety is original, witty, and often subtle.

The characters of Mr. Walt. Disney, the creator of "Mickey Mouse," who will shortly visit Australia, have entertained the world.

An Englishman prefers a more subdued and detailed form of humor than his American cousin. His anecdote accompanies his glass of ale and is almost as important.

The French with their tradition for enjoying light wines and champagnes like a light and bubbling type of humor and entertainment.

The comparison between the French and the German variety can be likened to champagne and beer. More ponderous the Teuton's sense of fun may be, but the German enjoys it none the less, and he is very original.

In every country in the world the screen is a common source of supply for the commodity of humor. It is a very strong influence.

Cartoonists and the creators of comedy and humor have become important in our scheme of life. Most of us have learnt the value of the tonic effects of laughter and should endeavor to stimulate it and contribute to it whenever circumstances warrant a light mood.

Family feuds, our neighbors' shortcomings and idiosyncrasies, even wars, might be averted if we could relieve our feelings with a dose of effervescent laughter.

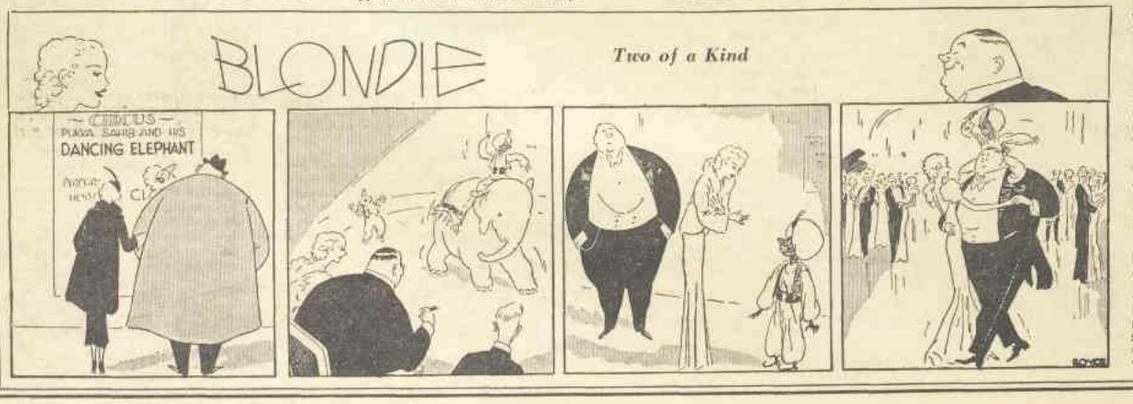
Moody Wits

PERSONS are often credited with having a humorous faculty, when in reality they have a gift for pointed wit or a moody humor. The fact that we can see a joke against another is not proof that we have a humorous vein.

There is a specific distinction between a sense of comedy and a sense of humor. In the old medieval physiology, humor was one of the four bodily fluids. You were either irascible, phlegmatic, choleric, or bilious. Consequently to be humorous meant you were motivated by one of the humors of the body. It was something innate that appealed to your sense of humor, and which you personally considered funny. Obviously your appreciation of a comic situation depended on the particular mood of your body at the moment.

The jester is inadequate. The wit can be spiteful. The humorist can be moody, but the man with the sense of comedy can laugh with you though you have tears in your eyes.

Australians are credited with being sunny-natured individuals who respond very readily to a joke. Politicians and public figures are usually found to be genial folk who enter into the spirit of caricature and burlesque, even when it concerns them, with enthusiastic enjoyment.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612845

LOWER'S *Nine Points for* SNAPPY PARTIES

Making the bally old social round go round . . . and round . . . and round!

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

One gets so tired of the bally old social round. One also gets cock-eyed, blood-shot, and nicotine-stained. One wakes in the morning with a desire to bite Alsatian dogs, kick mules, and even try to sting bees.

I know I don't have to tell you all this, but I want a bit of sympathy and three aspirin tablets and a lesson in deportment and some ice and a whole lot of people to leave me alone.

I WENT to one of those premieres. One of those first nights at a swell dance restaurant kind of place. I am still alive, although it's only barely noticeable.

It was the unaccustomed swallow-tail coat and the fact that I had to practically undress myself to get at the pockets that upset me in the first place. Then, of course, I burnt a hole in the wife's evening cloak with my cigarette. It is her complaint (or, perhaps, it might be boast), that I burn more holes in things than an oxy-acetylene welder. I have also spent all the money in the house, and we are living on the tinned goods I won on the poker machines at the club.

We arrived at the Braggadacio in the full glare of the limelight and had a sort of discussion with the taxi-driver, who became extremely terse when I tried to get away without paying him. However, we got out of the taxi and into the Braggadacio.

Beautiful place! One of the best dance floors I've ever fallen on.

Watch Your Step!

BUT, perhaps, it might be more useful to you if I told you a few things not to do at these functions.

(1) Don't sit in a plate of ice cream more than once if you can possibly avoid it.

(2) Always have a good look at the face of the chap you are going to say, "Hello, you old dog!" to. It's usually the wrong chap.

(3) Never try to pronounce anything on the menu.

(4) Don't send notes to the leader of the jazz band with requests to play that hot number, "Asleep in the Deep," or "She Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

(5) Don't present people with lobster claws.

(6) Don't get your grapefruit tangled up with your lobster.

(7) Don't eat any lobster.

(8) Don't stand on chairs to watch adagio dancers; you fail into ice cream.

(9) Don't watch adagio dancers.

That last one is very important for you married women. If you notice your husband watching adagio dances with a rapt look, stop him. Apache dances are worse.

There comes a time in every man's life when, having watched one of these strong-arm men throwing his partner around by the scruff of the neck and just catching her before she brains herself — well, he becomes thoughtful.

He says to himself, "Hm! I never thought of that." He sort of looks at his wife and then feels his biceps and a grim look comes over his face.

Anyway, don't say I never warned you.

Advice to Husbands

FOR husbands, I should say that it is a good thing not to be found talking innocently to a strange lady in a dim corner. It is much worse if she is playfully tapping you on the nose with a powder-puff.

Another good idea is not to grab hold of some girl you have mistaken for your wife in the general crush, and it is definitely desirable not to say, "Well, come on, mug. Are we going home?" I can vouch for this.

When people draw things on your shirt-front with lipstick it may be classed as a regrettable incident, and I might mention in passing that the clutching of old gentlemen by the neck when a flashlight goes off in your left ear is not done. Not (I was told at some length) in the best circles.

Redeeming Feature

ON arriving home, it is a swell notion to remember not to lose the key of the front door. If by some weird trick of fortune you have not lost or forgotten the key of the front door, I have always found it much easier to get through the bathroom window. Our door suffers from migratory keyholes.

Most of this good advice, I'll admit, is for men. Women don't need any. As a matter of fact, they give it away.

Speaking to you wives, however, I would like to remark that a bit of advice and instruction before the husband makes a mistake is much more welcome than what he gets after he errs. Ask your own husband.

"AFTER," I might add, seems to stretch into infinity.

There's one good thing about these frolics. You've always got the deposit coming when you take your dress suit back to the place you hired it from.

And my word, isn't it handy!

Lower gets all over social—all over his shirt front!

How can she keep her HOLIDAY HEALTH

SHE'S waving good-bye to her Summer Holidays but not to her holiday health, for she's learnt the value of her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the digestive organs, keep the blood-stream pure and free from acids, and ensure a daily complete elimination of all food wastes.

You, too, can maintain your holiday fitness, that glorious feeling of health and happiness if you take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"I never go to bed without taking Bile Beans. They bring that perfect health which rejuvenates and makes you feel years younger. I sleep better and my energy and spirits are wonderfully improved since I began with Bile Beans. I also find them valuable for keeping my weight normal." Mrs. E. King.

* * *

"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition, which had over 7,000 entries, I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield." Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU AT YOUR BEST

Rheumatism

Gin Pills will drive excess URIC ACID from your system

Act at once—

AS soon as you feel those first Rheumatic twinges, that is the time to begin a course of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills.

It is your Kidneys that cause you to have Rheumatism. They have become weak, and are permitting excess Uric Acid to escape into your system. Until your Kidneys are made strong and healthy again, you cannot hope for any lasting relief.

Gin Pills act directly on your Kidneys—will make them strong and healthy again—will banish excess Uric Acid from your system, and rid you of your pain and suffering.

Although external rubbing may being temporary relief, the only safe, sure way to rid the system of this menace to your health is by removing the cause, and Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills will definitely do this for you in no uncertain manner.

End your Rheumatism now—begin taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills to-day.

Take 2 Gin Pills to-night—You'll feel better to-morrow.

27 Pills, 1/9—60 Pills, 2/9

DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612846

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES

"That's the age to ASSURE THEM"

A REPRESENTATIVE of the A.M.P. recently sought the ideas of a well known business man as to the best age at which to assure children.

"At whatever age they are," was the answer. "That's the best age to assure them. At whatever age they are, and keep on doing it!"

This merchant was not always well-to-do. Fifteen years ago he was in a small way, but he had keen, business instincts, and, because of that, he had great faith in the A.M.P. He became a member of the Society early in life and, as his income grew, his policies grew in number and in purpose. He covered every risk with A.M.P. policies, giving himself and his wife peace of mind.

He assured his two children as they were born and increased their assurance as they grew older. They will soon leave school, and their OWN MONEY from the A.M.P. will be available to them for higher education or travel. Financially, their futures are secure.

YOU CAN DO MUCH THE SAME for your children, reader! The outlay can be small. The need is to MAKE A START. Ask the Society to send an experienced adviser to talk this comfort over with you. No effort on the Society's part will be spared to give you this comfort. Ring or write while it is in mind.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager.

HEAD OFFICE: 87 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart.

District Offices throughout all States.

KEEP SMILING

KEEP FREE FROM Headaches, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, KEEP REGULAR WITH

Beecham's PILLS

Whether you are a victim of Liverishness, Indigestion, Headache, Beecham's Pills *remove the cause*——CONSTIPATION, 90% of daily ills are due to this one cause. It poisons your whole system. But Beecham's purify, tone and regulate. They keep you always fit, fresh and smiling.

The World's Medicine

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Versatile Australian Woman Writes Excellent First Novel

Promise of Big Future

To say that "White Horses Ride Home," first novel of Bridget Amery, a well-known Melbourne girl, is an outstanding story would not be strictly true, but to say it showed promise would be a little less than the truth.

THERE is more than promise in the book; there is definite achievement, and when style is more mature we may expect something very good from this young Australian who is musician and actress, as well as author.

In private life she is Mrs. Peter Bornstein, wife of Professor Bornstein, formerly of the Adelaide Conservatorium, and now of London.

MISS BRIDGET AMERY, pianist, actress, and now an author. This Melbourne girl's first novel is reviewed on this page.

Her tale is a tradesmanlike job with few overtones, which makes it the more life-like and feasible. It deals with the career of a young girl, Patricia Stewart, who is carried away by the glamor of a visiting English actor, Richard Vane. She sheds a most uninteresting fiance in order to marry her Englishman and go home with him. When her idol develops feet of clay she sets about making a living for herself and husband. When she finds him unscrupulous as well as shiftless she turns to his Jewish family and his cousin David for advice.

David has all the homely virtues and plenty of common sense. He falls in love with Patricia, but his code and the ethics of his religion prevent a revelation on his part.

Richard dies and Patricia returns to Australia feeling herself doomed to an uninteresting widowhood. David, however, claims her and her happiness is complete.

MISS NOEL STREATFIELD, daughter of the Bishop of Lewes, believes in glamor in the writing game. In the picture her hair is dressed in the fashionable halo of curls. Between times she writes novels and plays. "It Pays to Be Good" is her latest book.

The plot is rather stereotyped, but treatment is anything but that. There is a refreshingly vivacious note running through the book, and the author's sense of observation is keen. Comedy is deft and sure. Miss Amery will surely be heard of again in a literary sense. A word, too, must be said for the publishers.

The house of Harrap appears to be a sort of literary godparent to Australian writers in London. Within the last few months they have published a number of novels by local writers, and not once has this reviewer had to quarrel with their judgment.

"White Horses Ride Home," Bridget Amery. (Harrap. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"EXPRESS TO THE EAST." A. Den Doolard. Excellent story in an unusual vein and about strange people. The setting is in the wilds of Macedonia, where personal loyalties and political propaganda are mixed together in the melting pot of national aspirations. If you are seeking a book which is divertingly different, "Express to the East" can be recommended. (Barker. 7/6.)

* * *

"I SEEK MY LOVE." Jennifer Ames. A light novel of love which bears the hall-mark of the happy ending almost from the first chapter. There are the usual complications which keep the loving couple apart, but the last pages find the seeking over and hearts at peace. Whether it has been worth all the trouble is a matter of individual taste. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

* * *

"PRELUDE TO BLUE MOUNTAINS." Alan Hyder. This is not an Australian novel. They have Blue Mountains in the West Indies as well as here, and the yarn deals with a murderer, his escape, his love for the beautiful Leila, and his final bid for happiness and a fresh start in life. A vigorous yarn; good holiday reading for the male members of the family. (Barker. 7/6.)

"SNOWED UNDER." Sheila Fitzgerald. A story of Russian refugees living in Prague. Nadia, the heroine of the story, is cleverly presented, and the minor characters have vigor and vitality. There is fine insight, too, in the passages dealing with Nadia's marriage to a "crank" professor. How real love comes into her life is charmingly told, and the story has a quiet strength about it which is entirely satisfactory. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"OVER THE GARDEN WALL." Patry Williams.

FOR those who desire an escape from the glamorous sub-deb. and the scintillating stockbroker, here is a book as wholesome and fragrant as the scented vines that decorate the garden wall.

IT is not a gardening book, but a peep through the rose-tinted spectacles of Romance at a bevy of neighbors that anyone might have in a garden suburb.

NO propaganda, no psycho-analysis, no problem novel, but a good story well told, likely to be true, and well worth the telling. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

—D.A.

"On the Job!"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY IF HE HAD NOT KNOWN JUST WHAT TO DO FOR A SPLITTING HEADACHE

Twenty minutes ago, a raging headache. Two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, and complete relief. That's service! That's what you can count on when you see the Bayer Cross on aspirin tablets. The way they are made gives them *speed*. Quick to dissolve means quick to relieve. *You cannot get the same results from a slower tablet.*

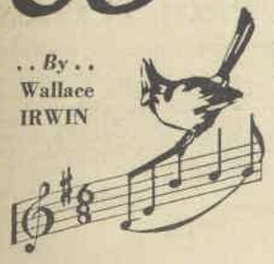
Time a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water; in your stomach; in the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach. Insure your comfort in and out of business hours by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the handy pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 and 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612847

BIRD CALL

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

..By..
Wallace IRWIN



I HADN'T a Chinaman's chance with Lulie not after Ben Everett came into the picture. You know Ben, so why go into that? I'm just what I am, and Ben's like a Barrymore born in Harris tweeds. Me I'm one of those old-fashioned things you call a "man of the world"—I mean to say, I don't play goosberry to anybody's Romeo and Juliet. The minute they met they made a twosome, and that was all right by me. Only I've loved her ever since she was a baby.

I didn't see much of Lulie after that. You don't horn into live romance. Going everywhere together all the time, they made about the prettiest combination there is. Ever see Lulie? She never says much and maybe she hasn't much to say. But she's the kind that doesn't need to say much to hold your attention. You just look at her. When you call her a blonde you ought to be arrested for slander. Helen of Troy wasn't a blonde. She was the Trojan War. Heck, I'm going poetic.

Anyway, it was in this club, in this very billiard-room about a week ago. In one of those high chairs over there—the far one—was where Ben Everett sat, smoking cigarettes, and staring. Simply staring. He'd been doing it for days. Imagine, beautiful Ben with nothing to do but smoke and stare! If he'd worn a sandwich-board, he couldn't have announced it plainer. "Hello, Ben," I said, and I climbed into the other chair and pretended to watch the game. We drooled along a lot of forced dialogue for a while, and then I said, sort of offhand, "Seen anything of Lulie lately?"

"No," said Ben, "I haven't laid eyes on her for two months." Queer, the way he said it. Not exactly like a stricken lover, but puzzled, staring at the balls on the table as they clicked together.

"Funny," I said.

BEN broke a match into little pieces, and then he said, "Yeah, isn't it!" I might have dropped the subject there, but Ben and I have known each other too long to stall.

"Ben," I said, "you two have been thick as cream for the last year. I thought that by now you'd be on the spot at St. George's Church. I never saw a couple of people better matched. Everybody said so. I don't quite get it—"

"Tommy!" Running his fingers through his hair. "Do you know anything about birds?"

I started something flip about canaries, but Ben just coughed.

"This one," he said, "was a cardinal—female. About two months ago I was walking crosslots toward Lulie's house at Rye. Going through a little patch of woods. Warmish spring afternoon. Mating-time, I think the poets call it. I was traipsing along when I heard a bird calling, up in a tree. It was a pretty sound, and easy to imitate. I stopped and whistled back. And what did that fool bird do? Answered me and came fluttering down to a branch right over my head. I saw what she was: a cardinal—female."

"How did you know," I asked.

"They're not bright red like the males. Sort of reddish brown. But she was nice-looking, and she had a bill that you'd almost take for a ruby. It was so bright. She seemed to be waiting for something, one eye cocked at me. So I whistled again, and down she came, chattering and chirping as if her heart would break. Taking me seriously, do you see? She landed right at my feet, making funny noises in her throat, ruffling her feathers. Every time I whistled she seemed to get a big kick out of it. She circled around me and we sang a duet—I standing there, feeling rather proud of my charm over dumb animals, she dancing and pirouetting.

"She didn't want to quit. We might have kept that game up forever. But all of a sudden something stopped me dead. 'What a rotter I am,' I said, 'to be whistling at a poor little female, holding her attention with a fake love song, keeping her from flying away to a bird of her own kind. It's a dirty trick to keep on whistling at a bird, when I can never give her what she wants.'"

"That was about two months ago?" I asked.

"Yeah," said Ben Everett, and shuffled away.

So I went around to see Lulie. I thought I'd got all over it, but when she came in from the garden she was carrying a long bunch of flowers. I never notice flowers much, but these must have been awfully pretty; or maybe it was the way she held them next to her face. Suddenly I found myself running wild again, the way I used to before Ben came along.

She said, "Hello, Tommy," as if she'd been seeing me every day. That's Lulie. She's the calm kind. Goddesses are like that, I guess. I've never talked with one, but that's about how they'd be. Am I getting mushy? Anyhow, Lulie has the sort of eyes that you think are blue at a distance but when you look straight at them you find they're amber. And there's something about the way she carries her head.

So I said, "Hello, Lulie."

"It's been ages," she said.

I told her I was glad she'd noticed it; then she patted a place on the sofa beside her. While we stalled along about a lot of people we knew I kept thinking, "Ben must be solid concrete not to be all melted up by her." And all the time I was trying to find some tactful way to tell her about Ben. Finally my chance came. She mentioned Ben's crowd, and I said, "Seen him lately?"

"No," she said, "have you?"

"Yes," I said, "he's around the club a good deal. This morning I had a funny talk with him."

"What about?" Her eyes were wide open, like a little girl's.

"About a bird."

"Bird?" she asked. "What's Ben doing with a bird?"

"Just whistling," I said. "He met a wild bird in the woods, about two months ago, and the bird set him thinking."

Her eyes didn't leave my face, while I told her, as well as I could, about Ben's whistling match with the lady cardinal. I made quite a story of it, not leaving out any of the points, and trimming it up here and there, so that she'd get wise to what it was all about. Inside me I was feeling sorry for her, you know. But I kept on to the bitter end.

"Suddenly he stopped whistling," I said, "and shooed the bird away. Because he saw what a cad he'd been, whistling a love song to a bird when he hadn't a thing for her. Not a thing."

Lulie sat for quite a while, sort of counting her fingers. Then she looked up at me and giggled. And what do you think she said?

She said, "That's wonderful. I've known Ben a long time now—and he can hardly whistle for a cab, much less like a bird!"

That settled everything for me. I just grabbed her and kissed her 22 times. So everything's fixed between me and Lulie. I like 'em dumb, I guess.

(Copyright.)

IF YOU *Baked a* CAKE for a Princess

WHAT WOULD YOU PUT IN IT?

IF you were given the privilege of baking the cake for the 10th birthday of Princess Betty next week, what would you make, and how would you make it?

This is our interesting new cooking competition, closing on April 25, as fully outlined in our Homemaker Section. Think out what would appeal to a little Royal Princess, write the recipe in full, and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly. The best entry received wins one guinea.

IT'S remarkable how the average person who knows anything about radio invariably places AIRZONE FIRST when tonal quality is discussed — and yet, not remarkable after all, for Airzone have always taken infinite care to live up to their proud slogan—"Airzone's tone is Airzone's own"—and what a beautiful full, resonant tone it is!

AIRZONE

Model 556

5-valve Console Superheterodyne

INTERSTATE RECEPTION

This model has a special Magnavox Speaker which gives amazing tonal quality and volume. The new horizontal dial is fitted with edge illuminated glass scale.
Equipped with G type glass valves. Has metal core coils, the very latest development, giving considerable increase in efficiency, greater selectivity and more sensitivity.

CASH PRICE 20 Gns. Easy Terms are offering

RETAILERS:
David Jones Ltd. Farmer & Co. Ltd. Mark Foy's Ltd.
Nicholsons Limited Sebastiels Ltd. Modern Radio
Mick Simmons Ltd. Nock & Kirby Ltd. Bryants Ltd.
Carnegie & Sons E. F. Wilks & Co. Ltd. Salonola Radio
Elvy & Co. Ltd. W. Harry Wiles
WHOLESALERS:
Block & Gerber Ltd. Mick Simmons Ltd. Fox & MacGillicuddy Ltd.

TUNING!

And look at this very beautiful new Airzone dial. Smooth as velvet, evenly lighted all over with attractively designed escutcheon to blend with the cabinet. Stations Call sign run from right to left — make tuning easy as winking.

Manufactured by Airzone (1931) Ltd., 16 Australia Street, Camperdown, Sydney. S.36-169

AIRZONE *fine* RADIO

INDIGESTION

This splendid remedy is being recommended daily by thousands . .

The distress of flatulence and heartburn, the misery of acid stomach, gastritis and dyspepsia, the agony of ulcerated stomach or duodenum, can all be avoided by the timely use of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is made from nine specially chosen ingredients which meet the complicated causes of Indigestion and treat them properly. The acidity is neutralised, the inflamed stomach protected and the whole digestive system is toned up and brought back to health.

Get a canister to-day. It costs 2/6. You will be delighted with the results.

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612848

Picture YOURSELF

—in this jaunty jumper, knitted with Sunbeam Wool.

In Sunbeam Wool you'll find quality, softness, strength and serviceability, far above the price!

And in Sunbeam Coloured Knitting Books — 6d. everywhere—you'll find the season's prettiest, most colourful knitwear—made easy to knit, with complete instructions.

Sunbeam is easier to knit with . . . non-fading and long-lasting . . . and so inexpensive to use.

Sunbeam Wool is manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd. at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, N.S.W.

Wholesale Distributors:
PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.
All States.

SUNBEAM
KNITTING WOOL
"The Wool that works wonders"

THE PLAY'S *the* THING

Continued from Page 6

"WELL, when The Smouldering Flame showed up I gave her a talk. I told her she was great up to the important scene in Act Two. 'But right there,' I said, 'you don't give me a hing. The scene dies and there goes the play. Can't you turn on a little heat in a love scene? Don't you know how to kiss a man?'

"She said: 'Yes, Mr. Lockhart.'

"I said: 'Then why the deuce don't you do it?'

"She said: 'Well, I just can't kiss some men—properly.'

"I said: 'Why not?'

"She said: 'Don't you think a man has to have some little appeal before a girl can really——' She stopped and gave me a couple of slow blinks with those heavy eyelids of hers.

"NOW beat that one. She got me to blinking back at her. When I could speak, I said: 'Where do you think you are when you're on the stage—petting in a car?' Perhaps we'd better get a fellow from Oxford for you, or do you favor Cambridge?'

"She didn't say anything; she just kept on giving me slow blinks.

"I said: 'Now listen. You're an actress, aren't you? If the script calls for you to kiss a guy with red whiskers, you're supposed to fly at it.'

"She said: 'It's worse than that.'

"I said: 'Worse than what?'

"She said: 'Than red whiskers.'

"I said: 'What's worse than red whiskers?'

"She said: 'Mr. Lockhart, may I tell you something?'

"I said: 'Out with it!'

"She said: 'I've wanted to tell you from the first, but I couldn't at rehearsals. Mr. Thingamaguby—the man I play the scene with—he's—well, he's got——' She stopped and blinked at me some more.

"I said: 'What's he got?'

"She said: 'Can't you guess?'

"I said: 'No. I can't guess. He's a good actor.'

"SHE said: 'It isn't his acting, it's his—well, you know, hall——' Well, anyway, the minute I get near him I get sort of cold all over, I just can't seem to work into the part.'

"Well, it was a new angle. The more I thought it over, the more I could see her point of view.

"'So that's what's been wrong,' I said.

"She nodded.

"I thought it over some more. I could put another actor in the part and open a week later if The Smouldering Flame would go with the new man. But I got to wondering if she was on the level. I never saw an actor yet that couldn't alibi his way out of Dartmoor. They learn to make excuses before they know the difference between upstage and down.

"I said: 'Look here, you play the scene with me. If you show me something I'll think over what you've told me, and perhaps we can fix it.'

"Well, we played the scene. We used that couch over there for the cabin bunk, and used that door for her entrance. Right from the start she was different. She began to thaw out. By the time we reached the kissing business she was as good as she looked. When the line for it came she flung herself on the floor in front of me and grovelled at my feet. Then she hugged my knees. Then she sort of crawled at me till she got her arms around my neck, and—bingo!"

ROLLO broke off. A faraway look crept into his eyes.

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"Well," said Rollo, "I've been kissed here and there, and roundabout, but for sheer voltage, that was the top. I guess when they look like that they've got it. She had me seeing catherine wheels spinning in the Milky Way. She had me going down for the last time in a nice pink ocean. She had me listening to the lovebird calling to its mate. She had me dizzy. I just grabbed her and hung on.

"And then—funny thing—I began to feel eyes. I began to feel 'em on the back of my neck. I wanted to go right on singing in the jungle with tiger lilies in my hair, but the eyes bothered me. I broke the clinch and turned round to look for 'em, and there they were in the doorway. It was Evelyn. You've seen her once, remember?"

"Yes," I said.

"You know what her eyes are like when they're just natural?"

I nodded.

"Well, right then you could have jumped into either one of 'em and swum round.

"I got to my feet. I said: 'Come in, darling. We're rehearsing.'

"She didn't come in. She just stood there. She never looked at The Smouldering Flame—just at me. She looked at me for about a minute. Then she said—what I told you. Then I heard the door slam. That was five days ago. How about a drink?"

I MADE my way down the narrow hall and opened the door in answer to a ring. Two girls, stamped with the indefinable hallmark of the theatre, confronted me. One was slight and dark. One was blooming and fair. Each carried a dilapidated suitcase.

"Is this Mr. Lockhart's flat?" asked the dark girl anxiously.

"Yes," I said.

"Is he here?"

"Well—er—" I began, then clutched at a formula. "What names, please?"

"Miss Jackson and Miss Lane."

I beat a retreat and found Rollo at the kitchen sink letting water run over a tray of ice cubes.

"Miss Jackson and Miss Lane calling," said I, as loftily as ever manservant spoke a line.

"One big family," Rollo muttered darkly. "Ask 'em to come in."

"They've brought their bags." I thought it best to inform him.

"Yes. Let 'em in. Be with you in a minute."

I returned to the front door.

"Mr. Lockhart will see you," I said, adhering rigidly to the formula. I made a gallant effort to assume the burden of the suitcases.

One of these was promptly surrendered. My attempt to take the other—carried by the dark girl under one arm, for some mysterious reason—met a squeal of protest.

"Don't touch that!" said its bearer. "It falls apart if you look at it. Just dash ahead, will you? My arm's absolutely gone."

Please turn to Page 16

Growing Old

There is a kindliness about old people
That I love;
One sinks into their tolerance, to rest,
As storm-blown birdlings
Drop into a nest.

When I'm grown grey—and gentler
(After a while)
I hope that grandmas
Will be back in style.

—*Mary Holmes.*

Grand NEW SERIES of "BRAN TUBS"

The "QUICK-WIN" WEEKLY PUZZLE

£50 MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary, everyday words, only each has some letters missing—for YOU to find.

This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example Clue No. 1 is "Used for shooting." You are given the last letter, "N," and can complete the word by ure-fixing the letters "GU," making the word "GUN," the letter values of which, reading from the code below, are: 7, 21, and 14—a total of 42.

Now carry on with clue No. 2, in which you are given the first letter, THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted.

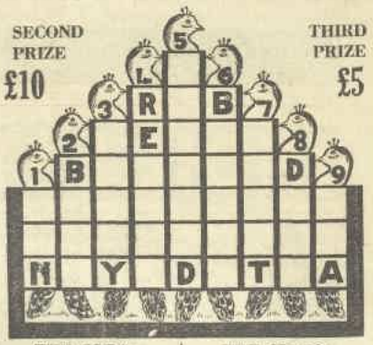
REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give you the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: HEADS OR TAILS No. 5V, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10

THIRD PRIZE £5



THE CODE:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE CLUES:

1. Used for shooting.
2. To empty.
3. Intoxicated.
4. Backward.
5. A bird.
6. A game of cards.
7. Used by painters.
8. Cheerless outlook.
9. We seek health here.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, APRIL 24th. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the total prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. £50 prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Woman's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on May 9th.

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS No. 2.

FIRST PRIZE, £35, Mrs. F. MAY, "Wahronga," Collector, N.S.W.
SOLUTION: Bar, Turn, Blush, Sewing, Writing, Rustle, Spurs, Suit, Jug. Total Points, 658.
The following persons tied for second place with 657 Points, and the second and third prize money (£13) will be divided equally between them:
Mr. R. J. WATSON, 54 Biggs Street, Liverpool, N.S.W.; Mrs. R. M. ANDERSON, 29 Truro Avenue, Mitcham, South Australia; Mr. W. N. DAVIS, 34 Fifth Street, Ashbury, N.S.W.; Mr. C. BIGGERS, 30 Elton Street, Lismore, N.S.W.; Mr. D. HOOK, 20 Houston Road, Kensington, N.S.W.
SOLUTION: Bit, Turn, Blush, Rowing, Worship, Sizzle, Spurs, Suit, Jug.
Prize Money will be posted on Friday, May 1st.

Lovely face, throat, neck

Every night give your face its "good night" massage with Charmosan Cold Cream. Rub this cream well into your face all over. It's a good idea, too, to give your neck, throat, and the exposed portion of your chest a good massaging with the cream to cleanse away dust and other beauty destroying things that lodge in the pores and on the skin.

After giving your face, neck, throat, and chest a good massage with Charmosan Cold Cream, rub it off thoroughly with your face towel or tissue. You will find that the cream cleanses beautifully, for it goes right into the pores and out again, and removes "make-up," dust, etc., from the pores and skin in a way that soap and water can never do. Notice how supple and smooth your skin is. This nightly massaging will also keep away wrinkles, crow's-feet, and other lines—what a blessing.

In the morning wash your face, neck, throat, and chest with nice warm water and a good soap dry well, and then apply your Creme Charmosan. Do not confuse Creme Charmosan with Charmosan Cold Cream. They are quite separate and distinct. Rub your Creme Charmosan well in wherever it is required, for its mission is to protect your skin from the ravages of the sun, dust, and winds, and to hold your powder all day. Creme Charmosan removes many faults and many signs of age from the skin, and makes it look years and years younger and prettier.

After applying your Creme Charmosan use your Charmosan face powder—the most amazing powder money can buy. It stays on hour after hour with sweet witchery, and gives instant charm to your skin. It is perfumed with the most gorgeous fragrance in the World. It is suave, chic, modern. Nothing like it. You get it in all shades and suntan. The powder of skin youth and charm.

Creme Charmosan, Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Charmosan face powder, 2/6 per box. Charmosan Cold Cream, Jars 2/6, tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612849

Our Attractive Outdoor Girls

'Tis holiday-time again! Here is an attractive group of well-known Australian sportswomen, whose recreations make news, and form, in most cases, a vital part of our holiday sports gatherings.

MISS YUTHA THIEMEYER, pretty and charming Victorian schoolgirl and under-19 tennis champion. She recently played for Victoria in the Wilson Cup matches in Adelaide.

MISS VEDAS EBERT, whose grace and good looks give denial to the argument that the out-in-all-weathers sportswoman loses her feminine charm. Her game has been admired on most Australian golf links.

MISS CLARICE CALDWELL, a typical member of Australia's growing army of hockey players. Whether the game is an interclub, interstate, or international one, they are ready with a smile—and what wonderful ambassadors they are for Australia.

MISS HERSEY BROOKES, youngest daughter of Mr. Norman Brookes, president of the A.L.T.A., is a good tennis player and an expert surfer.

MISS KATH BURNLEY, of Adelaide, is as much at home on or in the water as she is on dry land. She often skippers in women's races at Outer Harbor.

MISS N. WALCOTT, who contradicts the opinion that women cannot succeed at the strenuous sport of rowing. She is stroke to the N.S.W. crew in the Australian championships in Melbourne this Saturday.

MISS LALITA MARRIOTT is one of the most promising of Victoria's younger golfers. Tall and slim, she is one of the most graceful figures seen on the links.

MISS ROSLYN TOZER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Tozer, of Brisbane, who plays an excellent game of tennis.
—Murray Goldwyn

MISS KAY FRANCIS, of Adelaide, is building up an enviable sports reputation. She is noted for good looks, smart frocking, and her tennis and golf.
—Beaumont.

BLONDE PETITE JEAN SUTTON has played interstate cricket three times. She is one of Victoria's ablest batswomen and fielders.

MRS. GEOFFREY H. TURNER, one of Queensland's most prominent women golfers. She was Brisbane club champion on four occasions.
—Goldwyn.

MISS PAT BURNARD, of South Australia, inter-'Varsity swimmer and hockey player. She played in interstate matches for two seasons.
—Mayfair portrait.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612850

ARCH SUPPORTS
MADE TO ORDER

Read what a doctor stated in last week's Women's Weekly:—

Any haphazardly chosen arch support in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch-support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike."

"CORRECTA" ARCH SUPPORTS CONFORM TO YOUR FEET, BEING MADE FROM PLASTER CASTS TAKEN BY A SPECIALIST AT

STREAT & CO.
Foot Specialists, Chiropodists.
Also Makers of
ABDOMINAL BELTS — "THURTY" TRUSSES
175 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
3 doors from Prouds. 'Phone, B2863.

On Sunny Days

—DON'T FORGET TO USE HINDS CREAM!

Besides protecting your skin from sun and wind-burn, Hinds will give it youthful freshness and charming softness.

For the face, neck, arms and hands. Protects, Softens, Beautifies.

1/- and 2/6 everywhere.
Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4 times the quantity.
Sole Agents:
HILLCASTLE LTD.

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations

CONSTIPATION ENDED FOR EVER

Woman Finds a Permanent Remedy

With perfect frankness a woman correspondent writes:—

"I have suffered from constipation as long as I can remember, and taken all sorts of things—which in some cases seemed to do good at first, but afterwards to have no effect. Then I thought I would try Kruschen in my tea every morning, and I have done so for over a year. I am pleased to say after the first month I had no more trouble with constipation, and I have felt very fit."—(Mrs.) G. M. S.

Kruschen is the surest, safest, and most sensible way to keep your inside regular in its most important daily duty. You will find that your system never becomes hardened, but always submits to Kruschen's gentle and friendly power of persuasion. There will never be any need to increase the "daily dose."

And while Kruschen will be keeping you free from constipation, it will also be putting into your body the six mineral salts which Nature ordains as essential to health.

Test for 1 Month

and PROVE that the VIBRAPHONE defeats DEAFNESS

NOW available in Australia. A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical — Practically invisible — No wires — No batteries — No head-bands. The VIBRAPHONE is not an artificial ear-drum.

Write for Booklet and Details of Trial Offer.

B. NATHAN
39 Austral Buildings, 115 Collins St., Melbourne, C.1

THE PLAY'S *the* THING

Continued from Page 14

I LED the way to the living-room and deposited the suitcase I carried in a corner. The two girls had followed me. The dark girl—this proved later to be Miss Jackson—attempted to lower her suitcase to the floor. The result was disastrous. It struck me, at the moment, that "falls apart" was a mild description of the complete collapse, not to say disintegration, of that suitcase. Its contents seemed to explode about the room. I became confusedly aware of limp stockings, the scattered contents of a theatrical make-up box, slippers, lotion bottles, variously colored frocks, a shoehorn, a hairbrush and comb, a hand glass, various flimsy garments, pink in shade and of an alarmingly personal nature. Much face-powder was drifting through the air from a coverless, rose-colored box, to settle wanly on tables, couch and chairs. A pale, round jar had rolled to my feet. Staring down at it, I learned that Monel's Creme de Toilette was "cleansing, nourishing and strenthening."

"Are you in the show business?" I heard.

Raising my eyes from the floor, I found the owner of the exhibit deposited thereon regarding me with some anxiety.

"Well, yes," I admitted.

Instantly, her face cleared.

"That's a blessing," she said. Whereupon, without further notice of the catastrophe she had wrought, she dropped into a chair. "What we've been through!"

A confirming groan came from the couch. I turned to it and saw the ample blonde stretched out at full length with her eyes closed.

At this moment Rollo appeared with a tray, ice, bottles and glasses.

THE two halves of the malevolent suitcase, now reposing with deceptive mildness on the floor, attracted Rollo's attention. The thing had once been a fairly smart piece of luggage, covered with patent leather. Time and wear had reduced it to a formless hulk, without hinges, without straps.

"That's no good," said Rollo, "I'll lend you another bag. Now, about a drink?"

"Good," said Miss Jackson.

"Fine," said Miss Lane.

Rollo's guests were speaking, presently, with more animation, over their glasses.

"It's awful, our coming to you like this, Mr. Lockhart," Miss Jackson stated.

"Everyone we know seemed to be out or broke or something."

"Dirty misers," put in Miss Lane, between sips.

"Listen, Lollie; it's hard times. If you haven't got it, you haven't got it!"

"Yes? Well, if I ever give Charlie Bascom or Roy or Eddy another date as long as I live, I hope I dry up in the next show I open in."

"And when will that be?" Miss Jackson wanted to know.

"Just what kind of a mess are you kids in?" Rollo inquired. "You said over the phone you'd been thrown out of your apartment, didn't you, Marian?"

"Not thrown out—sneaked out, without our trunks," Miss Jackson corrected. "It's the Hotel Westphalian; we took it in October."

"We!" said Miss Lane. "We!"

"ALL right, all right. I've admitted twenty times I was mad. . . . You see, she was getting twenty a week in 'River of Life' and I was rehearsing in 'The Castaways'—twenty-five if we had any luck, I had delusions of grandeur, I suppose.

"Well, 'River of Life' folded up. We came in with 'The Castaways'—no dirt, no snappy stuff; just an honest, sweet little play. We were out of time the opening night—all scared stiff—and you know what that does to a scene. Of course, critics don't know about timing and there was nothing they could be clever about in the show. You read what the brutes said about us. We had a nice little run of three days! Why is a critic, Mr. Lockhart?"

Rollo gave it up.

"Don't be silly," drawled Miss Lane. "They're to improve the theatre."

"Idiot! . . . But, really, Mr. Lockhart, if you don't know how to write a play, or produce one, or act in one, how can you——"

"Don't let's go into that," Rollo suggested.

"All right, cut it out. Lollie and I have been pounding pavements and warming chairs since October. We've stalled the manager at the Westphalian for two weeks. Last week we got a chance. They were going to do a pantomime up North. We got in it through an agent. A man was coming down with the money for the bond this morning and to take the company back with him this afternoon. We sneaked out of the hotel with these two bags about eight o'clock. We were to get our contracts from the agent and meet the man and the rest of the company at the station. I was to play Snow White. Lollie was to play——"

"Let me tell that one," requested Miss Lane. "I was to be Beauty, in 'Beauty and the Beast.' Is that casting to type? I ask you."

"Well, anyway, it seems the man never showed up in London. It seems he ran off with the bond money, and there we were with five bob and two heavy bags and nowhere to go. We did a lot of telephoning and rode on all the buses in London to places where we thought they might throw out the life-line, and at last I rang you up, Mr. Lockhart, and—well, here we are. Do you know anything that's going into rehearsal? I'll take a walk-on, won't you, Lolie?"

"I see," said Rollo. "Well, I'll go and get you a decent bag, Marian, and I'll lend you some money, but I know nothing about the theatre any more. I have no interest in it whatsoever." He stalked, with a touch of loftiness, from the room.

Miss Jackson looked at me in bewilderment.

"But he staged 'Temptation Isle,' didn't he? It only opened Monday."

I nodded.

"Why does he talk like that?"

"He's had a bit of—well, family trouble," I explained.

"Oh," said Miss Jackson, obviously relieved. "Touch of temperament. He got me guessing for a minute." She rose and began to pick up garments from the floor and hang them listlessly on the backs of chairs.

The amount of woman's wearing apparel that can be compressed into one suitcase proved to be astounding. The room began to take on a distinctly gala appearance.

ROLLO returned with a large brown leather bag.

"Here you are," he said. He pressed some notes on the reluctant Miss Jackson.

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart," said she. "It's simply fine of you. I'll never forget it." Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "You see, it's more than you think. It's more than getting our trunks back. It means having Oscar again."

"Oscar!" said Rollo.

"Yes. I paid a maid at the hotel to take care of him."

"I'll say you did," put in Miss Lane. "With our last ten-bob note."

"Surely, Lolie, you're not blaming me for that?" said Miss Jackson, brokenly. "My own little Oscar." She was so completely overcome that she buried her face in a pink garment of some sort that at the moment was in her hand.

Miss Lane rose, went quickly to Miss Jackson and patted her on the shoulder. "I'm not blaming you for that, precious. Not one bit." Obviously she, too, was deeply affected.

"Who's Oscar?" said Rollo.

The muffled voice of Miss Jackson came to us from the depths of the pink garment:

"My canary."

"If that isn't the limit," said the awe-struck Rollo, to no one in particular, "what is?"

At that moment the telephone rang. Rollo answered it:

"Yes. . . . I told you not to ring me, Sam. . . . How many times have I got to tell you I won't stage it? And listen, I won't stage any more shows for you or anyone else. I'm done with the theatre! . . . Stop my kidding! Listen, if you ever catch me at another rehearsal, you can——" Rollo broke off. His eyes swung thoughtfully to the weeping Miss Jackson. They moved on to the almost equally distressed Miss Lane. He resumed his telephone conversation with sudden animation: "Listen, Sam. I'll stage the rotten thing for you on one condition . . . No, it isn't more money. I want to cast the airman's wife and the girl who makes parachute jumps, myself . . . Yes, that's all I want. . . . OK. See you to-morrow."

Rollo hung up and turned from the phone.

"You two be at the Odeon Theatre at eleven o'clock Monday," he said. "You've got jobs."

With simultaneous shrieks, Miss Jackson and Miss Lane fell into each other's arms. Next they hurled themselves at Rollo.

"What a man!"

"Oh, Mr. Lockhart, you darling!"

Rollo became the centre of what seemed like a horde of hysterical ingenues, who whirled about him.

Please turn to Page 18

THIS SMILING girl chooses a coquettish velvet beret to wear with her silver fox cape. —Air Mail photo.

KING EDWARD *will Make Life* HAPPIER

How Tastes of Two Popular Sovereigns Differ

From MARY ST. CLAIRE by Air Mail from London.

Queen Mary has paid several visits to Marlborough House, where she will eventually make her home. It has been unoccupied for several years, so that many alterations are necessary.

All her wonderful collection of antiques will go with her. Nowadays the Princess Royal is her mother's constant companion, and will help her in the arranging of Marlborough House.

The King will then take up his residence at Buckingham Palace.

IN almost every respect King Edward is the exact opposite to his father. First, he has had a much broader education and has travelled much more widely and much more freely.

In the smaller matters of life, too, they have had quite different tastes. King George liked to go to bed very early—by 10.30; King Edward does not mind how late the hour is, provided he is enjoying himself, or has important work to finish.

As to hobbies, the late King only cared for shooting, racing and stamp collecting. The new King is not interested in racing, rarely shoots and knows nothing of stamps. He has stated, however, that he will retain his father's racing stables and also continue the Keeper-of-Stamps of his late Majesty, and so the collection, which is confined to stamps of the British Empire, will still be up to date. It is presumed that it will eventually be given to the nation.

King Edward's recreations are golf, tennis, ski-ing, dancing and cards. The late King never danced and could not play cards. Also, he could not drive a car, and had never been in an aeroplane. King Edward is both an expert motorist and airman. He was the first sovereign of England to fly, flying to London the morning after his father's death.

King George did not care for the theatre. When he did go he preferred a variety show or an acrobatic turn, whereas the new King is a great theatregoer and was frequently to be seen incognito in the stalls with some of his friends.

King George had few personal friends, but King Edward has a large circle in many parts of the world and drawn from all ranks of life. King George hated wrist-watches and would never wear one—our present King is never without his.

And so the wheels of time turn—customs change. It seems almost certain that King Edward, brought up in an age which was pre-eminent for the discoveries of science and for their application to modern life, having availed himself of their advantages, having, too, a tremendous understanding for, and sympathy with, the average person, will do all in his power to make, through modern knowledge, life fuller, happier, and brighter for all his subjects.

Hitch Your Waggon to a Star

ARE YOU HAPPY? PROSPEROUS?

read

JUNE MARSDEN'S BOOK

"Follow Your Stars to Success"

This wonderful book is one of the most popular ever printed. "Follow Your Stars" is a masterpiece of uncanny information about yourself and your friends. It grips the imagination and compels enthusiasm. Learn how to be really successful and happy in life.

"Follow Your Stars" is 5/6 plus 3d. postage from ASTRAL PUBLICATIONS—Box 3133P, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612851

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"What's your earliest recollection of a cocktail party?"
"Next morning!"

DOCTOR: Did you take my advice and sleep with the window open?
PATIENT: Yes!
DOCTOR: Did you lose your cold?
PATIENT: No, only my pocket-book and watch!

FOREMAN: You'll have to carry more bricks than that!
HOD-CARRIER: I don't feel well; I'm trembling all over.
FOREMAN: Well, lend me a hand at the sieve!

ATTENDANT: Do you wish to consult Woosung Voomung Pootung, the great Chinese master and mystic?
OLD LADY: Aye, lass, tell 'im 'is mother's 'ere.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because, both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to Pruine and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, mask, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FREE COUPON

Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MUSIC TEACHER: What is the motive in that composition of Tschaikowsky's I just played?
Student: It sounded like revenge.

"YOUR unions here are like ours in America."
"Yes, the resemblance is striking."

"WELL, Brown," remarked the foreman, "I'm sorry to see you leaving the works. Aren't the wages satisfactory?"
"The wages are all right," returned Brown, "but I have a guilty feeling all the time."
"About what?"
"I'm all the time thinking I'm doing a horse out of a job."

SPORTING EDITOR: Our best football reporter is ill, and can't go to the game.
Managing Editor: Never mind, we'll send the war correspondent.

HOSTESS: I'm very annoyed with my husband and I haven't forgiven him. He trumped my ace last night.
Guest: It is annoying when your partner does that.
Hostess: He wasn't my partner.

"OH," said the film star, "are you the young man from the Literary Agency who proposes to write my autobiography?"
"Yes, please," he replied. "And I've called to obtain a few facts."
"Good Lord!" she said agitatedly. "I don't want any facts in it!"

Dancing Made Easy — This New Way!

Learn AT HOME
In One Evening!

WITHOUT music or partner, without drudgery, difficulty or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer, for I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

EASY AS A.B.C.

Even if you've never danced a step in your life before you will have no difficulty in learning by this method. All the latest Dances, including Slow Foxtrot, Quick-step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, etc., and also Old-time steps can be learned in an amazingly short time, and soon you will be one of the best dancers in your district. Success is ASSURED, for the "Dumont" System NEVER FAILS.

Send for FREE Book
—*"Dancing Made Easy"*

To further popularise my amazing Home-Study System, I have decided to offer a complimentary copy of this big, Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," absolutely FREE, to all readers of this paper. Here is your chance to "get out of the rut," and be a good dancer; so send the Coupon NOW, before this FREE offer is withdrawn.

PROF. DUMONT, STUDIO 3,
192 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY.

Be Popular!

COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! Be Popular, Sought-after, and Admired by the Opposite Sex! Dancing is the Short Cut to Good Times and Social Success; and non-dancers, or bad dancers, miss half of the fun in life. Don't delay. Send for this amazing Book NOW—while it's FREE. This FREE offer holds good for ONE MONTH ONLY, so ACT AT ONCE!

Post the Coupon —— NOW!

FREE

Prof. DUMONT, F.S.A., Studio 3,
192 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Please forward me your big, Instructive Book, "Dancing Made Easy," ABSOLUTELY FREE, by return mail. I enclose 2d. stamp towards postage, etc.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE A2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612852

Many Australian Women Now Say:
Drinking One Glass of

ORANGE JUICE

Mixed with 2 Teaspoonsful of

BonKora

3 Times Daily and Eating the Big, Tasty Meals as Shown in the BonKora Package, made them.

LOSE 7 to 70 lbs. OF FAT

At All Chemists

• *They lost avoidable excess weight safely and pleasantly, regularised elimination, regained ability to sleep restfully, and were freed from the pains of rheumatism.*

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCHAFFER & COMPANY, Box 2082 L, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. WW 18.4.36

A blouse to wear with your Autumn Suit . . .

but, stitch it with the

ELASTICITY *of*

Gutermann's Sewing Silks

DAINTY garments need dainty stitchery . . . but that stitchery must be strong enough to stand up to plenty of wear and many visits to the washtub or the cleaners. Gutermann's Sewing Silks couple the elasticity and strength of pure silk with an unusual variety of fadeless shades and smooth-running grades for every kind of sewing. Obtainable on spools and reels at all good stores.

To Box 3346PP, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me a FREE copy of "Points of Fashion," an illustrated booklet of sewing hints. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

Name _____

Address _____

F3-186 _____ AWW

FREE BOOKLET! POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

THE PLAY'S *the* THING

Continued from Page 16

IN some unaccountable manner, I was drawn into these rejoicings. I found myself being spun dangerously about the living-room by the robust and now completely rejuvenated Miss Lane.

Quite suddenly I was left to execute my dervish-like manoeuvres alone. My partner had abruptly abandoned me. I became aware that a dramatic voice had said: "Well, really!"

I clutched a table to bring my peregrinations to a halt, and grew conscious that the living-room doorway had become a frame for a pair of vividly blue, startlingly enormous eyes. Having seen those eyes once before, I was instantly aware of their owner's identity. She spoke again, her hand pressed to her heart:

"I came back to forgive you."

"Yes, darling," said Rollo eagerly.

Those unbelievable eyes roamed at will for a moment. They took in Miss Jackson, they took in Miss Lane, they took in me. They swung past the bottles and glasses to linger for an instant on the by no means modest display of ladies' wear; then they were gone. One word became a hissing echo in the profound stillness of the room they left behind them.

"Tomcats!"

Dazed though I was, I could still realise that in leaving her abode for the second time Mrs. Rollo had changed her pronouncement slightly. It was now in the plural.

For ten full stage counts no one moved, no one spoke. The door to the flat closed with decision. Rollo, who had seemed rooted where he stood, dashed from the room. I heard the flat door bang again.

"Is that the family trouble?" Miss Jackson wanted to know.

I nodded.

"I saw her in 'Black Spider' season before last. And was she bad?"

"Awful," agreed Miss Lane.

MISS JACKSON finished her packing. I helped her close the bag. Rollo entered the living-room, dropped into a chair and stared unseeingly at the floor. He did not look up as Miss Jackson and Miss Lane murmured good-byes and silently withdrew. At last he spoke:

"What did you want to see me about?"

I gathered that the situation was beyond words, beyond thought. Life somehow must go on.

"It doesn't matter. It was just the first act of a play I . . ."

"Play!" repeated Rollo dully. "Play!" He sprang to his feet and crashed a fist into a cupped palm. "That's it!" he shouted. In an instant he had me by the arm in a grip of steel. "Are you with me?" he demanded. "Will you stick by me? Are you a pal?"

"Why, yes, of course, certainly," I faltered.

"That's all I wanted to know!" yelled Rollo, leaping for the telephone. "That's all that matters!"

In something like a dream I heard him call a Brighton number and begin a telephone conversation in a quietly casual tone.

"Is that Alice? . . . This is Rollo . . . Will you tell Evelyn . . . Yes, I know. She's just been here. Will you tell her when she gets back that the author who was with me to-day wants her for a part in his new play? . . . Tell her it's right up her street. Ask her to ring me, will you? . . . Thanks."

Rollo whirled from the telephone.

"What's the play about?"

"But, Rollo, who was that you were . . ."

"Evelyn's sister. What's the play about?"

"But you said over the phone that . . ."

"I know. I know. What's the play about?"

"It's a drama about . . ."

"It'll have to be a comedy. Go ahead!"

"It's all about the steel business," I said dazedly. "It's laid in Sheffield."

"It'll have to be about the theatre. It'll have to be laid in London."

I got up from my chair and edged towards the door.

"Now, Rollo," I said, "what you need is rest. You've been under a strain. Lie down for an hour or so. Try and relax. I'll ring you up in the morning."

"So that's the way it is. Trying to run out on me."

"I'M not running out on you. I think you're over-excited. I don't think you're quite yourself. I don't think you're fit to talk intelligently about a play or anything else."

"Perhaps not," said Rollo. "But I've got enough left to know that something about the steel business in Sheffield hasn't got a chance. Do you think they'd come to the theatre these days to hear about business? They're trying to forget it."

I thought this statement over, recalling Rollo's sure instinct about such matters in the past.

"You may be right," I said at last. "I'd certainly be willing to discuss it with you, but what was that nonsense I heard over the telephone about a part for your wife in my play?"

"That wasn't nonsense, pal. That's an angle."

"But you've told me she can't act."

"Oh, no I didn't," said Rollo. "She does nothing but act, on and off. She's quite wooden—always will be—and that gives us our angle. Sit down! Sit down! I want to think back over shows."

I took the nearest chair. Rollo began to pace back and forth, back and forth, across the room.

Ten minutes passed—twenty—thirty. Rollo halted.

"Got it!" he said, snapping his fingers. "'Merton of the Movies'!"

"What's 'Merton of the Movies' got to do with . . ."

"Shut up!" said Rollo. He resumed his animal-like pacing of the floor.

PRESENTLY he became a fountain of words. They came in a quick stream or died to a dribble, but the fountain never quite went dry:

"A stage-struck gal. She's terrible! Whenever she gets a part they throw her out at the first rehearsal. Does that stop her? Of course it doesn't. It doesn't even slow her down. She thinks she's great. She thinks her Art's too rare and precious for dumb stage producers to grasp. There's a guy named Peter from back home. He's mad about her, but she tells him he's a fool to try and take her away from her career. A big shot falls for her. Nothing doing till she's had her chance, she says. He don't mind. He just puts up the money for a play, so she can show those old idiots they've been blind to a new little Bernhardt. Peter's in town, the night the show opens, but she won't see him—the cockroach. Well, she's the worst London ever saw. The big shot goes to comfort her after the final curtain. 'Never mind, darling,' he says. 'You were rotten in this one but I've got plenty of money. We'll find another and perhaps you won't look so bad.' 'So I'm rotten, am I, you big fool?' says the gal. 'Well, you get out of this dressing-room, and don't you ever pollute the same air I breathe with your lowbrow estimate of my acting.' It's the next morning. The gal's reading her notices. The only reason the critics don't call her something worse is because their papers wouldn't print it. Enter Peter as if he's got an appointment with Mrs. Siddons. The other show he saw once was in the village institute. She's knocked him dead in this one. The more she ranted the better he liked it. He say's he's going back to the waving corn, but he's come to tell her how fine she was in the play and ask her to forgive him for pestering her the way he did before he realised how much genius she's got. Well, the gal can't turn down the one guy in London who knows a grand piece of acting when he sees it. It's a clinch and back to the farm with Peter. Curtain! Do you get it? Evelyn plays it. She rants right through it. They'll think she's acting. It's a wizard!"

"I see what you mean," I said. "But what's the idea? What's it all about?"

"I want to get my wife and youngster back, don't I?" said Rollo. "The point is, will you write the play? That's the point. I'll work on the script with you and find a manager. You said you were with me. Well, I'm putting it up to you. Will you be a pal or not?"

"What has my writing the play got to do with you getting your wife back?" I inquired patiently.

"Haven't I told you she'll play the gal in the show?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, my gosh!" said Rollo slowly. "You don't belong to the theatre. You don't belong near it. My wife's an actress. I'm offering her a part."

"My dear Rollo," I said, "a woman doesn't let a thing like that influence her. She's jealous and hurt and——"

THE telephone rang.

Rollo's getting from where he stood to the instrument was too quick for the eye to follow.

"Hello," I heard. . . . "Yes, my dear, I can't tell you what it's like over the telephone, but it's a fine part. . . . Sam Bloomfield, I expect. . . . Would I, darling? I mean, that's up to you, Evelyn. . . . Of course, but I'm interested in you as an actress at the moment. . . . Well, perhaps that would be best; you'll need a lot of special producing. . . . No, not angry—hurt at your lack of—— Well, never mind that. This play is the important thing just now. . . . To-night? Oh, dar—— Very well. . . . Wait till I get a piece of paper. . . . Shoot! Two quarts of certified milk. . . . Dozen eggs. . . . Pound of butter. . . . Pound of bacon cut thin. . . . Dozen oranges. . . . One loaf. . . . That all? . . . There's plenty of tea and coffee here. . . . Good-bye."

For the second time that day I found myself an unwilling dancer in the Lockhart flat. My present terpsichorean efforts were directed, nay, utterly controlled, by Rollo.

"Good old show business!" he chortled. "Just take it from the maddest angle you can think of and you can't go wrong!"

(Copyright)

Winter Again

Cold winter nights, she sometimes woke and hoped
That barns were warm for little lambs within.
And I would reassure her, as I groped
To smooth the blanket tucked beneath her chin.

The gentle lambs sleep warmly in the fold;
The bitter wind cries wildly through the night.
Across a little knoll, so aching cold,
God softly spreads a coverlet of white.

—Dorothy Ashby Pownell.

I'm INDIGESTION

Cut me out! I'M THE KILLER! I ruin good meals—good homes! I slay appetites and spread dismay. I sour food and sour lives. I'm Indigestion! Bind me with Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. I'll be glad to go this easy way. Chemists sell HARRISON-Maclean Stomach Powder at 2/6—get some and slam Indigestion, Gastritis, Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity.

Ethyl has it!

Get more motoring miles for your money

WITH

Super Plume Ethyl

THE 5 POWER PETROL

AND

CLEAROSOL Mobiloil

PRACTICALLY 100% PURE LUBRICANT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612853

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

YOUR TURN NEXT!

If you have enjoyed this week's page of letters, try writing one yourself on a topic of your own, or in answer to one of these. Remember literary merit is not everything—it's the idea that counts.

"MOTHER'S BOY!"

WHAT a pity that so many mothers think it necessary to dominate their sons' lives.

Once he has attained maturity, a man should be capable of thinking for himself, forming his own opinions, and choosing his own friends, but many mothers seem unable to realise that he is no longer in short trousers and in need of constant protection against the wiles of the worldly-wise.

Though well-meant, this interference is harmful, for, eventually, his friends will notice it and disdain him as a "mother's boy."

How can a man hope to develop an individual personality or win the respect of others when a word from his mother will alter any decision he might make, or change opinions which he has formed for himself?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Felspar, The Overflow, Beaudesert, via Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE ELUSIVE MALE

I SPENT my holidays recently at a boarding-house, and of the forty-eight guests there were only three men—two married, and one bachelor.

The situation was so humorous that everyone began to ask, "Where do men go for their holidays?" This extreme lack of males exists at every guest-house one visits, and yet crowds of men must be going away holidaying each year.

Of course, we don't want men to think that we can't holiday without them, but my curiosity would be satisfied if my sister readers could tell me—"Where do men go for holidays?"

M. Francis, 1 Burra Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

SCRIBBLING ON BOOKS

WHY is it that some people take an unholy delight in scribbling curt phrases on the pages of their library books? There is nothing so annoying as to find such words as "Rot" and "Nonsense" written in a bold hand across the top and bottom of every second page of a well-written book. It distracts the reader's attention, and in nine cases out of ten he finishes up by not reading the book at all because he finds it impossible to concentrate when so many sentences have been labelled "Rot" by irresponsible scribblers. If these selfish creatures do not agree with an author they can at least spare their fellow readers the doubtful pleasure of having to read their comments on his work.

Francis H. Tomkins, 536 Brunswick St., Nth. Fitzroy, Melbourne.

❖ ❖ ❖

GRACIOUS ACCEPTANCE

WHY is it that so few of us are able to receive a favor or a gift graciously and gladly? It may or may not be more blessed to give than to receive, but the majority of people seem to find it much easier.

Why do some people insist on repaying every little kindness? Invite a friend to lunch, and she feels she must provide you with a meal in return. Send someone a little gift and before very long you will receive a small present of approximately the same value.

Why? It seems that only a rare soul can welcome generosity in somebody else simply and joyously.

Judith Mack, Arcadia, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

PARENTS' STRANGE WAYS

WHY is it that, in many cases, as soon as a baby makes his appearance in the home, even before he is sitting up and taking notice, husbands and wives change their terms for addressing each other?

The old familiar name, "John, dear," or "Mary, dear," spoken so tenderly all through courting and early marriage days, becomes at once "Dad" or "Mum." I suppose it is because they feel keenly the thrill of being parents, or perhaps there is the fear that the little fellow will begin life calling out "John" instead of "Daddy"!

Still, I think Christian names between husband and wife are to be preferred.

Mrs. V. J. Kyte, Figgis St., Kedron, Qld.

Why Girls Prefer to let Men Choose the Outing

RE Mr. Davis' letter on the girls who "don't care" when asked by their swains where they would like to go for the evening. I wonder what he would think of the girl who asked in return, "How much are you prepared to spend?" Yet the money factor is the main reason for the girl's attitude. She hesitates to make a decision that would financially embarrass her companion, and so leaves him to decide. The average girl who earns her living is only too sensible of the distance money will go.

Mrs. C. Adkin, 106 Powell St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Man's Privilege to Choose

I DO not think girls are to be censured for saying, "I don't care," in answer to the question from the man, "Where would you like to go?"

Is it not the man's privilege to find the best possible entertainment he can afford for the girl? Most men, I find, delight in selecting what they consider would be the best and most enjoyable entertainment for their friends.

After all, a man likes to share only the best with the lady of his choice, so she should be quite safe in saying, "I don't care."

Lucy Francis, 35 Freeman St., Fitzroy N7, Vic.

Can He Afford It?

I DON'T think the girls, as cited by Mr. Davis (28/3/'36), are indifferent as to where they go, but I think they do not like to choose for fear the boy will not be able to afford it.

It is very tiresome when a man keeps continually asking, "Where would you like to go?"

Wouldn't it be more considerate if he suggested several places to the girl? Then you would know what he liked, and could afford, and you could decide together.

O. Sweeney, Erudina Station, via Yunta, S.A.

Suggested Reasons

A MALE correspondent can't see any excuse for the indifference of girls when asked where they would like to go for an outing.

I will suggest some causes for this attitude:

(1) Girls haven't yet learnt team-work. To use a tennis term, "Yours, partner," is still their mental viewpoint.

(2) Anybody or anywhere will do, so long as it is a "night out," is the attitude of many girls.

(3) Some are just mentally lazy.

(4) There are some who are fearful of asking their escorts to spend beyond their means.

Mrs. J. E. Jones, Dickens St., Norman Park, Brisbane.

Let Him Decide

I THINK it not so much indifference when a girl says she "doesn't care" when asked to decide an outing as consideration for the pocket of her escort. Not many young men can spend a large sum on a night's entertainment, and many girls would rather the man suggest something within his means.

Mrs. R. Duncan, 234 Albert Rd., Albert Park SE5, Vic.

The Happiest Moment of My Life

BECAUSE such trains of thought take us down the happiest roads of memory, and because it would make such an interesting comparison, I would like to know what was the happiest moment of readers' lives—the moment when they felt themselves really uplifted with joy.

In my case no moment will ever approach the wonderful feeling of pride and fulfilment—I literally felt bursting with joy and radiating light—on first beholding an article of mine in print. I didn't stop smiling for hours.

Mrs. Ruth Prince, Penguin, Tas.

Girls Don't Want Return of Short Skirts!

QUITE a number of women will agree with Miss McGrath that long skirts are best. They not only favor us by hiding ugly legs, but are smart and becoming. No fashion can compare with the ankle-length in the ballroom. Fashions change from season to season, but long skirts have become so popular that I don't think there is any need for us to worry about the return of the short skirt permanently.

Miss L. Boxsell, Cherry Grove, Cullinga, N.S.W.

In Favor of Short Skirts

I AGREE with Elizabeth McGrath that the longer frocks worn during the past five years are more graceful and pleasing than the short ones which threaten to take their place.

However, many of us will welcome the return of the shorter skirts for sports and outdoor wear. There are occasions when shorts are unsuitable and long skirts cumbersome.

Besides, while we can conceal our leg deficiencies beneath graceful skirts, we are content to let them be. If they came before the public gaze, our vanity would make us attempt to improve their contours.

Lilian McDonald, Nurses' Home, Frome Rd., Adelaide.

Use Common Sense

I DO not agree entirely with Miss McGrath concerning shorter skirts. She must remember that women are not compelled to wear clothes which make them ridiculous just because they are fashionable.

Middle-aged, fat, or knock-kneed people admittedly look their worst in short, tight skirts, but let them use their common sense and keep their skirts at a medium length.

On the other hand, the slim young miss with shapely legs looks very attractive in her shorter skirt.

Miss Kathleen Wyard, 319 Bay St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Neat and Becoming

MISS McGRATH is on the right track regarding the suitability of the length of our skirts and dresses at the present time. They are neat, most comfortable, and becoming. I hope never to see the horrors of 1925-28 fashions for women return again. Now that we have a suitable length of dress, may fashion keep to it!

G. Wright, Mayston, 3 Melbourne St., Launceston, Tas.

For Girls, Short Skirts

RE Elizabeth McGrath's letter. I think short dresses on young girls are simply delightful. Their brevity seems to make a girl look ever so much more a "jeune fille" than when skirts reached almost to her ankles.

But for the woman of more advanced years, and for the not-so-slim, long dresses are less risky and decidedly more becoming.

Incidentally, short dresses give unlimited freedom in walking or running for trams.

Muriel Berkman, 41 Prospect Terrace, South Brisbane.

Awkward Questions Raised

I AGREE with Miss E. McGrath. I think long skirts are far more becoming and comfortable than short ones. When wearing a long skirt one does not need to wonder self-conscious: "Do my legs look too thin?" or "I'm sure my stockings are wrinkled at the knees," or "Do I look ungraceful? Is that woman looking at my ankles?" and so on. There are very few short-skirted women who, or catching sight of themselves in a mirror, can say, "I look my best, and my legs are quite neat and shapely."

Miss Iris Smith, Landsborough, via Brisbane.

A Few More Considerations

LIKE Miss E. McGrath (28/3/'36) I, too, dislike short skirts very much. I think that a person who wears a medium-length skirt looks much neater and feels more comfortable than one wearing a short skirt. For example, when boarding a tram one must stretch at least 2ft. and thus show more leg than is decent. Also, the working girl must be considered, for if she has a small, mended ladder in her stocking about the knee she will have to get a new pair of stockings.

Miss Beryl Newell, 71 Evaline St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Pros and Cons of Housework Run to Schedule

REFERRING to Miss G. Jayen's letter, 28/3/'36. Working to schedule is the most satisfactory way of getting through the daily routine, especially if the work is of a monotonous and irksome nature. It is, indeed, a pleasant surprise after allotting a certain time for each task to find that one has "finished up" well ahead of the clock. The time thus saved can then be devoted to pursuing one's hobby, or engaging in some pleasant pastime. The methodical worker looks, and is, more contented than the person who jogs along "any way," and finishes up the daily work "any time."

Mrs. I. Sunors, Culworth Avenue, Killara, N.S.W.

Too Monotonous

WORKING to schedule may suit some women, but I find it most monotonous.

I prefer to stop in my round of duties when I feel like doing so, and have a few minutes' reading, writing a letter, or doing some sewing for a pleasant break.

If one works to schedule and anything out of the ordinary routine takes place, such as having to go a message unexpectedly, or having a friend drop in for a chat, the careful schedule is upset and one is inevitably annoyed.

Mrs. W. L. Brook, Gararrin, Brocklehurst, via Dubbo, N.S.W.

"Muddler" More Restful

MISS JAYEN'S suggestion to work to schedule is an excellent one if carried out in moderation. Unfortunately, most women who develop the habit soon turn it into an obsession, and there is nothing more irritating than the person who is continually dashing about in dread of being a few minutes late in executing some task, and thus upsetting the entire day's schedule. The muddler, who has time to stop and talk, is infinitely more restful.

Mrs. Stuart Hearne, Wellcott, Blanket Flat, via Crookwell, N.S.W.

FLOWER THIEVES

WHY is it that so many people cannot resist the temptation to pluck a pretty flower growing over or through a fence? If the owner were approached he would in nine cases out of ten be only too willing to give the bloom away.

This is a dishonest habit. I have found that children are not the worst offenders. The culprit would be highly indignant to be called a thief, but what other name is there for him?

"Adults are the worst offenders."

Miss G. Fulton, 8 Silver St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

PEN-FRIENDSHIP

I CONSIDER pen-friendship worthless. When writing to an unknown person one is apt to be egotistical and to make the best of oneself rather than paint a true picture that real friends know and allow for.

I do not know of one instance where "letter only" friendship has been successful for any length of time. What do other readers have to say on this matter?

Mrs. H. Kelso, Eraring, Dora Creek, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

GIVING THE "ONCE-OVER"

MANY people have an annoying habit of running a calculating eye up and down a person sitting opposite in the train or tram. They seem to do it unconsciously, but if only they knew how embarrassing it is for the "object," surely they would refrain from staring!

If you must see how her collar is made, or of what material her skirt consists, do so when she is absorbed in her book or looking the other way.

Miss D. de la Perrelle, Main Rd., Blackwood, S.A.

90 Per Cent. of Those Wearing Glasses Need Not

Perfect Eyesight *without Glasses*

The latest development in the treatment of weak and defective eyesight is the splendid discovery that people can obtain the joy of perfect vision by the aid of a scientific yet simple, natural means, called EYE CULTURE.

EYE CULTURE is based upon a complete understanding of the body itself, as well as the structure of the human eye, and the mass of minute muscles which regulate its health, movement, and focus. The full knowledge and practice of EYE CULTURE is bringing untold happiness and an end to eye weaknesses and troubles for countless men, women, and children everywhere.

IT CAN DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO, IF YOUR EYES

Water, burn, or discharge; tire quickly when reading or sewing;

IF YOU SUFFER FROM headaches, or pains behind the eyes.

IF the sun or bright light hurts your eyes.

IF your sight is blurred or misty.

IF the whites of your eyes or eyelids are inflamed.

IF you are shortsighted or long-sighted.

IF your eyes are failing through age.

IF you have astigmatism.

Everyone who has eye troubles of any kind, and every wearer of glasses, should use this natural method of strengthening and improving the eyesight.

All those who work indoors, such as CLERKS, DRAUGHTSMEN, COMPOSITORS, FACTORY WORKERS, NEEDLEWOMEN, and THOSE WHO DO CLOSE WORK OF ANY KIND, should, in fairness to themselves, learn what EYE CULTURE can do towards helping them gain and maintain perfect, natural eyesight without being encumbered with glasses.

The average wearer of glasses spends a considerable amount of money year-in-year-out in repairs and changing glasses—a steady expense that can be done away with by inexpensive EYE CULTURE.

Call and see me personally, or send a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope for our interesting booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn how you can correct your eye trouble and obtain normal eyesight without glasses.

EYE CULTURE
C/o IRVINE'S PHARMACY,
Room A1, Gowing's Building, 43 Market St., Sydney, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612854

WHY PAY MORE?

Samuels' Cold Cream

("Half a pound—for half a crown")

is procurable everywhere.

The most perfect Cleansing Cream and Powder Base.

CONTAINS NO LARD. WILL NOT GROW HAIR.

IMAGINE—"Half a pound, for half a crown" of a perfect Cream that will definitely beautify your skin. This is the opinion of thousands of users:

TRY IT—the delightful experiment is inexpensive.

REMEMBER both SAMUELS' COLD CREAM and MELO-DEE FACE POWDER are Procurable from: City, Suburban, and Country Stores and all Chemists.

If you so desire it, Post a 2/6 Postal Note to:

Sole Distributors,
REGAL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS OF AUSTRALASIA,
44 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY,
for a Half-Pound Jar of SAMUELS' COLD CREAM, or 3/- for a large Box of MELO-DEE FACE POWDER.
SENT DIRECT TO YOU, POST FREE.

LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS

Another "VAREX" Success

"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' Treatment has been quite a success in my case," writes one grateful user. "The ulcer, with its consequent pain and swelling, has entirely disappeared, and the leg is quite normal."

"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney, and 92N Collins Street, Melbourne.

BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES

A Tale of the Tote—in L.S.D.

By BETTY GEE

Success on the Turf comes from brains. In fact, I am definitely sure that a Brain Trust composed of Eric Connolly and myself, with myself as chairman, would leave the bookies "without a feather to fly with."

I proved this on Doncaster day at Randwick. Though you will remember I rather cooled towards the Tote last meeting at Randwick, I switched right round and stuck to it like a leech on Saturday, because the bookies were making it so utterly absurd with their prices.

Why, do you know I saw one betting on the Strat' Produce Stakes, quoting Fidelity at 5 to 1, Water Waggon at 8 to 1, and all the others at some price, but never an offer against Gold Rod. At last I sticky-beaked in and asked what price Gold Rod, but he gave a lort of smirking smile and whispered "I'm keeping that for myself, Missus," and Gold Rod won. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

I was going to back Clangor in the Hurdle or not bet at all, but I ran into young Mac Sawyer looking the mirror of fashion as usual, and he said he saw Clangor wrap himself up in a hurdle schooling, and to back his horse, Opinion. So I had £8 to £2, and it was never in doubt. Didn't I get upset when I learned it had gone out at 5 to 1! That's what drove me to the Tote.

The books demanded 6 to 4 on Peter Pan in the Autumn Plate, the mean old things, and when I looked at the Tote, I saw it was showing 2 to 1 against him for a place. A place mark you, and even when Sarcherie and Silver Ring beat him into third place he still paid £1/14/- for every pound. Talk about easy money.

Well, of course, what would you, when you see all those tote-crazy women backing their favorite shades of color instead of real honest-to-heaven horse-form?

The winnings went on Gold Rod for the next, and he streaked away as if Fidelity were chasing him with a summons, and paid 4/- profit for every pound invested.

But the Doncaster was my downfall. Jack King thought Gay Blonde was past the post, and I had £30 to £3 but she never gave me a sight for a moment. I knew I was on the wrong female when I saw Cuddle streaking right away, but the Tote officials and books won't let you change your tickets after the start.

But I did the clever thing in the Leger. I sneaked in for £6 to £4 Allunga from the books, straight-out, and then I hurried to the Tote for two place tickets on Wykeham because Mrs. A. W. Hurd told me her trainer Stanton gave him a good winning chance.

Wykeham almost upset my applecart because he got to within a long head of Allunga, so I collected my £10 of the books, and then my £3/8/- from the Tote. The clerk was beginning to recognise me by now, I'd been back so often.

I had a tip about Thebez from Mr. Doyle (his owner) for the Vaucluse, and put £1 for a win and £2 for a place, but a thing called Bundar got a flukey run on the rails and sneaked through to beat Thebez by not much more than a whisker. Still, the place Tote gave me over 2 to 1. Can you tell me how long this business has been going on?

I was on the verge of taking £8 to £2 about the favorite, Lolovna, for the last race, because dear old Mr. Jim Hackett told me it would win, and he's got a fatherly interest in it because young Jim owns it. But just then who should I spot but Norman Robinson from Melbourne, backing Panax, and I know he and Bert Englebert, the owner, are always in the swim together. So I snooped round till I caught some poor unfortunate unsophisticated bookie calling 12 to 1 Panax. I put up my sunshade and took £36 to £3 off him, and then ran out of the ring before I got into further temptation. Well, Panax just got up in the last stride. And it took me five minutes before I recovered from the shock.

As for the rest of the week, it's not going to be easy. I know they're saving Osculum for a long race on Wednesday or Saturday, and Mananui's another Mr. W. C. Douglass is going to open his purse for.

After the Doncaster I met Mr. Crofts. He's the owner of Valiant Chief, and he said that it didn't matter much that his colt had lost the Doncaster because he'd "clean them up" in the All Aged Stakes. But George Price thinks Cuddle will win it, so I might have to back two. But what's the Tote for?

Oh, and by the way, the butcher boy says "save a few shillings for Fanfare, for the last day of the meeting, for that's the day he's going to win the Dangar." Well, I hope he's right for his own sake, because there are plenty of good butchers looking for customers.

"FAIR GIRLS AND GREY HORSES." The girls in this picture taken at the Royal Show might have been the inspiration of Ogilvie's famous lines. Miss Violet Ash and Miss Nell Miller with the hunter, Grey Gown.

I KNOW it will be a success.. I'm using AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

"I ought to know! My Grandmother and my Mother never used any other Baking Powder but Aunt Mary's."

Does it make crispy, crackling, crunchy, scones? Does it make fairy-like, flaky pastry? Well, you just try it. You simply cannot get the same results unless you use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. Aunt Mary's Baking Powder insures against baking failures. Insist on it—it is the pure Cream of Tartar leavener.

You should get Aunt Mary's Cookery Book

It is an authentic guide to cooking success. Over 400 recipes—many never published before—and innumerable valuable hints. 212 pages, 16 beautifully illustrated colour pages.

Send 1/- plus 2d. postage to-day for your copy to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

A USEFUL HINT

To test whether a cake is done, touch the top lightly with the tip of the finger. If it springs back at once, the cake is cooked.

SAVE 50 FRESH LIDS FOR AUNT MARY'S SURPRISE PACKETS FREE!

Premiere of "Jill, Darling"

Bright Presentation for Easter

Leo Franklyn has the busiest role of his theatrical career in "Jill, Darling," the new J.C.W. Easter attraction at the Theatre Royal. He takes the dual parts of Jack Crawford, son of an ex-guardsman and publican, and that of Pendleton Brooks, a Scottish politician.

THE love affairs, political careers, and intrigues of both gentlemen effectively combine to give Franklyn the centre of the stage for the greater part of the play. His effortless humor and amusing byplay won him rounds of applause at the end of each scene.

Our Australian favorite, Nellie Barnes, has the name part and gives an excellent performance. Her stage manner is quieter and more assured than formerly, and her sparkling humor and vivacity have by no means suffered an eclipse.

Very lovely were Miss Barnes' frocks, one of the most effective being a panniered affair of white satin, trimmed with crystal beads and offset by a stole of pale blue fox fur.

Diana Du Cane, a newcomer to Australia, is a pretty brunette, possessed of a pleasant voice and graceful figure, but somewhat lacking in personality. In spite of a bandaged ankle, her dancing was of a high order. "I'm on a Seesaw" and "Nonny, Nonny No" were among her two most successful numbers.

It is unfortunate that Cecil Kellaway is given so little scope for his artistry in the role of Colonel Crawford.

A hit is scored by Lois Green in her dancing numbers and Bert Matthews, the eccentric dancer, appears to have no bones to hinder him in his clever antics.

Frank Leighton increases his popularity by his attractive presentation of the role of Bobby Jones and Marie le Varre indulges in farce with her usual success. Charles Zoll, Sydney Wheeler, John Dobbie, all twenty stone of him, and Charles Maclaren, all added to the evening's merry entertainment.

The stage decor and colorful ballet dresses were a feature of the show and the outstanding successes were the "Silly Symphony" number by Lois Green, Bert Matthews and Leo Franklyn, and the "Dancing with a Ghost" scene with Nellie Barnes in the central role.

The music by Vivian Ellis is bright and catchy, and should enjoy a season of popularity.—V.M.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only 1/3 and 3/-. Resent substitute.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612855

IF WIFE *is Dying* — *Doctor Must* BE CALLED

Hypnotic Treatment Will Not Save Charge of Neglect

What are the legal duties of a husband to his wife and children?

Can he leave them without food or neglect them generally? What must he do in case of sickness?

These questions are prompted by a recent case in England in which a husband allowed his wife to die without medical service, relying on his own powers as a psychologist and hypnotic practitioner to treat her.

WHILE the jury found that the neglect of the husband to call in medical aid did not actually amount to criminal neglect, and no indictment was preferred against him, the Coroner passed severe strictures on him and told him that if a man took on the care and attention of a woman or child he must use reasonable care and provide reasonable attention.

The question of the legal duties of a husband to his wife and family crops up frequently in the Courts and is likely to become more acute in these days when so many people are interested in strange cults.

Under the Crimes Act, any person who exposes a child under two years of age to danger by neglect or abandonment is liable to penal servitude for five years. This is the law throughout the Commonwealth.

And any person legally liable to provide his wife or child, servant or ward, with necessary food, clothing and shelter, who neglects to do so, thus endangering the life of the dependent, is liable to the same heavy penalty.

In New South Wales the law goes even further, and provides that anyone upon whom the law imposes any duty regarding the preservation of the life of a dependent, and who grossly neglects to perform that duty and thus causes the death of the dependent, shall be guilty of manslaughter.

More important still, it is no defence to such a charge to plead that any religious belief or conscientious objection was responsible for not calling in medical aid.

In a noted case decided in England (the Queen v. Senior) a father who was charged with the manslaughter of an infant child by neglecting to provide medical aid in its illness, pleaded that the religious sect to which he belonged precluded him from using the services of a doctor in any circumstances.

He belonged to a religious body known as "The Peculiar People," and seven of his twelve children had previously died, presumably without medical attention. The sect believed that the use of any medicine, although not expressly forbidden, was a sign of a want of faith in God.

The jury in this case found that the father was actually responsible for his child's death, and convicted him of manslaughter, for which he received a heavy sentence.

Although it is a criminal offence in Australia to desert a wife and family and leave them without support for more than 30 days, such cases rarely come before the Courts, often because the husband has disappeared, and more often because the modern woman left in such circumstances has the pluck and the energy to set about earning a living for herself and her children.

Freedom of City For Newlyweds

By Air Mail from Our London Office

THE seaside city of Blackpool is offering a novel attraction to newlyweds to spend their honeymoons there.

The Mayor of the town is giving the freedom of the city to such couples as wed during the month of June, with free entertainment and free admission to every sport in the town, and also specially reduced rates at hotels and boarding-houses.

Presumably the City Council will make up to the entertainment houses the difference between the "cut" rates and the tariff for ordinary people.

DON'T... FORGET

Annual Ball of St. Scholastica's Ex-students' Union, State Ballroom, April 23. Tickets procurable by ringing FJ9438

☆ ☆ ☆

The Concert-Revue, St. James' Hall, April 22, under direction of Miss Ada Bush, in aid of funds for the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children (Darlington). Plan at Paling's.

☆ ☆ ☆

Cash Orders Amalgamated Dance for "Scarba" Welfare House for Children, Benevolent Society's Hall, Thomas St., April 22, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Meeting of Northern Suburbs Younger Set for Renwick Hospital for Infants, at home of Mrs. Adrian Curlewis, Parriwee St., Mosman, April 21, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Jumble sale at Paddy's Market arranged by Waverley-Bondi Ladies' Auxiliary in aid of Royal Hospital for Women, April 21, 10 a.m.

Breathe this for CATARRH

It means happy relief from all the disagreeable symptoms of Nasal Catarrh. Based on the perfectly-balanced Formula of a noted Specialist, it is sold by all chemists under the name of Catarrh Clysmac. Thoroughly tested and found a consistently true treatment for Nasal Catarrh in all stages—Clysmac acts with remarkable speed—gentle and soothing in action, and leaves the head and brain as clear as a bell.

Start the Catarrh Clysmac treatment to-day, and enjoy the comfort that it is guaranteed to give. The cost is only trifling—1/9, or nearly three times the quantity for 4/6. Simply ask your chemist for Clysmac, or write to Santox Chemical Co. Box 1038H G.P.O., Sydney.

EAT MILK and drink it too

"NOW the milk, dear . . ." and little daughter learns the next step in cooking. Teach her more about milk in cooking. It's really amazing what you can do! You can make custards, baked and boiled. Junkets, caramel, fruit-flavoured and plain. Souffles. Italian and Spanish creams. Milk cream sauces for vegetables. Salad dressings made with milk and cream. Milk soups. Cheese fondu. Sweet milk dishes (150 of these are fully described in a special recipe book issued by the Milk Board), all forms of milk to eat! It's good sense and good housekeeping to give them milk to eat. Train the family to eat milk, and drink it, too. In proportion to the benefit you derive from it, milk is cheap!

Professor Harvey Sutton says, "For value received, milk is the cheapest food you can buy."

Inserted by the Milk Board.

MILK IS HEALTH

FREE! Workbox Sewing Chair

With First 30 Bebarfald-BlueBird Sewing Machines Sold This Month

This is your opportunity to secure a Lifetime and Money Back Guaranteed Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau Sewing Machine at a specially reduced price, and also obtain free a handy workbox sewing chair, which matches the particular cabinet you select and is valued at £2/2/-. Bebarfalds obtained a larger quantity of these chairs than required for their special Royal Easter Show Gift Offer, and so are offering them to Women's Weekly readers who purchase one of these New Improved Sewing Machines. You can purchase a Bebarfald BlueBird with absolute confidence because if it is not exactly as represented, double your purchase money will be refunded. This means you take no risk, but are assured of a lifetime of satisfactory sewing. Post coupon now for full particulars of this free gift offer.

The Bebarfald-BlueBird is the *Only* Sewing Machine with all these Features

- A full set of Automatic Dressmaking Attachments including Hemstitcher.
- A fully illustrated Picture Course in Dressmaking in book form equal to £10/10/- Correspondence College Course.
- Hollywood Patterns free to each purchaser's individual measurements
- Parts wearing out or breaking through faulty construction or defective material replaced free during purchaser's lifetime, and double your money back if not as represented.
- Free Work-box Sewing Chair valued at £2/2/- to first 30 enquirers.

THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE

Now £21/10/- Lifetime & Double-Money-Back Guaranteed

Worth £25/18/6, but now reduced to £21/10/-. It is definitely risky to pay less, but unnecessary to pay more than this price for an efficient and reliable sewing machine.

Definitely you take no risk when purchasing a Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine, because it is guaranteed during the whole of the purchaser's lifetime, against breakages through faulty construction or defective material. This means that any part wearing out, or breaking is replaced free. In addition, should the machine be not exactly as Bebarfalds represent it to be, double your purchase money will be refunded.

Immediate Delivery for £1 DEPOSIT

The balance can then be paid in convenient weekly or monthly instalments with special terms for Interstate purchasers. Post coupon or call for full particulars of this splendid free gift offer. Free copy of the book "How to Judge a Sewing Machine" to first 25 inquirers.

YOUR OLD MACHINE ACCEPTED AS PART PAYMENT

Bebarfalds

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

Established 1852. Over 80 years of integrity, low prices, and fair dealing, and the goodwill of nearly 500,000 satisfied customers.

—POST COUPON NOW—

Bebarfalds Ltd., George St., Sydney.

Please forward me immediately full particulars of the Lifetime Guaranteed Bebarfald-BlueBird Sewing Machines and the free dressmaking course offer. I would also like a copy of your free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Dainty handbag mirror free to first 30 inquirers. W.W. 18—

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612856

A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

We have just published an illustrated booklet entitled, "Vision and the Care of the Eyes." Should you like a copy, one will be posted free to you on application.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD. OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 53 Martin Place. (5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 PITT STREET (Opp. Anthony Mordarna)

And at NEWCASTLE.

HON. SARA VANNECK *Chose a Simple* WEDDING RING

Year's Most Important Ceremony is also Quietest

From Our Melbourne Representative

There was none of the attendant fuss and flutter of the usual society wedding about the preparations for the simple morning wedding of the Hon. Sara Vanneck, daughter of the Governor of Victoria and Lady Huntingfield, and Mr. David Peel, of London, planned for Easter Tuesday.

Weddings in Vice-Regal circles have occurred rarely in Australia, but although this is one of the most important ceremonies of 1936, it is also one of the quietest.

THE HON SARA VANNECK, whose marriage to Mr. David Peel is to take place this Tuesday.

THE simple ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is never decorated, was to be performed before relatives alone, but as the bride and her mother are both keenly interested in Guiding, a company of Girl Guides arranged to form a guard of honor outside the church.

Mr. Peel has been staying at Government House for some weeks, and instead of having a number of rings sent along for their approval, as might have been expected, he and his bride-to-be visited a Collins Street jeweller's shop quite casually to choose the wedding ring.

It is a plain gold ring, one of the few gold rings that have appeared at a fashionable wedding in Australia for many a month. The platinum ring, often encrusted with diamonds, has almost ousted from feminine favor the simple gold token.

The handsome couple, both tall, slim, fair, and thoroughly English, planned to leave for America en route for England a few days after the wedding.

Passport Problem

MR. PEEL is the only son of the late Rev. the Hon. Maurice Peel, M.C., who was killed in action in 1917, and the late Mrs. Peel, and is a member of the family of the distinguished statesman of that name. Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he spent some time in business in London, and came to Australia before Christmas as assistant director of the Schools' Empire Tour.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. David Peel will make their home in London after visiting America.

According to reports, the most exciting part of the wedding arrangements was concerned with the vexed question of passports. The couple found that it would be necessary to give five days' notice as Mr. and Mrs. Peel before their passports could be vised for America.

Unfortunately, with Easter Tuesday as a semi-public holiday, it began to look as though there would not be five days available between the day they became Mr. and Mrs. Peel and the sailing time. There was a good deal of interviewing with Consuls to be done before the obstacle could be overcome.

This charming daughter of Victoria's Governor, who is noted for her gift of saying the right thing at the right moment, and her never-failing graciousness, will be missed in Melbourne, where she is a regular attendant at race meetings and other outdoor fixtures.

7 out of 10 homes use Sunlight

Not only here but in distant parts of the world, you'll find Sunlight in seven households out of ten. In fact, to countless housewives, a washing-day without Sunlight Soap is simply unthinkable. Nothing else will move worn-in dirt as Sunlight does, without hurting the colour or the clothes — and Sunlight suds are so rich they go twice as far.

. . and Sunlight brings you Free Gifts

BATH TOWEL
Free for 36 wrappers
46 x 23 inches. Genuine British Admiralty.

PILLOWCASE
Free for 27 wrappers
31½ x 21 inches with real hemstitched finish.

L.195.15

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

Save 36 wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase.

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to:—LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:—"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

FREDA THOMPSON *In Adelaide's* Big AIR RACE

Brisbane Girl May Also Enter

"Christopher Robin," piloted by Miss Freda Thompson, will take part in the Brisbane to Adelaide air race that is to take place in connection with the S.A. Centenary.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN is her little blue and silver Moth plane in which she has already done 200 hours' flying.

One of Victoria's outstanding airwomen, Miss Thompson flew the Moth from England during the Centenary Air Race, but owing to several mishaps she did not reach Melbourne till a couple of months after the race finished.

Miss Thompson holds a commercial pilot's licence and has won a number of Aero Club trophies. She won the Cobham Trophy at Melbourne Aero Club last year, and the S.A. Aerial Derby a couple of years ago.

Last year Miss Thompson gave a flying scholarship, which was won by a Wesley College boy. Apart from flying, Miss Thompson's hobbies are golf, tennis, swimming, and she is a lieutenant in the 4th South Yarra Girl Guide Company.

Whether a women's air race is arranged or not, Miss Thompson will enter for the open race as she thinks there will be a bigger variety of planes competing, and it will provide a more keenly contested race.

Miss Ivy Pearce, the twenty-year-old Brisbane airwoman who last year won the ladies' race and came second in the "A" pilots' race at Archerfield, may be another woman competitor in the race if she can obtain a machine.

She thinks a race between women pilots of Australia an excellent scheme, and it would enable the lady fliers to demonstrate that to-day they are quite capable of competing with pilots of the opposite sex.

MISS IVY PEARCE, the twenty-year-old Brisbane airwoman, who may take part in the air race from Brisbane to Adelaide

As the present time Miss Pearce is doing a lot of flying in an endeavor to increase her flying hours. She is studying for a commercial "B" pilot's licence, and will probably sit for the examination in November.

DRINK VICTIM SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife successfully treated him with "DRINEO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your menfolk. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE PTY., 333 Clarence St., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612857

Your Home of Dreams!

Beauty of design, and contrasting veneers in Figured Polished Walnut, make this Bedroom Suite a splendid example of modern craftsmanship. 5ft. 3in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 10in. Drop-centre, Kneehole Dressing Table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc.—The handsome Dressing Table has bow-front centre drawer and exceptionally large, shaped Mirror. You may acquire this magnificent Suite at.

This Week's Cash Price, £23/10/-
(Bedstead Extra) or on Easy Terms.

is at W.W. Campbells'

SYDNEY & SUBURBS DEPOSIT 23/6 6/- WEEKLY

£13/19/6 5 VALVE DUAL WAVE RADIO

Again we make an outstanding Radio offer. A new Dual Wave: easy tuning to World stations; perfect Local and Interstate reception; 5 Valves with full efficiency; Glorious tone; Beautiful Cabinet; sloping top; clock dial; splendid construction. Backed by a firm of 50 years' standing. You can depend upon perfect entertainment.

This Week's Cash Price £13/19/6

Or on Metropolitan Easy Terms.

12/6 and 3/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY

Country Customers

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

OPEN on FRIDAY NIGHT

SYDNEY & SUBURBS DEPOSIT 20/- 5/- WEEKLY

This superb Lounge Suite has been created to give luxurious comfort. The capacious Chairs and Settee are upholstered in rich Genoa Velvet and the five loose-cushions are fully sprung. The artistic design is most impressive. This sumptuous Lounge Suite can be obtained at This Week's Cash Price.

£19/19/- —or on Easy Terms.

BUY DIRECT from the WAREHOUSE
2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders.
(SYDNEY & SUBURBS)

£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly. £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly.
£100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly. £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly.

FURNISHING DRAPERY

Housewives should visit our new Showrooms and inspect the remarkable display of Furnishing Drapery. The latest designs in beautiful fabrics for modern window treatment include curtains of every colour and quality—all at Warehouse Prices.

Distinctive in appearance, with Polished Walnut Veneers, this Dining Room Set is extraordinary value. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has usual drawers (one lined) and cupboards. 5ft Refectory Table has box legs; and Four Chairs (two only illustrated) have upholstered seats and backs. You can secure at This Week's Cash Price —or on Easy Terms £14/14/-

SYDNEY & SUBURBS DEPOSIT 14/6 3/9 WEEKLY

Here is a new 4ft. 6in. Beautiful Room Cabinet fully fitted with drawers, cupboards, etc., with artistic leadlight doors. It is faithfully constructed, and no home should be without one. The Reduced Cash Price This Week is only, on Easy Terms. 79/6

Many other designs and qualities are in stock.

5/- and 2/- DEPOSIT WEEKLY

This fully-fitted Loughboy is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It has sliding trays, trousers, a 1/1/8, adjustable mirror and fitted hanging compartment. Don't miss this bargain.

Special Cash Price This Week 59/6

Or on Easy Terms—
5/- DEPOSIT 2/- WEEKLY

LISTEN IN 2GB

8.15 p.m., TUESDAYS—"Australian Helpmeen." 7.30 p.m., SATURDAYS—"DARBY AND JOAN."

GENUINE CORK LINO
TWO YARDS WIDE—
5/3 5/11 7/6 yd.

IMIT. LINOLEUM
TWO YARDS WIDE—
3/3 4/3 4/11 yd.

CARPETS SPECIALLY REDUCED

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size	9ft.x9ft.	9ft.x9ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
Now at	£3/15/-	£4/5/-	£4/19/6	£5/17/6	£6/15/-

Size	9ft.x9ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
Now at	£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/19/6

Hall Carpet Bargains

BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

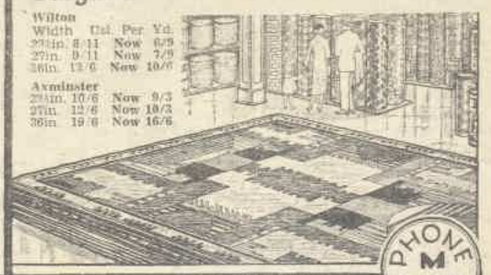
Size	9ft.x9ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
Special Price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

IMITATION LINO SQUARES

Size	9ft.x9ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
Special Price	27/6	32/6	37/6	42/6

Wilton
Width Usl. Per Yd.
27in. 8/11 Now 6/9
27in. 9/11 Now 7/9
36in. 12/6 Now 10/6

Axminster
27in. 10/6 Now 9/3
27in. 12/6 Now 10/3
36in. 19/6 Now 16/6



PHONE M 2345 6 LINES

249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY

ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612858

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST

IN AN AGE OF SPEED SOMETHING

REALLY FAST

OVER 300 SHADES ALL FAST COLORS SIZE No. 40

The Super Quality Mercerised Sewing Thread

Dewhurst's "Sylko"

(SILK SUBSTITUTE) MACHINE TWIST

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES

FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST COLOR FAST

The JASMINE Balcony

Continued from Page 7

"YOU mean something horrid," she declared. Her imagination figured him working on the roads as a common laborer; nothing worse. She did not know how easy it is for a stranger to slip into gaol in a French colony; how hardly he gets out again. "If you have to go shoveling dirt——" she began.

Bob suddenly roared with laughter. One of the men on the schooner ceased from loading stores; turned round and looked at him.

Bob said, returning to gravity, "I reckon I could do that if I had to." Then he pulled her aside. "Sit down," he told her, motioning her to a stone bench all spattered with blood-red petals of poinciana flowers. "Listen, sweetheart. We've got to see this through. It's not so bad. We'll go to the house with the balcony and stay there till to-morrow, and then I'll send you off on the Ville de Beuzeval, and my friend and his wife in Cristobal will look after you for a few weeks, till I can scratch up a bit of cash somehow and follow."

One of the men on the schooner was hailing him: "Hey, Bob! Bob Kyle!"

Anita felt his arm slacken on hers. Saw the familiar dancing lights in his eyes change suddenly to strange fires she had never seen. He swung round on the stone bench. "Hallo, Alligator," was all he said; but in that instant Anita, high-strung to breaking point by the emotions of her great day, sensed the thing that had not been said; knew that fate was striking.

"Come on board," the man called out. It was the man whom Anita had stared at, thinking him like Bob. She saw now that he was about Bob's age, lean and brown like Bob, and with Bob's own way of moving and speaking. Otherwise he was quite unlike.

Something seemed to pass between the two without words. "Wait a minute," Bob told her, and leaped on to the schooner. They went right up into the bow and talked.

It was hardly more than a minute before Bob came back. The mask was down upon his face again; she could not read it.

He answered with frightful directness:

"If I go with that man, we can be rich."

"But——" she said, and stopped. She could not have completed a sentence with the hand of those words clutching at her throat.

"I should be away maybe a month, maybe two. We'd have all we want. Be safe."

"What is it?" she managed to get out.

"I can't tell you."

"Wouldn't there be room——"

"Not a chance."

"You—you—would go to-morrow?"

"Now."

"What!"

"ANITA — I'm not going unless you say the word. It's the h—— I mean, it's a pity they can't stop. But Alligator—that's Bill Corkery, old mate of mine—says he couldn't trust his native crew five minutes, now they know. Well—it's up to you. If you say the word, I'll get into that car with you, and we can go off to the house, and Alligator can go to blazes."

"You'd better—do what you want," she found breath to say. The blazing poinciana trees, the staring natives, the shops and the town were spinning about her, but she kept her head.

"It's for you to decide," he answered her impassively. She could not read him, but she knew that underneath that granite calm the man's whole being waited, shaken by passions mysterious, unknown.

And she had thought she held him in her hand!

She said, "You'd better go, Bob."

He did not answer her for quite five seconds, and then he told her curtly: "I was right when I married you."

THE poincianas, the grape-green sea, the shops, and the town ceased whirling. There was something in Bob's eyes that steadied them; steadied her.

On the little boat, the crew were loosing the moorings. The man called Alligator shouted.

Bob pulled her aside into the shade. He began to empty his pockets. A gold watch. A silver cigar-lighter. Fifteen pounds in cash. A seal ring from his finger. "There's six weeks good in these," he said, "maybe more—and I'll be back in a month or so. And you've got the balance of your ticket to Frisco if——"

She interrupted him: "I shan't want that."

"Good." He was beckoning to the chauffeur, a tea-brown, big-eyed Tahitian. "Drive this lady. . . . Take the suitcase." He hadn't called her love or sweetheart or anything. He slung the case into the car, lifted her in by one elbow, and leaned over the door. He got his arms round her; she lost breath and sight for a long moment. "Go on," someone said to the chauffeur; maybe it was Bob. She was alone in the car, pressing her bruised lips with her hand, and the road was flying beneath her, and she hadn't seen him sail away because she could see nothing.

They were away from the town, under an arcade of palms.

"Madame wants?" said the chauffeur.

Anita knew what it was to pull herself together, run gally out before the crowd, with throat burning and eyes wet. The crowd here was only one Tahitian, but the principle was the same.

"I want the house with the jasmine balcony," she said in halting French.

THE chauffeur got a fare back to town—more luck than he had expected. A white monsieur, who had been standing in the road when he drove up with madame.

"Who's the girl you drove?" asked the monsieur, who was a rich young gentleman and very chic.

"Do I know?" answered the Tahitian regretfully. "They say in town she was married this morning."

"Married to whom?"

"To an English or an Owstralian, who has sailed away on a boat."

"Sailed away?" The monsieur gave a sudden laugh. "They are all mad, the English, and the Owstralians more so," he said. Something seemed to have pleased him; he paid the chauffeur well.

But for the beauty of the place Anita thought she could not have lived. Yet sometimes she thought it was the beauty, nothing else, that put the sharpest edge on her pain. And the happiness, and the love.

Love. Tahiti was full of it. Island of Love, it had been called.

Please turn to Page 26

MEN NEVER SEEM TO KNOW just what a woman's pin-money is until after they are married and they get stuck for it.

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way....

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them *thoroughly* the screen star's way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap specially made to *protect* your skin.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use this gentle soap. Its ACTIVE lather will sink deep into the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look* it! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

6.221.10

Miriam Hopkins

STAR OF "THESE THREE"
SAMUEL GOLDWYN PICTURE

A LEVER PRODUCT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612859

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Captain Holford, aide to Lord Gowrie, rode in ring events at R.A.S? Riding-coat was snappy affair in black-and-white checks.

Crowded Premiere

DEARLY does Sydney society love a premiere . . . All bustle, chatter, gleaming jewels and lovely gowns at Theatre Royal for first performance "Jill Darling" . . . Strath Playfair accompanied wife who wore faintly tinted apricot satin frock partly covered with brown velvet cloak . . . Dr. and Mrs. Chenall present, latter wearing draped gold satin . . . Melbourne visitors Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bishop in front row of stalls and General Bertie Lloyd in box.

Dance at Leura

WARM-TINTED autumn flowers, gathered from many mountain gardens, decorated Leura Golf Club for Saturday's dance . . . Party very merry, with snappy orchestra to encourage dancers to stay till late hours . . . Dr. Alec Macintyre, president, charming wife, and stalwart sons watched over party, aided by genial Knox Carson . . . Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, latter wearing Molyneux model of pastel pink, brought house party . . . Recent bride Mrs. Geoff Reading wore attractive trousseau frock of shell pink . . . Sister Alison chose forest green.

❖ ❖ ❖

Like many city residents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Broughton make bee-line for country at Easter. Time will be spent with two jolly sons, Peter and Phillip, at Arran Kamp.

❖ ❖ ❖

Temperamental Choice

MRS. DOLL CLAYTON never decides beforehand what frock she will wear to any party . . . Just goes to wardrobe and chooses style most in tune with mood . . . Mrs. Nina Clark and Doll to be joint hostesses at formal dinner party in Aston Gardens flat this Tuesday . . . After repast guests all off to Pickwick Ball at Trocadero . . . Around festive board will be Captain and Mrs. "Snowy" Thompson, Captain and Mrs. O. Rennick, Sadie and Elise Budge, Captain Philip Cardale, George Saler, Dr. A. Baretta and Rod Hill.

Melbourne Bride

BERT LOCKE, of Sydney, to be married this Tuesday in Melbourne . . . Bride is Lesley Vines, of Southern city . . . Groom, with best man Geoffrey Warren and Warren Carpenter, arrived in Melbourne during week-end . . . Many parties given in honor of wedding . . . Helen Locke, bridesmaid, stayed some time in south prior to ceremony, and had best of good times . . . Sydney to be future home of popular couple.

❖ ❖ ❖

Noticed Jocelyn Poynter in black sequined frock with orchid in hair at dance night at Hotel Australia on Saturday.

❖ ❖ ❖

Much-travelled Bride

MORA RUSSELL chose Easter Monday for wedding with Alan Brackwell Horton, of Adelaide . . . Bride is much-travelled . . . Was born in Hongkong, spent school days in Scotland, later returning to China . . . Four trips made to Australia in between times . . . Mora met fiance trip before last . . . Wedding at St. Stephen's and reception at Elizabeth Bay House . . . Future home in Brisbane . . . Bride's father, former Government marine surveyor at Hongkong, and Mr. and Mrs. Horton, senior, attended the ceremony.

Randwick Snapshots

GREY first favorite in Randwick color stakes . . . Audrey Nicolson favored it with red roses for boutonniere . . . Joan Waddell wearing rust-red ensemble with large pompom on toque, squired by Earl of Ranfurly during afternoon . . . Red ostrich feathers atop Mrs. Dundas Allen's black hat . . . Lovely platinum ornament on Mrs. George Main's black cloth tailleur . . . Carleton Kelly's pearl tiepin . . . Short sleeves of Mrs. John Brunton's otherwise warm black frock.

Easter House Party

WITH golf clubs and tennis racquets protruding from luggage, Penelope Cay, Dutchie Robinson, Royce Shannon and Dr. Ewan Murray-Will made off to Leura for week-end . . . Foursome among house party entertained by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson at Montgreenan . . . In between sporting sessions on links and courts guests gave once-over to family of bees that are pride and hobby of their host . . .

❖ ❖ ❖

Mr. and Mrs. John Hope, of Avoca station, motored across border to South Australia for Easter. Were entrants in tennis tournament at Wolta Wolta, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Roosevelt Cables

MRS. ROOSEVELT cabled Mayris Chaney, star dancer at Trocadero, birthday greetings . . .Occasion celebrated at night club last Thursday . . . Superb pink roses made of sugar candy decorated outsize birthday cake . . . Charles Farrell made one of large party . . . Lots of well-knowns on dancing floor . . . Minister for Agriculture took time off from R.A.S. to tread measure . . . Garry Kelynack with pretty wife, and Dr. and Mrs. Redvers Shute also present.

Ermines and Fox

CHILLY night good excuse for display of sumptuous furs at Romano's on Saturday . . . Recent arrival from England Mrs. Celeste Douzans flung lovely white fox cape over mauve taffeta frock . . . Mink, choice of Mrs. Kath Holden . . . Frock of white and gold matelasse worn by Mrs. Clifford Longworth of Moree, covered by enough ermine to keep eskimo warm . . . Mrs. Wolcott Forbes also snuggled into ermine wrap.

Much To Admire

MRS. LANE - POOLE, wife of our new Admiral, finds much to admire in Sydney . . . Just loves harbor, and hopes that new home, when she finds it, will have lovely outlook . . . Interior decorating one of chief hobbies . . . She thinks modern furnishings better suited to Australian architecture and natural settings than antiques . . . Also that Australian woods most decorative . . . Admiral's sister-in-law at Canberra was responsible for interior decoration scheme at G.H., Canberra.

From Wellington

JOYCE CATER, tall and fair, arrived from country home, Brookfield, Wellington, to be bridesmaid at the de Kantzow-Crossing wedding . . . Joyce will wave farewell to parents this Saturday when they set sail for Japanese tour . . . Geoff Kiss couple, also from Wellington, will be wedding guests and intend doing spot of racing and whatnot as side-lines.

A NEW STUDY of Miss Dorothy Coss. Her cheery smile may be due to the pleasant prospect ahead of her of spending the next two years in London. She sails with her mother by the Strathaird this Saturday. —Women's Weekly photo.

Smart Equestrienne

AMONG many exceedingly smart visitors from other States during Easter, Phyllis Bray, of South Australia, was outstanding figure . . . Riding-kit in Show ring degrees smarter than any rivals . . . Phyllis only girl to wear gloves over hurdles, and supply of yellow, chamois pairs must have taken up large corner of trunk . . . Phyllis also one of few girls to look well in bowler . . . Crack rider rode three of own hunters in one event.

Crowded Week-end

COLONEL HOWE, of Royal Signallers, Quetta, will only have a week-end in Australia when he comes to claim bride . . . Traveller arrives on a June Saturday in Brisbane, motors to Beaudesert same day for marriage to Betty Persee, and sets sail following day for Fiji, en route to India . . . As Queenslanders, as well as many Sydney friends, are anxious to meet Betty's future husband, time-shortage is serious trial to would-be hosts and hostesses.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mimi Healy and Commander Johnson take limelight for next week's social doings . . . Wedding at Basilica, and reception at Tresco, lent by Captain and Mrs. Pope for very grand occasions.

❖ ❖ ❖

Robes of Office

VINCENT SACCO had showing of oil paintings and sculpture at The Clifford, Potts Point, during week . . . Long room with plain walls ideal for purpose . . . Portrait of ex-Lord Mayor Sir Samuel Walder in robes of office immense affair . . . Library background entailing tremendous work . . . Varied subjects painted by artist included land and sea scapes, dogs, portraits, and cows at pasture.

Last of Season

LAST dance of Palm Beach surf club season great success . . . Festivities at Creel House . . . In between dances on top floor young things congregated round piano and sang choruses in good voice . . . Eric Luscombe Newman's baritone completely drowned Percy Spender's efforts . . . Grant Walker, too, lifted voice in song . . . Sheila Pring brought party in full evening dress after supping at Romano's . . . Nell Horsborough also came from big smoke with guests . . . Sid Martin, Sheila McMaster and Graham Prattens all there.

Grand Parade

TRIED ever so hard to hear Lord Gowrie's speech at official opening of show . . . Lowing cattle and snorting horses during Grand Parade effectively drowned efforts of amplifier to broadcast G.-G.'s remarks . . . New aide, Earl Ranfurly, nice and tall with boyish good looks of English public school persuasion . . . Frances Angus, acting R.A.S. president's daughter, helped with entertainment of vice-regal guests . . . Fair hair in numberless little curls for occasion.

Have You Noticed—

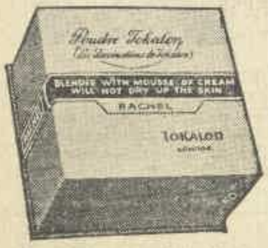
Lovely frocks worn by Pamela Laidley Dowling during race festivities?

For dance at Elizabeth Bay House Pam, youthful hostess, wore becoming ice-blue gown of moire with basqued waist-line, high neck in front and swathed into crossed back decolletage.

Jane Anne

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612860

5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG *in choosing this* FACE POWDER



A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse of Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the price of 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax). If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

The JASMINE *Balcony*

Continued from Page 24

ANITA, bride left alone looked at the people from her jasmine balcony by day; listened to them at night. Sometimes she went swiftly in and closed the doors.

The monsieur who had seen her enter the house of the balcony went past one day when she was sitting, as usual, half hidden among the flowers, leaning on an arm as white as the blossoms above her, and looking through the leaves at the roadway that was her only book.

She had seen him pass a good many times; she was beginning to know all the people who went up and down that road. Most of them, in a manner typically French, minded their own business.

The monsieur stopped and spoke—under the balcony, looking up at her and showing his fine teeth. He was young, not more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight, and he had the slightly effeminate coloring, the red lips, ivory skin, that marks so many quite masculine and hardy Frenchmen. Anita thought him very girlish-looking, a bit soft.

She was not angry when he addressed her in excellent English—the first she had heard for some time—and asked her whether he could have a few sprays of the jasmine to make a funeral wreath.

"YOU have the best in Papeete there," he explained, "and my servants want some of it to bury a little child with—they're afraid to come and ask." He looked as if he would have liked to smile, but, of course, you couldn't smile talking about funerals.

He had servants; a home. Probably he was married, also.

Anita said that of course he could have the flowers. She knew he was going to ask her if he might come up, and to forestall that she ran down the stairs with her arms full of blossoms, and offered them to him and to a withered-looking Tahitian woman who suddenly appeared from nowhere among the palms.

"Take them," he said. She knew what he was going to say next; she had heard that kind of thing so many times, and cared for it as little as any pretty girl could care. On the stage—

But what was he saying?

"Well, Mrs. Kyle, and may I ask when you expect your husband back?"

"You know him?" Anita demanded, her face lighting up.

"No, madame," said the young man, with a boyish grin that made her like him. "I was only feeling you out. I don't know Mr. Kyle, but a friend in the customs told me of the difficulty he was in, and so I came along to ask you—being left alone—if I could be any help. You see, madame, I've been in Owstralia, quite a lot, before I settled down here as a planter, and some of the Owstralian girls broke my heart so many times that I've always been grateful to them for my being a single man. And so I thought, when my cook wanted the flowers, 'Why, here is the happy opportunity to help an Owstralian.' And so I'm come."

He looked so jolly, standing there in the long grass and laughing as if he had been a schoolboy out for a holiday, that the youth in Anita sprang happily up to meet him.

"IF you don't mind coming into the old boatshed——" she said. That was open. You could talk without setting other people talking in another way.

They went underneath the pillared second story to the boat slip. "I'm Maurice Lechesne," he told her, taking his seat on a broken staging. "And if you want anything, just ask me."

It was lovely out there, after so many days and days spent moping in the house, except when one went reluctantly out for a solitary walk.

"You are delightfully naive, petite Anita," he laughed, using her Christian name. Or was that when they met the second time? Not the third. He had come to calling her cheri then.

But it was all perfectly right. They never met except in the deserted boatshed that ran underneath the long-deserted house, an open place in full view from the road. And Anita, used to the life of the stage, couldn't see herself without at least one "boy." Her heart was so sore for Bob, all the time, that she could have burst out crying at any moment of the day or night by just letting herself go.

It must have been about the fourth meeting that he began to call her Jasmine. "I can't think of you as anything else," he told her. "You are a human jasmine flower in your color and grace and in the perfume of your mind."

He talked like a book, as Englishmen or Australians did not talk.

HE was always talking. He took pains to amuse and interest her. He was telling her that she must not let herself mope and grow lonely. She must take a run in his car and see the garden of a friend of his. "You may be a long time in Tahiti," he said. "You ought to begin to know the country beyond a walk."

It seemed as if a cold wind blew upon her. "What do you mean, saying I'll be a long time here?" she cried suddenly. "How dare you talk like that? No, I don't want to come in your car. I don't go joy-riding with people I don't know."

She jumped up from the pile of planks where she had been sitting very contentedly beside Maurice, who looked so nice, who had such beautiful thick young hair, smoothed back like flowing honey; Maurice with the perfect clothes and the well-tended hands. She ran up the stairs and into the long, empty, echoing rooms above.

She peered out through a rent in one of the broken walls. He was gone.

That night she asked herself for the first time, roundly, whither had Bob sailed, and why? She did not distrust him, but she had been conscious from the first of some weighty secret. Weighty, indeed, since it had made him leave her with the ring scarce warm upon her finger, and the sound of the heavy words, "till death us do part" yet ringing in her ears! Death hadn't parted them, but life had done it, perhaps more completely. For the first time, she let herself believe that Bob might never come back. She knew him for a man who courted danger, if one could call his utter indifference courting. His faith she could trust, but could she trust the chances of a cruel world leagued against him? There were a thousand ways to die, and only one way of living. How did anyone ever reach middle age? She might indeed "be a long time in Tahiti." She might never go away again!

For she knew that as long as she did not hear of Bob's death or see his return, she was chained to the house of the jasmine balcony. Money might run out. It had a way of doing that. She would find more if she had to sew for her living, or scrub floors somewhere in town. She would do anything—almost—to stay, and stay, and wait.

It was during the ninth week of her stay that she made her visit to the market.

She did not often go there. It was held in the middle of the town at five in the morning, a mile or more from the house of the jasmines.

Please turn to Page 28

A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY

"A car or a wife?" asks a newspaper article.

Well, it's easier to back out of a garage than a marriage.

Lives in a beautiful home . .

finds KRAFT CHEESE indispensable when entertaining

Women everywhere are learning that no food approaches Kraft Cheese as a basis for new, delightfully appetising yet economical dishes. Kraft Cheese makes endless variety possible in dainty savouries, tempting entrees and unusual items for the supper table . . . and Kraft Cheese can be included in any household budget because it is remarkably inexpensive. There's no rind and NO WASTE when you use KRAFT CHEESE.

KRAFT CHEESE *in 4 oz. & 8 oz. packets*

Kraft Cheese is sold in 4 and 8 oz. packets, 1 and 2 oz. portions—wrapped in hygienic silver foil to protect its flavour, purity and freshness.

FREE RECIPE BOOK. The Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," contains scores of ideas for unusual new dishes. Write to Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., Riverside Avenue, Melbourne, 58 Clarence St., Sydney, or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane, for your copy.

WARREN WILLIAM PREFERS NATURAL LIPS

UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS

Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test

* Warren William playing in "The Case of the Curious Bride", a First National picture, makes lipstick test.

● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted, isn't it enough to make you want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it isn't paint. Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee changes color on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick **TANGEE** ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Blonde ROUGE COMPACT · Contains the magic Tangee color principle

*TANGEE FACE POWDER
Tangee, Dept. C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Send Purse Size Tin of Tangee Face Powder, for which I enclose 6d. stamps. Supply limited. Send at once.
Name ....
Address ....

HEARD AT THE CLINIC

REXONA MEDICATIONS SAFEGUARD BABIES' SKIN

A baby's fine, sensitive skin is easily irritated unless you keep it soothed by the soft, medicated lather of Rexona Soap. It has the same wonderful healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Chafing, cradle cap, rashes and prickly heat are almost unknown among Rexona babies.

FOR PERSISTENT SKIN TROUBLES — REXONA OINTMENT

To heal persistent skin disorders, use Rexona Ointment, The Rapid Healer, together with Rexona Soap. These two used regularly will soon soothe away every sign of pain or irritation.

Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburbs)

What Women Are Doing

Tribute to Secretary

IN appreciation of her splendid work during eighteen years as honorary secretary, Mrs. J. S. Winter was presented with a cheque by the Victorian Ladies' Bowling Association at an afternoon tea party in the Myer Mural Hall.

Nearly three hundred women bowlers were present, and trophies for the various championships and tournaments during the year were presented by the president, Mrs. Elizabeth Bleazby.

Mrs. Winter sailed last week on a health trip to China, and was accompanied by Mrs. F. L. Owen, a vice-president of the association.

❖ ❖ ❖

Distinguished War Nurses Participate

ONE of the most impressive ceremonies of Anzac Day in Melbourne will be the annual service conducted by the trustees of the Edith Cavell Trust Fund at the Edith Cavell statue in memory of that great woman, and of the Victorian nurses who died in the War.

Three of the four women in Australia who hold the coveted Florence Nightingale medal will be there. They are Miss Grace Wilson, C.B.E., R.R.C., present matron-in-chief of the Australian Army Nursing Service, and matron of the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne; Miss L. Crocker, who is secretary of the Royal Victorian Trained Nurses' Association; and Miss Ethel Cornwell, R.R.C., who is secretary of the Edith Cavell Trust Fund, which has already distributed more than £23,000 among sick and incapacitated nurses.

Another important woman present will be Miss E. Conyers, C.B.E., R.R.C., former matron-in-chief in England and France, and Miss Grace Douglas, president of the Returned Army Nurses' Club, will place a wreath in memory of the nurses who died.

❖ ❖ ❖

Attended International Women's Conference in India

MRS. A. G. THOMAS has returned to Australia after attending the international conference of the National Council of Women, held at Calcutta during February.

Mrs. Thomas, who is a member of the N.S.W. executive of the N.C.W., said this was the first time the conference had been held in India. It was attended by delegates from forty countries, representing forty millions of women.

Dame Elizabeth Cadbury was leader of the English delegates, and distinguished women from all parts of the world were there. Many subjects dealing with the welfare and education of women and children were discussed.

Mrs. Thomas said the progress of Indian women was astonishing. The N.C.W. has only been established there for ten years, but in that time much had been accomplished.

The Maharanee of Borrudun is president of the Indian Council.

❖ ❖ ❖

Stresses Importance of Educational Side of Dancing

STRESSING the importance of the educational side of the ballet, and the necessity of training children in the correct methods from the beginning, Miss Joanne Priest, the noted dancer, has returned to Adelaide after further study in London.

Miss Priest. —Rembrandt photo.

With the idea of child-teaching in mind, Miss Priest not only visited many dancing academies, but also nursery schools and training centres, studying the children first and then the methods of teaching them.

While in London Miss Priest studied with Marie Rambert at the Ballet Club. She started her dancing career as a pupil of Miss Linley Wilson, and has also studied with Miss Ruth French, a former member of Pavlova's ballet. In Hollywood, on the way to London, via America, Miss Priest had some lessons with Kasloff, the foremost Russian ballet master. Miss Priest has brought back many new ideas which she hopes to put into practice in connection with scenery and costume, as well as the ballet itself.

Managing Director at Ninety

ONE of the most interesting personalities at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney, was Mrs. Whitney, of the Whitney Pastoral Co., Coombing Park, New South Wales. Though ninety-one years of age, Mrs. Whitney is still managing director of the company.

It is now more than seventy years since her husband founded the stud of Shorthorn cattle which is the special pride of Coombing Park, and at the Show Mrs. Whitney watched the judging of each class with a critical eye.

New Branch of C.W.A. in Tasmania

A BRANCH of the Country Women's Association, Tasmania, was formed in Hobart recently at a meeting convened at the Town Hall by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. J. J. Wignall.

Lady Clark (patron) was in the chair, and there was a large attendance of representatives of women's associations.

Among those who spoke warmly in favor of forming a Hobart branch were Mesdames C. E. Baxter, P. J. Pickering, C. O. Smith, and Misses Julia Adams and Mary Bisdee.

Officers elected were:—President, Mrs. J. J. Wignall; vice-presidents, Mesdames Tom Murdoch and F. Parsons; honorary secretary, Mrs. C. H. Lamprill.

❖ ❖ ❖

Home to Australia After Four Years Abroad

HAVING visited most parts of Europe during her four years abroad, Mrs. W. M. Robins, who recently returned to Melbourne, says that England and Scotland are loveliest of all. She was touched by the sight of so many War memorials scattered all over England and Scotland, even in the remotest corners, and by the fact that there were always flowers upon them.

Mrs. W. M. Robins. —Broothers.

Travelling everywhere on the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. Robins heard opera in Rome and Paris, as well as in London, but the musical moment that stands out in their memory is the command performance of "Rigoletto" in Milan.

Mrs. Robins, who is a vice-president of the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, and founder of the hospital's first auxiliary, inspected many hospitals abroad.

Clever Pianist and Composer of Songs

RECENTLY visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Mackie, Coorparoo, Brisbane, was Mrs. Nicholas Hagarty, of Cunnamulla, Queensland, who is a fine pianist and a composer of many songs.

Mrs. Hagarty. —Jas. Cruden.

She has had much experience in broadcast work, having been engaged by several Sydney stations to play over the air.

Her songs, "Melody of Love," "You" and "Baby Hands," published abroad, have been most successful, and she has recently had two more songs, "Dreams" and "Wishes," accepted by publishers in London.

Her three children, Denis, Joan, and Brian, are attending school, and Mrs. Hagarty has hopes that they will soon show some musical talent.

❖ ❖ ❖

Wife of Newly-appointed Principal

MRS. T. C. HAMMOND, wife of the Rev. T. C. Hammond, the newly-appointed principal of Moore Theological College, Sydney, took a special interest in leper welfare work at the missions in Dublin, Ireland, during the time she lived there, and hopes to assist in any such work in Australia.

Mrs. Hammond has not visited Australia before, although her husband gave a series of lectures throughout Australia when he was here ten years ago.

Mrs. Hammond says that her three sons are doing educational work in Ireland and England, and that her daughter, who gained her Arts degree at Dublin University, hopes to do secretarial work in Sydney. She and her husband and daughter will reside at the college in Sydney.

Head of New Domestic Science School

MISS MURIEL MARSHALL, who for the past eight years has been deputy-mistress of the Domestic Arts School in Hobart, has a most interesting new job, for she is now in charge of the fine, new domestic science rooms at Charles St. school, Launceston.

Four big rooms have been remodelled and furnished with modern equipment for the teaching of housewifery, sewing, cookery, and laundrywork. They look most attractive with cream-colored walls and prettily-arranged flowers.

The pupils, in trim white overalls, learn cleanliness, hygiene, and tidiness, so that housework loses its old coloring of drabness and becomes efficient and pleasant to perform.

Even washing is a pleasure in those shining tubs and coppers, and there are eight ironing-tables of graduated heights to suit girls of all sizes.

And over it all is the presiding genius of the school, Miss Muriel Marshall, with Miss Margaret Bourke as her assistant.

❖ ❖ ❖

Spoke on the Crimes Act

WHEN the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom held its annual meeting in Melbourne recently, the speaker was Miss Dorothy M. Davies, who is working hard at Melbourne University.

Miss Davies, who represented the Council for Civil Liberties, gave an entertaining and enlightening talk on the Crimes Act.

❖ ❖ ❖

League of Health And Beauty

PROVIDING a link of friendship almost as universal as that of the Rotary Movement, the League of Health and Beauty, established in Sydney by Miss Thea Hughes, was like a home from home for Miss Gwen Sutton, who is visiting Australia as private secretary to Sir Ernest Thompson, of the British Chamber of Commerce delegation.

Miss Gwen Sutton

Miss Sutton is a member of the League in Manchester, and saw the League at work in Sydney. Miss Hughes has just visited Melbourne, where she has established the League with Miss Peggy Biddle in charge.

Miss Hughes received the enthusiastic help of Mrs. Thompson, of Ballarat, who pioneered the movement in Victoria.

A Curling Champion Comes Home

MRS. I. M. MOFFATT-PENDER, who has returned to Melbourne after six months in Scotland and Switzerland, is all set for the curling season.

Captain and Mrs. Moffatt-Pender established the good, old Scottish ice game in Melbourne, and they were instrumental in arranging the international matches in Melbourne last year, when a New Zealand team came across.

Mrs. Moffatt-Pender discovered that a number of women play in world championship matches on the indoor rink in Edinburgh, and she was a member of her husband's team in a tournament where more than 70 teams competed.

This interesting Scotch woman, who makes her home in Australia, was also the only woman player in the Jackson Cup competition in Switzerland, and acquitted herself with honors.

❖ ❖ ❖

Working to Help Crippled Children

AS first almoner to the South Australian Committee for Crippled Children, Miss Gwen Waters is again establishing a new position for herself, as she was the first almoner at the Geelong and District Hospital, Victoria.

Miss Waters says that her work is to locate crippled children, see that they have the correct treatment, arrange education, train them for employment suited to their disabilities, and find employment for them in order that they may become useful citizens.

❖ ❖ ❖

Proposal to Draw Up Women's Charter

EQUAL pay for men and women is one of the most important planks in the platform of the United Associations.

Speaking at a meeting held in Sydney recently, the president, Mrs. Jessie Street, said it was now proposed to draw up a women's charter and concentrate on working women.

Attention would be directed first to professions and trades in which all workers had special qualifications.

There appeared to be more hope of achieving their aim if the problem was attacked in this manner, Mrs. Street said.

❖ ❖ ❖

Victorian Girl Successful As Real Estate Agent

MISS WYN EVANS, of Toorak, is one of the most successful girls in the real estate agency world of Melbourne. Starting with nothing but a good education, she has in a few years made a great success in her career.

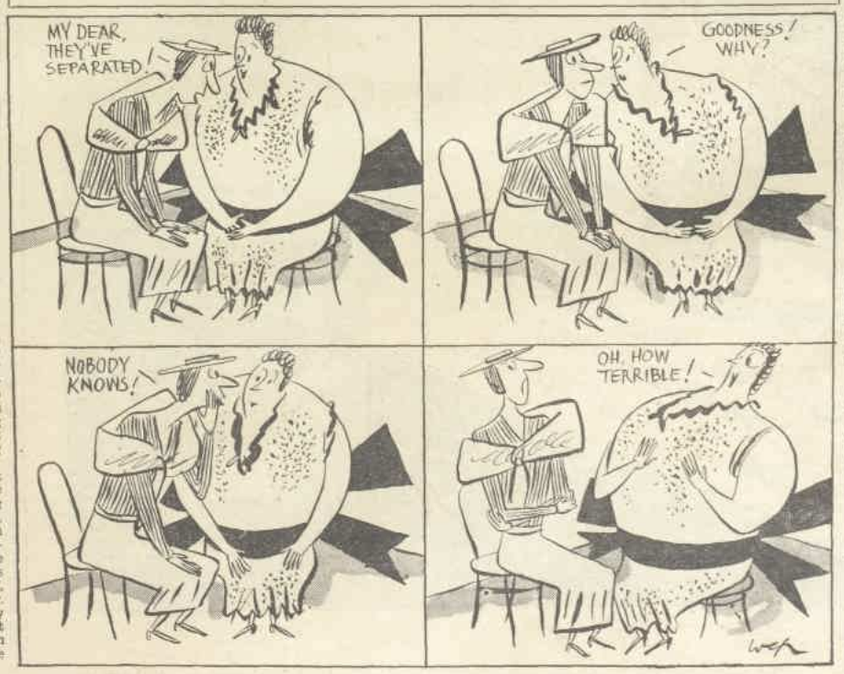
Miss Evans.

Success did not come her way, so she went looking for it, and because she has a remarkable capacity for common sense, hard work, and a flair for grasping opportunities she found success without a great deal of difficulty.

Ever since she embarked on her career she has been attached to the same firm, where her results earn her large commissions, and there is not much that she does not know about flats, villas, shops, and land values.

On meeting this young woman few people would realise that she is the moving spirit behind a great deal of the building activity which is going on in Melbourne.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612862

The JASMINE Balcony

Continued from Page 26

YOU met very few white people, mostly natives and native servants, but still you did run the chance of seeing someone who would stare, wonder, whisper . . . Anita was bitterly sensitive to these partly imaginary, partly actual stares and comments. Not in Tahiti, she knew, could a young, pretty woman be deserted on her wedding day without setting tongues to clack.

But the food in the market was better and cheaper than anywhere else, and now her money was beginning to run low. She had counted on selling her steamer ticket back to the company, and they had told her she couldn't; the French authorities, they said, would come down on her like a ton of bricks if she didn't hold fast to that last life-saving spar. So now she had to count the francs that were twopence each, the very centimes, almost incalculably small. And in the market you got fish for a day, fruit and yams for two, at the price of an English sixpence.

In her eternal washed white frock, with her palm leaf basket on her arm, she went shyly through the warm, starry dark to the market house, a little guilty thing, convicted in the eyes of the town, as well as in her own, of the unforgivable crime of poverty. Silver and blue and gold, scarlet and chrome-yellow, the marvellous fish of the lagoon lay heaped in sparkling piles; bananas spread green fingers; mangoes, oranges, melons, pawpaws, and a score of other wonderful tropic fruits were massed in jewel-bright pyramids. "It's like Goblin Market," thought Anita, who had read a great deal. "And almost as cheap!" She was glad. She began to price the cheaper fish and the commoner fruit. Five francs would go a long, long way—Maurice!

There. Behind the big stand of bananas. She could not see him, but she could hear his voice. She did not want him to see her, in her tumbled frock, buying watermelon and flying fish. Quietly she slipped out of sight and waited. He couldn't be long. She knew quite well why he was there. She had heard that some of the Frenchmen, after a gay night, going home were used to stop before dawn at the market building, hot and thirsty, to buy slices of rockmelon, or suck a mountain orange cool as snow. Maurice would make his purchases and go on.

BUT he did not go, and he was not buying fruit. Anita peered round the corner of a huge pile of pumpkins. He was standing with his back to her, talking quietly and earnestly with a man whom Anita recognised as one of the higher police officials.

Instinct, as much as innate fear of the French police, warned her to slip back out of sight. Curiosity urged her to listen. She could do that well enough. She had studied French at school, and even taken prizes. But, discovering here in Tahiti that her accent was quite appalling, she had remained mute, except when driven by necessity. She could not catch all that Maurice was saying, but enough came to her ears to set her heart leaping wildly and make her breath come short as if she had been running.

"What luck, meeting you—it'll save me a call at the bureau. You have the list of passengers for to-day's steamer?"

"Certainly. He is there. If he comes ashore, we have him."

"But, my friend, this man is too clever; he won't come ashore; and we can do nothing on a British ship."

The gendarme laughed. "Monsieur," he observed, "you of all people ought to know how he is likely to come. You are making fun of me."

Maurice laughed. Something in the laugh made Anita's cheeks and fingers tingle . . . What was he saying now?

"In effect, officer, you compliment me. But don't you think he may simply send a message, a summons, to the petite belle?"

"If he is a fool, that is what he will do," replied the gendarme. "We, we can attend to that part of it. Madame will make an excellent bait in the trap."

"You are having the house watched?"

"From the moment the boat comes in until she sails at ten to-night. Merci, monsieur. This is a cigar such as one seldom sees. Monsieur is very good."

"A brother official is always welcome."

Please turn to Page 42

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612863

THE MOVIE WORLD

April 18, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 29

CALLING *Australia!*

Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE *from Hollywood*

Crime Reconstruction

ONE of the most unusual features of the altogether unusual and dramatic Hauptmann case was the use, in the last stages, of a 20,000 feet Universal news reel, which traced the history of the Lindbergh kidnapping crime from the beginning up to the time Governor Hoffmann, of New Jersey, granted the first reprieve.

The film was studied closely by both Governor Hoffmann and counsel for the defence, in the hope that it might indicate some flaw in the case put forward by the prosecution.

The newsreel remains in the possession of the New Jersey authorities, to whom it was presented by Universal.

Agnes Doyle Asks Too Much

NEGOTIATIONS between Australian Agnes Doyle and 20th Century-Fox have broken down, although the screen tests made by Miss Doyle were entirely satisfactory.

An executive of Fox informed me that the trouble has arisen over terms, the actress's agent having ideas in regard to remuneration that are much too optimistic for the studio people to consider.

Unofficially, it is reported that Agnes is holding out for 750 dollars a week—no mean sum for one who, as yet, has had no screen experience. Still, there's nothing like setting a high value on yourself, experience or no experience.

Coogan in Box

JACKIE COOGAN entered the box today as the first witness in a 300,000 dollar suit which has been brought against him as the result of an automobile accident, in which four lives were lost. In addition to Coogan, senior, the following were killed in the smash: Robert Horner, playwright; Junior Durkin, actor; and the foreman of the Coogan ranch.

The heirs of the deceased are claiming damages against Jackie, alleging that his father was allowed to drive the car while intoxicated. The suit is not yet sufficiently advanced for there to be any indication as to how it is likely to go.

Jane "Discovered"

JANE AUSTEN is the latest discovery of Hollywood producers. After picturising Shakespeare, Dickens and other of the "classic" and long-dead writers, the industry, ever alert for something or someone new, has disinterred Janey, and now M.-G.-M. announce that "Pride and Prejudice" is to be made for the screen.

Norma Shearer, still at work on "Romeo and Juliet," [illegible] play the lead

MADELEINE CARROLL—Beautiful British Star

The Optimist

ONE of our eminent journalists—Mr. A. D. McKie, of the "Jersey City Journal," has just bounded into the news with the statement that he has contacted a dozen well-known Hollywood stars and arranged for them to send him their very own gossip paragraphs for publication in his paper.

Mr. McKie explains this policy by saying that he is fed to the teeth with the usual "blurb" that is handed out to newspapers, and is determined to get his information straight from the horse's mouth.

That our Hollywood top-liners would hand out any "blurb" about themselves is, of course, inconceivable. They just couldn't do it—much.

New "Ice"

LASKY-PICKFORD Studios announce a discovery that will be of great importance to the industry. One of their technicians, Benager NuDyke, perfected a method of making synthetic ice.

This will overcome the difficulty which, in the past, has nearly driven sound-cameramen crazy. The squeal of steel runners on ice has made conversations impossible in sequences where skating has been going on. With the new NuDyke "ice," however, the hero will be able to cut a graceful figure-eight in full view of the camera, at the same time tossing a compliment to the heroine, who will cap it neatly even as she does her best with a pas seul.

Short Flashes

JOE E. BROWN'S next picture has been announced by Warner Brothers. "Earthworm Tractor" is the title, and June Travers and Carol Hughes are in the cast. Work has already commenced.

Raul Roulin, the Brazilian actor, who featured in several Hollywood productions, the last of which was "Flying Down to Rio," has flown there in good earnest. While in Rio de Janeiro, he will produce two feature films and a vaudeville unit.

Both M.-G.-M. and Walt Disney are using Eugene Field's poem, "Little Boy Blue" as a basis for a picture. M.-G.-M. are starring Chic Sale in a two-reeler with the theme as a working basis, while Walt is to do a silly symphony.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612864

LEW AYRES rode to fame on "All Quiet on the Western Front." And did he show his appreciation? Well, read about him on this page and form your own opinion.

SHE SAID what she thought of Hollywood—and she thought quite a lot! Gloria Stuart, who never wants to see another picture.

THAT BITTER WORD, INGRATITUDE . . .

Stars Who Despise Hands That Feed Them

By *JEANNETTE MacMAHON*

FROM Nanking to Nevertire, human nature is a funny thing. Philosophers and psychologists have spent lots of valuable time and money in trying to fathom the strange twists of disposition and mentality of Mr. and Mrs. Man. And they're still hard at it, and probably will be in another hundred years or so ! !

Anyway, stop me from philosophising upon a subject about which I know precious little! Instead, let me ask you a straight-out question, for which, in return, I want your straight-forward answer.

IF, almost overnight, you found yourself lifted from poverty to untold wealth, from the comparative obscurity of your own little set to the idolatrous worship of countless millions of fans; if the portals leading to the realisation of all your dreams and ambitions and your heartfelt desires were thrown open before you as if by magic. . . .

Cold Shoulder

WOULD you be grateful? Would you go down on bended knees and utter a prayer of wonderment and thanks that you, from thousands upon thousands of others, had been singled out by Fate for such well-being and financial prosperity?

Don't be too hasty or too self-confident in answering! Ponder the question well, for, as I think I've already mentioned, human nature is a funny, tricky, and incalculable thing, and genuine, heartfelt gratitude is more precious and more rarely found than pirate gold. Remember the ancient tale of the flounder and the fisherman's wife—or, more to the point, give a thought to what I have termed . . .

The Ungrateful Guests of Hollywood!

Yes, and they are legion! Many are the fortunate stars of that town of millions who HAVE had the luck, good fortune, call it what you will, to rise from little better than nothing and now to hold the world and his wife in the palms of their hands. There are so many you can't begin even to list them!

To these fortunate few Hollywood is a place which, despite the fact that it has placed them in luxury's coslest lap, is always ready to get a kick. Though they have pulled down tremendous money from this Mecca of the movies, they still are able to turn the cold shoulder of disdain into its face.

Consider, for example, the case of a youngster named Lew Ayres—and a mighty likeable kid, too—who skyrocketed to stardom in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He certainly was no riot as an actor, but his first big picture was based on so tremendous a story, and was so magnificently directed and produced, that it made him a star.

And what else did he do, in the first flush of overnight fame, but turn matters around and say that it was HIS histrionic ability that made the film the colossal attraction that it was!

A year or so later, with Universal paying him the miserable stipend of some 1250 dollars (£313) per week to grace with his presence one box office disaster after another, he is said to have expressed his gratitude by ranting bitterly against the stupidity of the producers and indicting them for forcing him to play in pictures unworthy of his dramatic talents.

In Lew's case, however, he is not entirely to blame, for youth is impressionable and impulsive. Hollywood, too, goes too far out of its way to invite ingratitude by making a lot of fuss after its new stars. There isn't a person connected with the motion picture industry who is not fully aware that the credit—or blame—for every picture should be shared equally between the producer, the director, the scenario writers, the film editors, and the original author, as well as by the rest of the cast. But, unfortunately, of all those who contribute so largely to the finished article, only the actors can be seen by the audience. The others are given full credit at the beginning of the film, but who reads them, anyhow!

THE FILMS gave Marlene Dietrich fame, money and beautiful homes. This picture shows her in one of her rooms, furnished in cream and red. But does Marlene like America any the better for this? It doesn't appear so.

Aladdin's Lamp

CONSEQUENTLY, the studios have always concentrated their barrage of publicity on their stars. And the critics, recognising the fact that Mr. and Mrs. General Public have been blinded by that publicity, pretty generally follow suit. What wonder, then, if a sudden deluge of fan mail and newspaper raves suddenly turns a youthful head? A few reverses, a few critical "pannings" and salary-loss periods usually suffice to restore the sufferer's sense of proportion.

Which reminds me of the lady who is probably tops in what may be termed ingratitude.

Consider the case of Greta Garbo!

Hollywood, to her, has been the Aladdin's lamp of good fortune. She went there, about ten or eleven years ago, a nobody; to-day she is without doubt the most famous woman in the world. She was poor; to-day she draws a weekly salary that is probably five times greater than that signed for by the President of the United States.

Hollywood has given her mansions to live in, servants, fine cars to drive in, the means to care for her formerly impoverished family, money to gratify her every whim. Hollywood has given her fame and adoration . . . and Hollywood is merely a mirror which reflects the likes and dislikes of the world's theatregoers. It is YOU, the untold millions of Yous, who have done all these splendid things for Garbo.

And is the Great One grateful?

The Swedish girl who found fame and fortune in America has never applied for American citizenship. On the contrary, she has frequently intimated that she might retire any minute and return permanently to her native country. It is her annual threat!

Her attitude towards her adoring fans is too well known to need recounting here. No interviews, no autographs, no personal appearances, no contacts of any kind. En route to Europe, I am told that she demanded that an entire deck be cleared so that she might promenade without rubbing shoulders with people. Holidaying in a resort near Hollywood, she is said to have asked that all other guests keep to their rooms while she signed the hotel register. Since becoming a star, she has never posed for Press pictures, never signed an autograph album, never expressed any sentiment whatsoever in regard to those loyal people who have placed her on the pedestal that she occupies to-day.

Hollywood Slapped

WHICH, again, prompts the remark: "Is Garbo grateful?"

And, speaking of gratitude—or lack of it, if you would have it that way—Hollywood was rather upset to read an interview given some time ago by Margaret Sullavan, the demure little lass who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her extremely temperamental mouth. The article to which Hollywood took exception, and no doubt rightfully so, was headed, "I Hate Everything" . . . and in it, what a panning the little lass gave to everybody in Hollywood, to the picture business, and to everything even remotely connected with it. Nice work—about the town which pays you big money!

Continued on Page 32

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612865

BRAINS v. BEAUTY IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

Directors Rate Intelligence Above Good Looks

By FLORA DELROYD

INTELLIGENCE will get you farther than beauty in films to-day. Such is the verdict reached by some of Hollywood's leading directors.

Most of those queried voted for scintillating minds over mere good looks.

Although most directors refused to go on record, at least five came through with opinions, three of which held out for intelligence in their feminine players.

THE five, with their examples, are as follows: Wesley Ruggles, with Claudette Colbert, with a vote for beauty; Al Hall, with Gladys Swarthout, choosing intelligence; Lewis Milestone, with Ida Lupino, with another vote for beauty; Cecil B. De Mille, with several players, to choose intelligence, and Frank Borzage, with Marlene Dietrich, as his example of intelligence.

Here's the way they look at it.

Ruggles, defending his choice, says: "Although no one could deny Miss Colbert's intelligence, as shown in 'She Married Her Boss,' I feel that, first of all, it is her classic beauty which sets Claudette apart from the crowd.

Intelligence First

"CERTAINLY she wouldn't be nearly so appealing if she hadn't the beauty she possesses. I want my feminine players to be, first of all, a treat to the eyes. Naturally they must be intelligent, too, but who wants to see merely a brainy player on the screen? Take from her her classic beauty and ask yourself how appealing Miss Colbert would be to you."

Says Al Hall, whose current assignment is "Give Us This Night," with Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura:

"Intelligence comes first with me in feminine players because intelligent women have enough artistry to portray roles convincingly. Anyone who can live a role can create an illusion of beauty even if she lacks actual beauty, as Helen Hayes, for instance.

"Anyone who has seen her knows Gladys Swarthout is beautiful, largely because of her intelligence. But her good looks, like those of Lawrence Tibbett's, for one, aren't dependent on a handsome face. Tibbett is certainly no matinee idol, yet his inherent intelligence, plus his fine voice, makes him a handsome fellow."

Lewis Milestone, director of Paramount's "Anything Goes," thinks beauty is of first importance in feminine players, and as his example picks Ida Lupino, of that picture.

"Certainly Ida is intelligent," says Milestone, "but first of all it is her fragile, exotic beauty which impresses one. I doubt whether audiences would find Ida nearly so interesting without that compelling face of hers.

"It's all very well for directors to say that beauty isn't important. But just let an intelligent girl, minus looks, try to get very far in their pictures. That's decidedly a horse of a different color. Imagine a merely intelligent girl taking Ida's role in 'Anything Goes.' You imagine it. I'm sorry, but I can't."

BEAUTY AND BRAINS have placed Jean Harlow where she is. Directors and public alike agree that she possesses both.

BY CONVENTIONAL STANDARDS, Katharine Hepburn is not beautiful. But the camera can give her an exotic attractiveness. It is her own intelligence, however, that makes her the actress she is.

AND NOW, Catherine De Mille, who possesses, in the eyes of her famous foster-father, Cecil B. De Mille dramatic beauty.

Beauty Cheap

"BEAUTY is the cheapest commodity in Hollywood to-day," avers Cecil B. De Mille. "Given intelligence in feminine players, beauty in most cases can be supplied with make-up, lighting and camera treatment.

"Intelligent personality is the thing I look for in women. Personality I define as the thing that makes you turn to one person instead of another.

"There are three kinds of beauty: intelligent beauty, as exemplified by Claudette Colbert; the lyric type, as shown by Gail Patrick in her current vehicle, 'Preview,' and dramatic beauty, which, I believe, is possessed by my foster-daughter, Catherine De Mille."

Frank Borzage, with Marlene Dietrich as his example, chooses intelligence first in women.

Humor and Sense

"IT is generally agreed that Miss Dietrich is among the world's most beautiful women, but it is the informed personality she brings to her roles which makes her the valuable person she is.

"You should see, as I have seen, the manner in which she radiates humor and good sense, and the favorable response she gains from other members of the cast.

"Miss Dietrich takes direction superbly, learns her lines readily, and grasps situations with an intelligence of which merely good-looking girls would be quite incapable.

"Let other directors have their 'lookers,' as we in the industry call simply good-looking girls. Give me the players with intelligence first. Our artists will cover up minor physical defects, and then we'll have something to work with, rather than mere walking dolls.

"If beauty, and beauty alone, could make an actress, the movie industry would be flooded with stars of the first magnitude. Hollywood is full of beautiful faces and beautiful figures. But is this enough? It is not.

"Even if all these lovely sirens were to get the break they want, looks alone would not carry them. Intelligence, and intelligence of a high order, would have to be a necessary part of their make-up before they could make good."

Other Times... Other Fashions

TIME was when a lovely face, plus a good figure, was enough to equip any actress for stardom. Things have changed. The talkies made a good voice an essential; and now directors in many cases are asking for that still rarer quality, intelligence, in their stars.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612866

LONDON ON the AIR

English Production News

• Laughton as Rembrandt • No "Slackness" for Her • Cellier Signs Up • The Hatter's Friend • New Juvenile • Cagney for England

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London

By BEAM WIRELESS

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who has been playing in such tough roles as "Captain Bligh," may have to transform himself into a romantic lover if plans now being made by director Alexander Korda come to anything. Korda has kept his schemes very much to himself, but enough has leaked out for me to tell you that it is intended to star Laughton in a story based on the life of Rembrandt. Another projected picture in which Laughton is likely to appear is one of a Frederick Lonsdale comedy.

❖ ❖ ❖

JESSIE MATTHEWS has just completed work on "It's Love Again." In this musical she has playing opposite her Robert Young and husband Sonnie Hale.

Now that this spasm of activity is over, she has retired for a well-earned rest to the beautiful Hampton-on-Thames home, in which she and Sonnie spend their off-duty moments.

❖ ❖ ❖

FRANK CELLIER, distinguished British character-actor, has signed a long-term contract with Gaumont-British. This player will be remembered for his work in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Guv'nor," Arliss' last.

His playing of Barney Barnats in "Rhodes" has established him firmly as an actor of considerable merit, and G.B. should be able to make excellent use of him in the future.

❖ ❖ ❖

LADY CHARLES MENDL, who has just recently returned from Hollywood, has a few words to say about the mannish costumes affected by the Californian lovelies. She does not like the "slacks," which have become almost universal wear in the film capital. She says that she likes women to look like women, and men to look like men, and dismisses the present fad as silly. Mary Pickford was her hostess during part of Lady Mendl's stay in the Golden State.

❖ ❖ ❖

GAUMONT-BRITISH wardrobe people have been filling some big orders for hats lately. Conrad Veidt's film, "King of the Damned," needed 2000 carefully-battered straw hats for the convict scenes. All these hats had to be bought new, then stained and artistically broken to make them look authentic. Another order was for 750 specially-made felt hats for the Rhodesian expeditionary force scenes in "Rhodes of Africa," which recently was released in London.

❖ ❖ ❖

ABOUT 500 people are going to work on color films for a new British company, Technicolor Ltd., who are operating in Middlesex. This follows Mr. Sam Goldwyn's statement, made recently, that color films are due for a big break shortly.

❖ ❖ ❖

DESMOND TESTER will soon be a name of note among the fans. He was chosen to play the part of Asticot in "The Beloved Vagabond," opposite Maurice Chevalier. Now it is said that this boy has almost succeeded in "stealing" "Tudor Rose" from Nova Pilbeam. He plays the part of Edward VI in this Lady Jane Grey picture. It is confidently predicted that young Tester will be a boon to British studios. He is seventeen, but looks about thirteen, and thirteen-year-olds are barred from playing in pictures, except under a whole lot of special — and to the studio expensive—provisos. He has, of course, a list of successes behind him on the stage. His first screen part was in "Midshipman Easy."

❖ ❖ ❖

ALEXANDER KORDA set out to produce a really good short comedy, and the attempt gives Elsa Lanchester, who is Mrs. Charles Laughton off the set, her chance. She seizes it with both hands, and with Director Lee Garmes has finished the picture, which fulfils Korda's intention of being really good, in ten days. "Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty" is the name of the film, and Elsa does her duty also. Millicent Bracegirdle is the daughter of a Dean; she goes to Paris and gets mixed up with some nasty people. Just watch her dance a fandango when she gets into a Parisian dive by mistake.

❖ ❖ ❖

FILM FANS here are very interested in the prospect of "Slap 'Em Down" James Cagney coming to England to make films. Cagney will probably visit England after a European holiday; he intends to take away from the cares of Hollywood.

❖ ❖ ❖

ANNA NEAGLE, who the fans, and even the casting director, had decided was wedded to period parts, showed that they were all wrong when she played a modern chorus girl in "Street Singer's Serenade." She is now the young woman on the flying trapeze at Elstree, where she is playing the part of a Queen of the Sawdust in a circus picture, "The Three Mixims." To see her at work one would think she was born in a circus. And trapezing is no easy job, though she makes it seem simple. Leslie Banks is the strong man of the trio, while Tullio Carminati, who gave such a finished performance in "One Night of Love," plays the part of the clown.

★

A Fine Actress

Margaret Sullavan, who follows up her success in "The Good Fairy" with a fine performance in Universal's "Next Time We Love."

INFLUENZA

COUGHS & COLDS

Miss SYLVIA WELLING

proves goodness of HEENZO

Influenza is again prevalent in Australia. Sufferers are advised to take all precautions, as neglect of this ailment generally leads to pneumonia. It's a sure sign you're getting influenza if your head aches, your eyes run and redden, your back pains you, or your throat is sore. The first thing to do is to go straight to bed and keep warm—it's sheer madness to try and fight it off. You might win; but the chances are you will finish up with something more serious. Be sensible and go to bed. Then every three hours take half a teaspoonful of concentrated Heenzo (straight from the original bottle) in half a wineglass of hot water. The medicinal properties of Heenzo will keep the influenza germ in check, and open the pores of the skin, causing the patient to perspire freely. To guard against a relapse, DON'T leave bed until 24 hours after the temperature has abated. To soothe the throat and ease the chest, in cases where the coughing is troublesome, take Heenzo made up as a family cough syrup (instructions on the bottle).

HEENZO

should be used in every home

N.B.: The best TONIC to build you up after 'Flu is HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS.

THAT BITTER WORD . . .

Ingratitude

Continued from Page 30

"I HATE Hollywood," she said. "I hate pictures . . . and interviewers . . . and portrait photographers! I hate everything about this place but the climate!"

And the old town was just a trifle flabbergasted, for it was paying Margaret a sum slightly less than the national debt each week and making her rather commonplace name, heretofore unknown outside a limited stage circle, a household word in every English-speaking country where talkies were screened. The thought of all the millions of girls who would barter half their lives for just such a chance of salary and fame becomes a melancholy reflection at times like that.

It is approximately a couple of years ago that lovely Gloria Stuart went on the warpath and is said to have declared: "I might have been a good actress if I hadn't gone into the movies. I might still be if I get away from this darned place in time. I don't give two hoots if I never see another picture. I'd be better off doing nothing than the things I'm doing now. Hollywood is just a razzle-dazzle—I'm sick of all this bickering and pretence!"

Of course, "this darned place" paid Gloria pretty well! It gave her more money than she had ever had before, made her a star and gave her fame—but, after all, what's that? Gloria took major honors at her University for philosophy, so she should know!

Former Nonentity

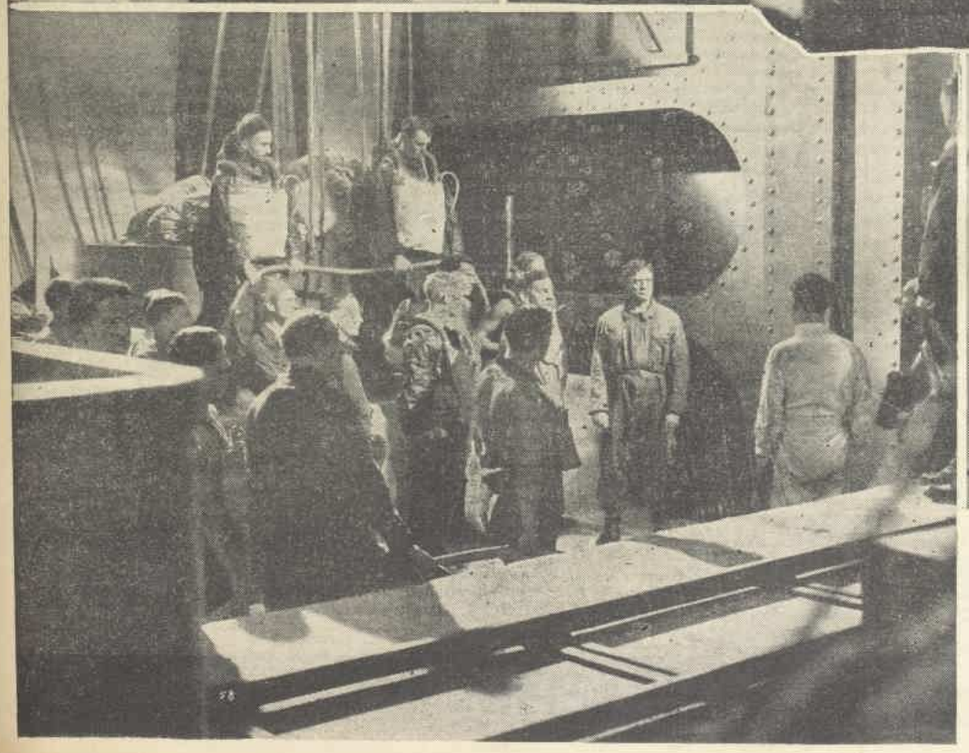
AND then there is Dietrich. Marlene, legs and all, was practically a nonentity until Dame Hollywood came along, picked her up in those voluminous skirts, and whisked her to fame and fortune. In the process of being made an idol from Wallabadah to Winkleburry—my two favorite towns—she was paid so much that she could afford such trifling extravagances as 1700 dollars a month for the rental of three houses. Marlene was so overcome by gratitude that she informed the world that HER daughter, the cute tickle thing, would be educated abroad. And being just a wee bit proud of their education system, America was a bit peeved.

Poor John Gilbert, bless him, is another who has said rather uncalled-for things about Hollywood in his time. When he was "up," it was the swellest place in the world. When he was "down" for a while, that's when he gave vent to his spleen. John, of course, can be pardoned. If you recall, he was the first man to say "I love you" when the movies first found their voice—and he "got the bird," because it sounded so darned silly for a man to say that to a girl when everybody else could hear him. Seemed a bit like key-hole peeping! Still, it was John's bad luck to have to do the job, and he did it! The outcome was far from satisfactory as far as he personally was concerned, so his lament at Hollywood's shortcomings is to some extent pardonable.

There are hundreds of others, too, altogether too numerous to mention. They're like the ungrateful dog that bites the hand that feeds him. Still, Hollywood doesn't seem to care very much. It still goes on, making stars and breaking them, as that truest of all barometers, the great god, Box Office, registers their popularity in the theatres of the world. It'll continue to do so just as long as talking pictures remain the universal entertainment—and just as long as that is the case there'll also be stars who are generally ready to give it a good smack in the eye.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612867

PLAYERS . . . IN "THE TUNNEL"



"THE TUNNEL," a Gaumont-British production, has had a remarkable reception in the States. It has been praised not only as a triumph for Richard Dix, but also for every other member of the cast, which includes such well-known screen figures as Leslie Banks, Madge Evans (shown with Dix), and C. Aubrey Smith.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612868

HERE'S *Hot News* from All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives.

ANOTHER Australian, this time the youthful Agnes Doyle, is making theatrical history in America. As advised by cable a few weeks ago, her first stage appearance was a triumph. Her future in the movies depends entirely on herself.

When in Sydney only a few months ago, she made the decision to seek fame and fortune in London, and set out on her journey to the British capital. But when she got as far as New York, she met Mr. Leslie J. Casey, himself an Australian, who, hearing that she had played in "Fresh Fields" in Australia, suggested that she try for the same part in New York, with Margaret Anglin. She did, and was hired on the spot.

The talented young woman acquitted herself so well that in no time at all she was approached by a number of the large motion picture companies. Twentieth Century-Fox were the ones, however, who first got her ear.

DOTS and DASHES

BILL POWELL, riding, of all things, a motorcycle. ●Rochelle Hudson appearing at a private party as an apache girl. ●Warner Baxter putting on the gloves with Dick Powell. ●John Barrymore still ardently squiring Elaine Barrie. ●John Boles confessing his ambition to sing in the Carnegie Hall. ●Marlene Dietrich still keeping to black in memory of John Gilbert.

❖ ❖ ❖

FAMOUS aviator Campbell Black, joint winner with Scott of the Melbourne Air Race, now captains the Gaumont-British regular air delivery service for special news films. It will be Mr. Campbell Black's job to see that every town in the United Kingdom gets its G.-B. news within four hours of the issue from the London laboratories. This means that he will have to control schedules for a large number of fast planes.

❖ ❖ ❖

WAINWRIGHT PRODUCTIONS, a new British company, have given their first production a Whitehall setting. The picture is titled "Wolf's Clothing," and gives Claude Hulbert, brother of the more famous Jack, an opportunity to show what he can do as a young Civil servant whose innocent manner is wrongly supposed by high officials to cloak uncanny ability and bulldog spirit. Gordon Harker, co-starring, supplies a lot of humor.

❖ ❖ ❖

LOVELY Constance Bennett has started work on her first British picture, a Gaumont-British version of the dramatic war escape novel, "Everything is Thunder." Douglas Montgomery—don't forget the second "s" in his name—is Connie's leading man. I had a look at the set at Shepherd's Bush this week, and found it unpleasantly reminiscent of wartime days. Gaumont-British wardrobe department has been handed a big job to supply the dozens of different uniforms needed in the production. These include all sorts of German and Dutch official uniforms as well as those for British, German, and French soldiers.

❖ ❖ ❖

RECENTLY returned from Hollywood, Lady Charles Cavendish, who formerly danced as Miss Adele Astaire, says she can't make up her mind whether to accept an offer to work in films there. Lady Cavendish seemed a little dismayed by the amount of work that goes on in Hollywood in contrast to the more leisurely tempo of British studios. She complained she was "appalled" by the way people worked in Hollywood, and confessed she didn't think she could stand the racket. Admirers of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire combination will be relieved to hear from Lady Cavendish that there is no truth in rumors of an impending dissolution of partnership.

❖ ❖ ❖

MARLENE DIETRICH'S dramatic gesture in walking out on "I Love a Soldier" lends added color to the already fabulous, most mysterious, personality of the screen, outside of the great Garbo herself. 800,000dol. was invested in the film, and yet Dietrich chose to leave because she could not have her choice of director.

Dietrich has wielded a powerful influence in Hollywood, and if she leaves there will probably be a noticeable change in feminine fashions. All the designers freely admit that the current Hollywood trend towards tailored effects was started by her. As a result, the leading dress establishments include one or more men tailors.

Marlene is wearing black exclusively, in mourning for the late John Gilbert. Because she does not look her best in low-cut gowns, she has a horror of exposing her skin, and her dresses cover her completely. She insists upon sleeves for her evening gowns, and the dress must cover her right up to the chin. Her present black evening gowns run to flowing fringe effects.

ROBERT DONAT, romantic star of the English stage and screen.

LOSING her suit against Warner Brothers leaves Ann Dvorak still on the receiving end. Warners will have to pay her 7000 dollars back salary for the time she was off during court procedure. But for the next two years she will have to struggle along on 1500 dollars a week, with no increases.

Ann wanted to leave Warner Brothers because they suspended her from the pay-roll on the claim that she was too ill to work. The studio physician claimed that she was too thin and too nervous, a condition probably caused by drinking too much coffee.

❖ ❖ ❖

EDMUND LOWE is likely to damage his reputation as tough guy by the admission that he likes nothing better after a day at the studio than to put his feet up on the old home mantelpiece, light a pipe and listen to Gilbert and Sullivan opera records. Lowe is appearing in the Shepherd's Bush production of "The Wrecker."

❖ ❖ ❖

ELAINE BARRIE'S perseverance is such that she may yet find her way to the screen. She was finally given a screen test with John Barrymore, and they did together a scene from "Dinner at Eight." Elaine played the part of Paula Jordan, the young girl who is in love with Larry Renault, the passe actor, played by John in the screen version. In the scene, the ageing actor urges the girl to give him up. Reading the script, Elaine replies:

"I don't care what people say. I know all the times you've been married. I'm sick of hiding my love for you."

Barrymore has been at a number of large parties with Miss Barrie and her mother. The three seem to be very fond of each other.

Incorrigible Luise Rainer

LUISE RAINER probably holds the record for speeding in Hollywood. She has been stopped by policemen time and again because of her incorrigible habit of exceeding the speed limit laws, and even under the charm of her wide-eyed regret and flash of a ravishing smile, the hard-boiled policemen summon her to Court.

"I just forgot to go slow," is her quaint, but sincere, explanation.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have taken the unusual precaution of adjusting her motor so that she can't possibly go faster than 40 miles per hour.

❖ ❖ ❖

IF John Boles' opinion on feminine charm means anything to you, avoid clothes tailored in the masculine manner. The woman who tries to dress, act, and look like her brother leaves John cold. He asserts with gusto that he loves a "beautifully feathered bird."

But do not be misled into thinking that John Boles concerns himself chiefly with such trivialities as feminine attire. His greatest interest is his singing career. He practises every day, and says that he could live without many other things that other men find necessary, but never without music.

❖ ❖ ❖

THERE have been varying explanations for Grace Moore's decision to leave the movies forever. It now seems that her frequent clashes with Director von Sternberg came to a climax when she was requested to play opposite a cow.

Von Sternberg, who is himself renowned for his artistic temperament, insisted that the diva sing an aria while milking the cow. Grace said, "I can't sing while doing such a thing."

The cow is milked, but Grace won her point; and in the picture you will see a close-up of someone's hands milking the cow.

This bucolic episode was the last straw, and Senora Grace Parrera decided to visit her aquarium-swimming pool in Spain.

"Tell me, doctor... I realise that cuts and scratches shouldn't be neglected—but with the children about the house I'm nervous of strong disinfectants. Is there anything really reliable without being dangerous?"

"Dettol," the modern antiseptic, is dangerous only to germs. It is a clean, clear fluid, bland on the skin—non-poisonous and non-corrosive. A splendid weapon against infection, a highly efficient killer of germs—yet it does not even stain linen.

There is no such thing as a harmless cut. A break in the skin, no matter how small, is a wide-open gateway to germs of septic infection. Disinfect every cut and scratch at once with "Dettol." Apply it freely and fearlessly. The way to prevent blood poisoning is to kill the germs that cause it. USE "DETTOL" PROMPTLY IN TIME OF ACCIDENT. Your Chemist has it—in 2/- bottles.

"DETTOL" TRADE MARK

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

IF UNOBTAINABLE LOCALLY, SEND 2/- DIRECT AND A BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO YOU, POST FREE

RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LIMITED (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY.

N 888

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612869

STARS RADIATE CHARM

When NIGHT FALLS -- in ★ FILMLAND

1. IN "LOVELY LADY," Kay Francis wears this tiered gown of midnight-blue velvet, dotted over with brilliant stars. The cowl collar and long sleeves are draped, and silver sandals peep from beneath the hem.

2. GLENDA FARRELL is successfully guarded against "weather effect" machines in "Snowed Under" in this ermine wrap, which features a becoming hood lined with white satin.

3. A WIDE BELT of jewelled cloth is the main feature of the silver metallic cloth gown worn by Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest." Little self loops hold the cowl neck in place on each shoulder.

4. A SWAGGER COAT of summer ermine worn by Olivia de Haviland in "Captain Blood." It is knee-length, with a notched collar and sleeves gathered at the wrist. Most suitable to wear over a tailored evening gown.

The creations on this page are designed for picture work, but it is not sufficient for film stars to study their frocking solely for the silver screen. To retain their prestige they must exercise care in dress at all times.

BLONDE BEAUTIES!

Your hair will stay fair if you remove the film that dulls it

THE ravages of dirt, grime, tobacco smoke and fume-laden atmospheres inevitably dull the colour and lustre of blonde hair—unless you take special precautions to protect it *safely*. The atmospheric 'film' must be removed at all costs—but bleaches, dyes, camomile and other harmful ingredients must be avoided. That's why you must choose Lavona Shampoo as a safe home beauty treatment for your hair. It is more than a perfect hair wash—its dual purpose is to keep your hair from getting that dark, 'mousey,' tired-of-life look. The special ingredients preserve and enhance the natural beauty of blonde hair without risk to its delicate texture, and bring new life and brightness by revealing hidden, glinting lights. 'Perms' last longer, too!

Lavona SHAMPOO

safely REMOVES THE FILM THAT DULLS THE BEAUTY OF BLONDE HAIR.

6d. each from all chemists, and stores.

FIRST A GIRL THEN AN ENGAGEMENT RING—

Of course from

Angus & Coote

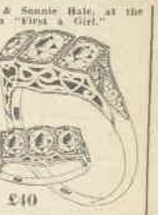
Their diamonds sparkle so brilliantly Their mounts are so exquisitely carved.

Jessie Matthews & Sonnie Hale, at the Embassy in "First a Girl."

£11/10/-
Three diamonds and diamond-set shoulders.

A Book of Fine Rings

Illustrated in colour, and helpfully written up for your guidance, comes free and post free to any address.



£40
Three diamonds and diamond-set shoulders.

£25
Two diamonds and diamond-set shoulders.

75/-
Three diamonds and diamond-set shoulders.

Every diamond is a genuine, flawless gem, set in platinum, and mounted in 18ct. white gold, or yellow—as preferred by the wearer. A signed guarantee is given with every ring.

Any design will be copied at the price you wish to pay.

75/-
Two diamonds and diamond-set shoulders.

ANGUS & COOTE
500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612870

BE UP-TO-DATE!

Learn how to convert all the latest popular "hits" into Real, Modern, Syncopated Piano Jazz!

Listen-in to Teddie Garratt in "Keyboard Kapers": Tuesdays (9.30 p.m.), from 2CH, and Wednesdays (9.30 p.m.) from 2SM

"People say I'm lucky—

but I say *"Aren't we all?"*

Margaret Vyner writes:

"I couldn't tell you how much I admired the delicate complexions of English girls. Their skins were like milk and roses. I asked a lovely London debutante the secret. She just had time to whisper, 'D. & R.' before one of her admirers whisked her away.

"I soon found out she meant Daggett and Ramsdell's Beauty Creations—and I've been for them ever since. They acted like magic on my skin, and then I realised why they were quite the fashionable thing in Europe and America. So when anyone says I'm lucky, I simply say, 'Aren't we all?—we can all use these marvellous aids to beauty.'"

Margaret Vyner

The ideal mat-finish powder base that's so kind to the complexion is Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Tenderly, but surely, it shields your skin from sun and wind and dust. The fine texture and clinging qualities of Daggett & Ramsdell's Face Powder will appeal to you. Use it regularly with Daggett & Ramsdell's Vanishing Cream, and, like Margaret Vyner, you'll be delighted with the loveliness that comes to your complexion. Why not complete your toilet with these other popular Daggett & Ramsdell's Creations — D. & R. Lipstick, 6/6; D. & R. Rouge, 6/6; D. & R. Cold Cream, 2/6. Margaret Vyner uses them all. Lucky for you—you can use them too!

Daggett & Ramsdell

PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ NEXT TIME WE LOVE

Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart. (Universal.)

IF you read your advertisements—and of course you do—you'll notice that in announcing this picture the name of Margaret Sullavan jumps out of the page; if you want to discover who may be the male members of the cast, a magnifying glass is necessary. This is understandable, since neither James Stewart nor Ray Milland has yet achieved public notoriety as the type of trousered nit-wit who can pose beautifully before the camera and never be guilty of a scene that is worth two hoots.

This does not mean that Miss Sullavan in this, her latest picture, does not turn in an excellent performance. Believe me, she does. But so, also, does James Stewart. Indeed, all three of the principal histrions are as far removed in acting ability from the average run of Hollywood stars—so-called—as a recherche dinner is from a hit-or-miss cafeteria cram.

I have not the faintest idea regarding the probable box-office returns of this picture; nor, for once, do I care. To me, it is just a thoroughly sincere, honest, and fine domestic drama. No sops to sentimentality have been included, and yet, if it does not arouse the interest and the emotions of the picture-going public of this country, then we are a sadly degenerate lot.

To dwell upon the story would be futile; suffice to say that, in every particular, it rings true. It is taken from life. Moreover, the mode of presentation is true, not only to life, but to art. If you are interested in anything really good, don't miss this offering.—Liberty; showing.

★★ MODERN TIMES

Charlie Chaplin. (United Artists.)

LADIES, I deliver myself into your hands. Those of you who, whatever you profess in public, cherish memories of those distant years when Chaplin was the brightest star in the Hollywood galaxy will get enjoyment, good enjoyment, out of this picture, if it is only out of a sentimental feeling for Auld Lang Syne. As for those others of you—those for whom the golden age of Chaplin is but a legend—how you will accept this offering, I, for one, will not venture to say.

You see, even those of us who cut our cinematic eye-teeth on the silent films now find it difficult—despite our loyal protests—to go back to the old, exaggerated, speechless technique of the pure mime. Just how you of the younger generation will react to this harking back to a forgotten art, who but yourselves can say?

Of course, the mere force of the name Chaplin may sweep you off your feet. It may. Indeed, I hope so. On the other hand, knowing your cold, post-war appraisal of things, I can well imagine you sitting back and saying: "Well, yes, he's certainly funny in spots, but why all the excitement?"

I cannot blame you. Born, say, ten years later, I, no doubt, would feel the same. As things are, I can laugh as heartily as you when Charlie is being really funny, and in between times I can brood pleasurably on all the things that Chaplin has meant to me in the past. More, I can see how, with all his shop-worn sentimentality, this little man succeeds, true artist that he is, in mixing with his clowning the perpetual heroic struggle of the individual against the brutal allied forces of life itself and society, which is why I give the picture its two stars.—Plaza; showing.

★★ CAPTAIN BLOOD

Errol Flynn, Olivia de Haviland. (Warners.)

THIS is as pretty a piece of producing and directing as we have had for many a long and weary day. Building on the sound foundation of a good story—Sabatini's famous romance of the same name—Warner Bros. have spared neither trouble nor expense to turn out a picture which not only has a most realistic atmosphere, but is also rich (the only word) in incidental detail.

All the opulent color of the late eighteenth-century Spanish Main has been crowded into this film: sea-fights, the sacking of a town, flogging and branding on a slave-worked plantation, pirate carousals in Tortuga, and lots more besides. The highlight of the production, however, is a duel on the beach of a buccaneers' island rendezvous between Blood (Flynn) and the French pirate, Levasseur (Basil Rathbone). This sequence, photographed against the background of rocks and sand and the wide Caribbean Sea, with the final shots of small waves washing over the dead Levasseur, is an artistic triumph.

Flynn will no doubt be liked for his interpretation of the role of Blood. As for me, I prefer Sabatini's conception of the character: calm, sardonic, masterful. Master Flynn has too much of the enthusiastic young college cheer leader about him for my taste.—State; showing.

★★ MARCH OF TIME No. 3

News Feature. (R.K.O.)

ANOTHER of those splendid reviews of current events prepared by the editors of "Time" and distributed by R.K.O. This issue deals with a new idea in colonisation; with the Sino-Japanese situation; with the Reverend Father Coughlin; and with the growth of a new movement in America, a movement to put over one more panacea for all our economic ills—the Townsend Plan.

Everybody who is interested in what is going on overseas should make a point of seeing these pictorial reconstructions of important events. Splendidly done, they show just what films can do in the way of entertaining education.—Liberty; showing.

★ PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Victor McLaglen, Freddie Bartholomew. (Fox.)

I FEAR me the gathering flock of juvenile actors is getting just a trifle too cloying for this jaded palate. Take Master Bartholomew, for example. We saw him in "David Copperfield," and sent up loud cheers. A discovery! A wonder boy! Then came "Anna Karenina." Hip, hip! The lad was still good! Then, before we have had time to get our third wind, so to speak, along comes "Professional Soldier," with Freddie, as King Peter of some Deity-forsaken Balkan state, before the camera for far too much of the time. No doubt, some people may coo over his performance, but a great many more—particularly those who have children of their own—will suffer a violent nausea.

And the film generally? Well, McLaglen in a tough role can always do well. The unfortunate thing about this show is that the story and the direction combined have tried to mix toughness with that blubbery sentimentality which, according to the films, is sweeping America. The result is not so hot. In fact, it simply leads to this: that when Victor is supposed to be a, his most heroic, when he is overcoming, single-handed, a whole battalion of plotters, the crowd who sat through it with me simply laughed their heads off.

Still, the picture is worth its one star. Those who can take it seriously won't take me seriously, while those who agree will get enough laughs to justify the money they spend.—Mayfair; showing.

★ CEILING ZERO

James Cagney, Pat O'Brien. (Warners.)

ONE of these fine days Mr. Pat O'Brien—or some brainy director, on his behalf—will make the world-shattering discovery that acting is not entirely a matter of sobs and shouting. At least, for his own sake, I trust that some faint inkling of this dark secret reaches him before he says farewell to the screen.

In this picture, as in oh, so many others, Patrick spends his whole time in yelling at a pitch and speed only a machine gun could equal, or getting thoroughly sentimental and weepy over his boy-friends. So determined is he to get this type of emotionalism across that he even affects the hard-boiled Cagney, who follows suit in a minor key.

Taking it by and large, "Ceiling Zero," which treats of the risks and perils of an air mail pilot's existence, is fair enough entertainment which, except in one crash scene, does not rise to any dramatic heights. Jimmy Cagney—now wearing a disguise in the form of a moustache—gives a good enough performance. Mr. O'Brien has already been dealt with. As for the rest, they're harmless enough.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ FIRST A GIRL

Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale. (G.B.)

AS has been remarked before in this column, British producers have not yet attained, in the field of musicals, the dash, slickness, peppiness, or whatnot-have-you? of their American confreres. At their best, they succeed in turning out pictures of this type which are reasonably good entertainment; at their worst—— but we won't go into that.

This picture is fair enough, although it does not rise to the heights of a two-star grading. Jessie Matthews dominates the show, with Sonnie Hale, in a comedy role that suits him well enough, running a good second.

The main trouble, comparing the film with its American prototypes, lies in the fact that the latter have set a very high standard in singing and dancing of the musical comedy type. Two years ago, even, a Jessie Matthews would have called forth howls of applause, but today, after the screen has given us an Eleanor Powell, a Fred Astaire, a Ginger Rogers and a Bill Robinson, she can hardly be called a top-liner.

Still, a pleasant enough item for a free evening.—Embassy; showing.

★ GRAND EXIT

Edmund Lowe. (Columbia.)

IT is not Mr. Lowe's fault that one leaves this picture with the feeling that here has been a deliberate attempt to make of him a second Bill Powell—the Bill Powell, that is, of "Thin Man" fame. He has all the same characteristics: he's a devil with the ladies; he is off-handedly cynical; he likes liquor to the extent that his employers are bullied into installing an ice-chest in his office.

To give Edmund his due, he carries off his plagiaristic role pretty well. As an insurance detective, on the track of a mysterious arsonist, he is quite convincing. And the story, too, has its merits; it combines sophisticated wise-cracks with an f.a.q. mystery; and fire brigades are used quite well to provide a watery background.

As a programme picture this is a good effort. Would that they were all as entertaining.—Plaza; showing.

★ HERE COMES TROUBLE

Paul Kelly, Arline Judge. (Fox.)

RECIPE for making one f.a.q. programme picture to be served as hors d'oeuvre to the tit-bit of the evening: Take two sets of jewel thieves (if no jewel thieves available substitute any good type racketeer). Mix briskly and briefly. Then add hero. Experienced cooks will know that hero may be dumb, but he must be able to fight six times the number of thugs any normal man could tackle. Again stir the mixture with vim before adding sugar—the heroine. Flavor to taste (anticipated public taste) with comedy and wise-cracks, and then let the whole thing cook for as long as you think the audience will stand it.

The result isn't half-bad, really. This particular film is a fair enough sample, and the audience I sat it out with didn't appear to feel that they'd been cheated. They enjoyed a few mild thrills, and a number of good laughs, and if you don't think that's fair enough for the first half of the programme, you haven't seen some of the things these weary eyes of mine have had to follow for three-score minutes and ten.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . . no good.

You Simply Must

TATTOO

Your Lips

Instead of coating your lips with paste, TATTOO them with transparent, even, luscious colour that really stays all day. Here's how you do it! Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick . . let it set a moment . . then wipe it off. And there are your lips, evenly, gorgeously, invitingly and lastingly red. There are four thrilling shades from which to choose. Obtainable everywhere.

Send 1/6 for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents:

10/6

Dowsett & Co., Pty. Ltd. 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.1.

CORAL · EXOTIC · NATURAL · PASTEL

TATTOO

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612871

Mandrake the Magician

The characters in this thrilling serial are:—

MANDRAKE: A master magician, loses his way in company with his giant Nubian servant,

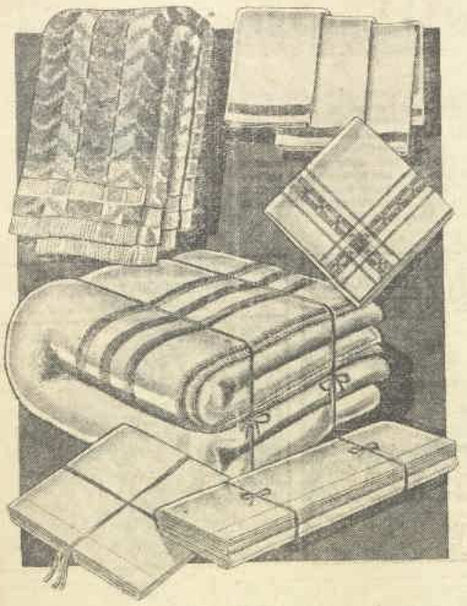
LOTHAR, in the midst of a dense snowstorm. While preparing to camp for the night, they are startled by the appearance of a scantily-clothed girl. She is terror-stricken, and Mandrake learns she is

LORA GATES: Who lives nearby, and who has been frightened out of her home by the appearance of a werwolf. Mandrake does not believe in the existence of werwolves, and when she invites him and his servant to accompany her home he readily accepts the invitation. The three trudge through the snow, and, after an encounter with a bear and her cub, reach the door of her home. Outside they are met by the aggressive

VASIL: Lora's cousin, who guards the door and refuses admittance. But Mandrake has his own way of entering—with a wave of his hand a huge opening appears in the brick wall. Vasil, very annoyed, threatens Mandrake with a sword. Now read on:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612872

Bon Marche Limited, 1 Broadway, Sydney.



Satisfies all Housewives!

DOUBLE BED MANCHESTER

PARCEL 59/6

6/- deposit 3/- weekly

Pair Australian Wool Blankets. 90ins. x 72ins.
Pair Ready-hemmed White Sheets. 80ins. x 90ins.
2 Australian Bath Towels. 22ins. x 44ins.
Damask Table Cloth. Neat coloured border. 52ins. x 68ins.
4 large-size Pillow Cases. 20ins. x 29ins.
3 coloured bordered Kitchen Towels. 22ins. x 30ins.

BON MARCHE

AMAZING *Popularity of the* "HILLBILLIES"

Folk-Songs that Breathe the Pioneer Spirit

A few years ago the average Australian had not even heard the word "hillbilly," yet to-day this type of music forms one of the most popular sections of radio programmes and probably the entire credit goes to Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys.

HILLBILLIES are the real folk songs of America, distinct from the better-known plantation songs and nigger spirituals; in particular they are the songs the American nomads sing at nights when gathered round their camp fires. But the term is now used to embrace the songs of the cowboys and the night-riders. Their appeal to Australian listeners is probably due to the fact that they tell of experiences familiar to those of our own pioneers.

When last year, the first series of "Pinto Pete and his Ranch Boys" went off the air, many hundreds of letters were received asking for its return. Pinto Pete had established himself as one of the best-loved characters on the air by his fine bass voice and by the homely philosophy with which he interspersed his programmes.

Prophetic Dreams

ALTHOUGH the subject of dreams is forever linked with the name of Dr. Freud, most psychologists admit that the last word on the subject has not yet been said.

Richard Want, who is regularly heard from 2GB discussing psychological problems, has recently been engaged on original research into this subject in preparation for a thesis for his M.A. degree.

It is interesting to know that while Mr. Want takes a purely scientific view of dreams, he has nevertheless found many cases where dreams have been definitely prophetic. There must be some truth in the old idea that dreams are foretellers of the future, although their true interest to the psychologist lies in the clues they give to the solution of difficult problems.

PINTO PETE, leader of the singers of American folk songs from Station 2GB.

Singer Like His Dad?

HARRY DEARTH'S life is a busy one, for not only has this popular radio announcer the cares of a young married man, but lately he has even found time to devote himself seriously to singing lessons.

When you are the son of a famous singer, and bear his name, people seem to think that you must sing, and then when you do sing they are apt to say, "very good, but of course, you haven't got your father's voice." So Harry Dearth has been keeping his singing lessons a secret, until he is sure he can give, at least, a creditable performance. As yet, all his singing has been done in private.

Nearly Married

BIMBO these days looks like a man who has just received his reprieve. In fact he carries it about with him in his pocket in the form of a newspaper clipping denying the statement that he is about to be wedded to a Leap-year bride, and that Uncle George may yet become radio's first grand-uncle.

It all arose from a little stunt which is to take place at Jenolan Caves early in May, when Bimbo will be the central figure in a hilarious mock-wedding ceremony. The news of this was responsible for the rumor that Bimbo was to desert bachelordom.

Easter Gifts

WITH her husband to assist her, Auntie Val spent a busy day last Saturday driving round to the various children's hospitals and orphanages distributing Easter gifts to the children.

The response to her Easter appeal grows greater every year. It is remarkable, she says, what new interests radio is bringing into the lives of many people.

There is one old woman, for instance, who is bed-ridden, but instead of doing nothing all day, she spends her time throughout the year making novel little gifts to be distributed to the children at Easter and Christmas. She says she has never been happier in her life.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier).

WEDNESDAY, April 15: 11.45 a.m., "The World To-Day"; 3.30 p.m., "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, April 16: 11.45 a.m., "When We Can All Read Thoughts"; 3.30 p.m., "Top Hat" selections.

FRIDAY, April 17: 11.45 a.m., "So They Say"; 3.30 p.m., "Dancing Thru' the Ages."

SATURDAY, April 18: 6 p.m., "The Music Box"; 9.30 p.m., "Novelty Recordings."

SUNDAY, April 19: Ella Price features scenes from the new Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, April 20: 11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight"; 3.30 p.m., "Musical Memories."

TUESDAY, April 21: 11.45 a.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly; 3.30 p.m., "Radio Artists" Presentation.

Our Travel Bureau

READERS are notified that The Australian Women's Weekly Travel and Holiday Bureau has removed to more central and more convenient premises at St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney (next to St. James Theatre.)

All those who are thinking of holidaying, whether for a long or short while, are invited to call at this address for free friendly advice on where to go, and how to get there, and estimates of cost.

There's nothing more soothing and satisfying than a cup of delicious coffee made with

INGLIS ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND CHICORY

{Containing the highest percentage of Coffee Extract of any Essence of Coffee and Chicory on the market.}

Take a vacuum flask of it on your next picnic!

How to make it:

Use a teaspoonful to each cup. Add half water and half milk and bring just to boiling point, BUT DO NOT BOIL.

Save the capsules for valuable premiums. You can see them in the same collection as Goldenia Tea Labels and other Inglis Barcoo lines.

AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.,

90 PITT ST. 'Phone: BW6952

DANCING IN THE DUSK..

Slow, smooth rhythm of a waltz. Soft amber lights, sleek sophisticated gowns . . black suits against clear fine ivory skin. Glamour . . Magic . . Life .

Against Ivory Skin, smooth and faultless, the dress suit contrasts, delightfully, as the effect of VELVET SKIN face powder contrasts, amazingly, marvellously, against the effect of ordinary powders. No skin shine when you use Velvet Skin face powder; no caking, clogging, smearing, smudging, or coming off on partner's clothes. Once Velvet Skin powder goes on your skin, it becomes part of you, a fragrant, subtle, soul-stirring, glamorous part that, once you know its friendship, you'll never be without. Six smart yet practical shades. A perfume you'll adore. Two sizes, 1/- and 2/-, at all important chemists and stores. . . . The lights across the water twinkle . . . the music stills . . . dusk deepens . . . clever women win. . . .

Glorious Velvet Skin

a lovely face powder by Kathleen Court.

£20 CASH PRIZE COMPETITION

Win £20 in cash in the Sniets Competition. Entry forms may be obtained from any good store or direct from the manufacturers of Sniets: H. Stein, 14 St. Mary St., Camperdown. Be sure to enter—you will find it highly interesting and very profitable if you win. Also be sure to use Sniets to improve the flavor of your everyday dishes.

SNIETS

Pronounced SNEETS
The Continental Food Sensation.

The Age of Miracles is Not Past

MACAULEY'S RHEUMATISM AND NEURITIS PILLS

carry a Money Back Guarantee. One month's treatment, 4/6, post free, from JEAN & CO., 403 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FIXED DEPOSITS

A Fixed Deposit in the Rural Bank is a lawful investment for trust funds. The capital sum is constant, the yield uniform and certain. Interest is paid at current Bank rates, viz—

2 per cent per annum for 3 months
2½ " " " " " 6 "
2¾ " " " " " 12 "
3 " " " " " 24 "

Fixed deposits are received and cheque accounts opened for all sections of the community at all Branches.

The RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Head Office - 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney
Sydney Branch . . . 350 George Street (Opp. Wynyard Street)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612873

A DELIGHTFUL NEW TYPE of overblouse featuring fine gauging at the neck and sleeves. Of crepe satin, it has the latest full Russian sleeves, and is very suitable for informal wear. —Air Mail Photo.

THESE COOKS *Can't Spoil* the BROTH

Electricity Revolutionises Railway Restaurant

Using the latest devices known to electrical science, the New South Wales Railway Department has evolved a rare cookery technique.

At the new restaurant at Wynyard station the cooks cannot spoil the broth. The low element electricity used sees to that. Neither can they burn a dish. In fact, they cannot burn themselves. Think of this idea in your own home.

IT is a far cry from the dark days of railway buns and lukewarm tea to the magnificence which is the Wynyard restaurant.

The kitchen is placed in a central position, and three sides are of plate-glass, which allows the hungry diner the anticipatory pleasure of seeing the trout turn a mellow brown in the pan, if you could call the wonderful fish-fryers by such a prosaic name. It is a de-luxe kitchen in every respect. Even the garbage buckets are rubber-tyred.

The new restaurant simply bristles with electricity. All the cooking and heating appliances, the hot water and washing-up systems, elevators, refrigerators, ventilating and air-cooling plants are all worked by electricity.

Everything Electric

THE electrical appliances in the kitchen working on a maximum of only 32 volts make the whole outfit safe from dangerous shocks at any time. This is something new to Australia, and, incidentally, the department has no headaches about compensation. Even the most temperamental chef can only sizzle at a low voltage.

Old ideas have a new meaning in this kitchen. You can have a camp-fire grill, or meat basted on an old-fashioned spit; or you may have the most up-to-date hot plate to cook your food. But all are worked by electricity.

Tin-openers are easy to find, and potato-peelers, also. They are attached to cords and switches, and, yes, worked by electricity.

Here is a new use for electricity the housewife has overlooked. How handy it would be after a matinee which came out later than usual!

A word must be said about the grill-room. It accommodates over 300 without undue crowding. White holly panels contrast with skirtings of black glass, while etched mirrors add a de-luxe air to the whole scheme. Concealed lights make an effective finish.

The buffet is built on the idea of a transcontinental railway trip, so vast is it. Counter-seats and tables can provide for 200 people. Textured plaster, dogwood panels, and blue duco insets make this part of the restaurant very easy on the eyes.

Altogether it is a revelation in what can be done with the railway restaurant, once the despair of every traveller.

"Golden Face"

NEXT WEEK'S FREE NOVEL

WILLIAM LE QUEUX is world famous as a writer of thrilling stories. In "Golden Face," which will be next week's free novel supplement with The Australian Women's Weekly, he has excelled himself.

The story deals with the adventures of a handsome, young Englishman who finds himself employed by a gang of international jewel thieves and blackmailers, ruled by "Golden Face," a strange man with a magnetic personality. The Englishman has many strange adventures before he is able to break free from the gang and marry Lola, daughter of "Golden Face," and also an innocent victim of her father's cunning.

BRUNETTES RIVAL BLONDES: When Hair Gleams With Jewel Flashes

Dull hair subdues your entire personality. But see what happens when you bring out the myriad hidden and unsuspected lights that turn ordinary hair into a blaze of flashing tints. The real secret is Hennafoam. One application and the dullest hair leaps to new life and glamorous fascination. Nothing like Hennafoam. It's safe and sure. No dye. Chemists or Stores. Only 6d. (double packets). Powder Form or 1/6. Liquid Form.

HENNAFOAM'S capable of making any Gentleman marry a Brunette!

SURE TO GET IT AT

GRACE BROS

Ladies TAILORED SUITS

BY

GRACE BROS.
MEN'S TAILORING DEPT.

Tailored with outstanding smartness from the choicest . . . . materials . . . .

Place Your Order For Your Winter Costume NOW . . .

Have your new Winter Suit man-tailored by Grace Bros., and ensure that style-distinction and smartness that comes only from good materials, expertly cut and perfectly tailored.

Ladies' Tailored Suits by Grace Bros. are smartly cut on the correct new lines from materials of outstanding quality. Many delightful weaves in a variety of attractive new colourings are available for selection.

VERY KEENLY PRICED

£4/19/6—£5/5/-
£5/12/6—£6/10/-

Men's Tailoring Dept.—1st Floor, Broadway Building

GRACE BROS. LTD. — BROADWAY SYDNEY — PHONE M6506

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612874

POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER
SHOP BY MAIL

DEAF?
Chico Invisible Earphones

The last word in really Scientific Earphone which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.

CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.

£1/1/- PER PAIR

NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS

Write for Free Booklet

THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY
24 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney

WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have had luck to the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Arabian Mighty Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are revered by small Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 1d. extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

Royalty Traders, Room 40 B.V., 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

MAKE MORE MONEY!
Men or women earn good incomes selling Gilmour products.

Highest Quality Essences, Spices, Medicines, Soap, Insecticide, Foods, Ointments, Toilet Preparations, etc.—NECESSITIES ALWAYS IN DEMAND—Sell to friends and neighbours—NO RISK—no capital needed—we can finance you to buy at manufacturers' low prices—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—PROVED SUCCESS—full time pays £5 to £10 WEEKLY.

Own Your Own Business—
NOTHING MORE PERMANENT — state whether interested full or part time—send your name and address—receive illustrated booklet and full information. Address: The John Gilmour Coy., Ltd., Dept. 132 Corner Parramatta and Pyrmont Bridge Roads, Camperdown, Sydney, N.S.W.

'Tis Every Woman's Right to be Beautiful
Massaging the face with the wonderful COMPLEXION BEAUTY CUP removes wrinkles, blackheads and other skin blemishes, smooths out wrinkles, lifts up hollows, cleanses the pores and the complexion becomes beautifully clear, with a velvety softness, the blood is caused to circulate freely, imparting the natural bloom of health to the cheeks. Price 2/6, post free anywhere, with full directions and a tube of Beauty Cream.

The UNION Company, 229 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR
with the SAFETY HAIR CUTTER

It is quite simple and easy. Cut it short or any length. If you cut your hair you can cut it. That the thing for a family. Save the cost the first time it is used. Strongly made of nickled steel, last a lifetime. Price 1/6 post free, with full directions. Obtainable only from

The UNION Company, 229 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

ASTROLOGY
Will I always be unlucky?
When will my conditions improve?
What is my Lottery luck?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and Full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N. Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope.
A. Moore, Box 3128R, G.P.O., Sydney.

TO BOYS & GIRLS GIVEN
WRIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma-Ma Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

JOHN B. MURRAY
661Y George Street, Sydney.
(10 years at this address)

THE LATEST PORTRAIT of the former Miss Priscilla Weigall, now the Viscountess Curzon, who married Lord Howe's heir in England. The Viscountess Curzon is the daughter of a former Governer of South Australia.

WHY *Not* BE FAIR *to* SCHOOLCHILDREN?

Teacher Commends Women's Weekly's Attack on Overcrowding

An article, published in The Australian Women's Weekly of March 28, calling attention to the menace of overcrowding in State schools, has drawn the following interesting comment from a teacher whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld.

By a STATE SCHOOL TEACHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY deserves the thanks of every mother in N.S.W. for placing before the public the awful results that accrue from the ruthless herding of large numbers of children in the schools of the city and State generally.

In its recent article dealing with that subject, the popular weekly suggested that such overcrowding might be associated with the recent diphtheria outbreak, and that much juvenile crime might be attributed to the same cause.

If there is truth in either suggestion it is time the fathers and mothers of the children took this matter into their own hands—and quickly, too. The cynic may be pardoned for thinking it is not much good asking politicians to get busy, for children have no votes. But their parents have. And it is in the hands of the parents that the remedy lies.

It is rather a grim joke that parents are compelled by law to send their children to school, no matter what may be the condition of the particular class to which the child belongs, while there seems to be no law which restrains the educational authorities from placing 50, 60, or even more children in the charge of some unfortunate teacher who dares not protest.

Missing Teachers

A LITTLE while ago we were told that there were not enough classes for the number of students trained, and many young teachers after years of preparation found themselves unable to get jobs. What has become of this surplus of teachers?

Consider the lot of the teacher who is handed a class of, say, 60, and expected to control and teach them as well. Obviously the task is impossible. It would take a super-man or woman to do the job and it looks as if there are not too many of that type about, even in the higher flights of our school system, otherwise such conditions would never have been allowed to occur.

It is only a question of time when even the strongest and most even-tempered of teachers will snap under the strain and the stick is called into action. Then is it that the potential criminal is manufactured.

The unruly child whom it would be possible to study and devise special methods for in a small class is punished and begins to hate his school and teacher, transferring his vengeful feelings towards all authority. And so we have the makings of the criminal.

Victims of System

BUT who has made him? Not the teacher, who is but human and is **placed in an impossible position, not the child himself, for he is equally the victim of circumstances, but some cold official who apparently has little heart and a head which is concerned more with the £s.d than with the ethics of educational administration.**

There are many admirable features of our system of public education and many worthy folk connected with it. But this blot of crowding children and crushing both pupils and teachers in the schools, with disastrous results to all, physically and mentally, must be stopped.

Alone of the organs of public opinion, The Australian Women's Weekly has spoken out boldly and fearlessly on the matter. We observe a "Kindness to Animals Week." What about a "Be Fair to Schoolchildren" Movement?

LADIES' COSTUMES
OR TOPCOATS

MADE TO MEASURE, FROM £5:5:0
IMMEDIATE WEAR, FROM £4:4:0

NOW TWO DISTINCT LADIES' DEPARTMENTS

COSTUMES, TOPCOATS, RIDING HABITS, JODHPURS, RIDING BREECHES, SKIRTS, CREAM SKIRTS.

Private Fitting Rooms and latest Fashion Books from Overseas. Ladies' own material made up, and estimates gladly given.

Every garment is cut, made and finished on our own premises under personal supervision of one of Sydney's leading Stylist Cutters.

Ladies are cordially invited to inspect at leisure.

'Phones: JW 5123 and B 5123

MADE TO MEASURE

Ladies' Costumes	from	£5	5	0
Costumes, wool linen	"	£2	15	0
Ladies' Topcoats	"	£5	5	0
Riding Habits	"	£6	15	0
Riding Breeches	"	£2	5	0
Ladies' Cruise Suits	"	£3	3	0
Jodhpurs	"	£2	5	0
Ladies' Skirts	"	£1	10	0

IMMEDIATE WEAR

Ladies' Costumes	from	£4	4	0
Costumes, wool linen	"	£3	3	0
Ladies' Topcoats	"	£4	4	0
Riding Breeches	"	£1	17	6
Riding Habits	"	£5	15	0
Jodhpurs	"	£1	17	6
Ladies' Skirts	"	£1	2	6

TAILORS FOR LADIES and GENTLEMEN . . . MERCERS

VEREYS
KING STREET, SYDNEY

ANNOUNCING
reduced price for
LOUIS PHILIPPE LIPSTICKS
FACE POWDER
AND
ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT

THE only Lipstick and Rouge yet discovered which approaches the living actual colour of human blood pulsating beneath the skin. Surrender your lips to this creation of LOUIS PHILIPPE—the world-famous French colourist.

Eight attractive shades to suit all complexions. The new reduced prices make it available to every woman. The most cherished cosmetic possessions of women the world over are LOUIS PHILIPPE LIPSTICK, ROUGE, & POWDER.

You may procure these famous products from all leading Stores and Chemists.

The new reduced prices are
LIPSTICKS AND POWDER to 8/9
ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT to 3/9

Direct Distributors:
REGAL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS OF AUSTRALASIA,
44 Castlereagh St., Sydney

Will post direct to you if you so desire it. Send your P.S. with description of your colouring, and our expert will select the correct shade to suit you.

'DRIVE THOSE BL-BL-BLUES AWAY'
To-day's the day of speed and efficiency—appearance, too, counts more than it did last season. Don't be blue about those old white shoes you were thinking of deserting. "Hi-Mark," the amazing new white shoe cleaner, that won't rub off, and which costs only 8d. Makes them new. Agents, A. J. Veall (Agencies) Ltd., 127 York Street, Sydney. ***

FOR THE BRIGHTEST ENTERTAINMENT

2GB

RASTUS AND REMUS
Here are the two original lazy-bones, laughable, lovable darkies who meet three mornings a week at 2GB to discuss the prospects of finding work for the day. But really work doesn't trouble them. They merely talk about it. But how amusing their discussions are! Tune in to them each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30 a.m.

ADVENTURE BOUND
Young or old, you are invited to join in the great radio treasure-quest! Sail in the wake of the old pirates, meet thrilling adventures, visit far lands, learn of the lore of the sea. You may even share in the treasure when it is discovered. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.15 p.m.

BIMBO'S YO-YO COMPETITION
Yo-yo, the craze that swept the world a few years ago, is back again. Even Bimbo has succumbed to it. Tune in to Bimbo each Saturday morning at 7.45 a.m. and learn all about the great Yo-yo Competition.

RADIO PIE
Sing a song of sixpence . . . but instead of four and twenty black birds, this pie contains a bevy of live talent—favorite radio personalities, and leading variety artists. It is baked by Jack Lumsdaine and served piping hot by Jack Davey, every Saturday night at 9.5 p.m.

HEAD OF THE RIVER
Hear a full description of one of the year's greatest sporting events, the G.P.S. Regatta, from 2GB on Saturday, April 18, between 3.00 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. It's thrilling to watch, and it's thrilling to listen to.

2 GB — THE NATION'S STATION

Mosley's "RUSNORSTAIN" KNIVES
GROUND SHARP TO STAY SHARP
The popular Scimitar blade
OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES AND JEWELLERS.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612875

Complete Short Story

The STOWAWAY

WHAT with one thing and another, Helena's nocturnal prowl through the Albert Docks was a nightmare.

A smart breeze, coming up-river, was moaning fretfully in the rigging of ships moored by the dockside. There were abrupt, cracking noises of warped timber, and, at midnight, the sudden brassy clamor of eight bells, tolled by sleepy quartermasters on a hundred ships, set her overwrought nerves jangling.

Once, when a bank of clouds obscured the moon's friendly light, she had to wait five minutes before she could pick out the name of a ship. When at last the cloud-screen lifted, she saw in large, white letters, Endymion, Liverpool, and realised that, according to her recollection, the John Grant was yet a good walk away.

She pushed on with an effort of will, buoyed up to a pitch of nervous tension that was slowly undermining her determination, muttering to herself, John Grant, John Grant, like a battle-cry to sustain her.

Under Helena's speculations as to whether her mother had missed her ran a current of amazement at her own precocity. For the last twenty-four hours she had toyed with the idea of stowing herself away on board some ship bound for America, but, now that she was actually embarked on the project, the night, the ships, the docks—everything seemed unreal, like a dream.

The John Grant was her immediate objective, with New York as the more distant one. Her luggage consisted of two pounds of biscuits, two bottles of ginger-beer, some chocolate, some cubes of meat-extract which she was prepared to chew for their nourishment, and, in a neat case, powder-puff, mirror, and lipstick.

Helena was not unfamiliar with ships, and the ways of seamen—she came of a seafaring stock. Also, she was a creature of infinite resource, with a streak of tomboyish athleticism in her composition. When, therefore, she arrived abreast of the John Grant, and saw that the gangways had been hauled inboard preparatory to sailing on the morning tide, her dismay was only transient. Up the six-inch hemp hawser that connected ship with jetty—that was the only way.

She heard the metallic clang of the quartermaster's footsteps as he walked forrard to strike two bells; heard his footsteps recede towards the galley, when the bell had been struck.

"Now," she muttered. "Ahd, watch your step, Helena, my girl!" Without hesitation, she commenced the climb of the hawser.

Once on board she stepped as gingerly as a cat, and made her way down the fo'c'sle ladder to the well-deck. A hatchway yawned. It was the fore-hold, packed with bales, boxes and sacks.

A rope dangled into the blackness, and, without more ado, the girl slid down this into the hold, landing on some bales of cloth near the lip of the hatch. Over these she crawled until she reached the bulkhead.

Here, quite out of sight, she lay down and slept from sheer exhaustion, serene in the confidence that no one could discover her until the ship reached New York.

Bad weather was brewing. The first big wave in the Channel got under the John Grant, hoisted her heavenwards,

. . . By . . .

HEDLEY BARKER

balanced her dizzily, then receded, smashing her down into a black trough with an impact that strained every rivet.

There was a bump of shifting cargo, and a yell from the skipper to secure moving gear.

An hour of this, and Micky Dowell, first officer, set out on a tour of the holds to see how matters fared with the cargo. He started aft, working his way along to number one hold.

By the sheerest stroke of luck his eyes were on the topmost bales when his lamp swung a beam that way, and lit in passing what looked like a white face.

Micky clung static to the ladder for a moment in terror. The face had looked like the face of a woman—imaginary, of course. And Micky Dowell, with a fair share of the mariner's superstition in his make-up, feared imaginary women more than real ones.

Perhaps ten seconds elapsed before he had the heart to flash his lantern that way again. This time he saw that the face was real.

Then Helena made a sound of distress and Micky pulled himself together.

He knew, scrambling over the heaving cargo, that here was a girl more attractive in her misery than any skirted creature he had met on land or sea.

His first words were a little inelegant, but they served to open the conversation.

"Well, dang my eyes!" he exclaimed. "How the devil did you come here? You don't mean to tell me—surely not," he added superbiously, "that you're a——"

"Stowaway," finished Helena. "Yes. I want to get to New York. And"—dissolving into tears—"Oh, I'm so ill!"

THE John Grant gave a sickening lurch and flung the girl in a kneeling position up against him. Micky's arms were built to receive just such a burden as this, and he was quick to catch her.

She was very ill, and content to sob out her troubles on any big shoulder. "No! No! I won't go. Oh, please don't take me away from here—the captain—he—I know all about him. He'd put me ashore somewhere. And I must get to New York. I've earned that already."

Micky scratched his head in some consternation. "For why," he asked, "must ye get to New York?"

Helena's sobs rose to crescendo. Bit by bit, she jerked out the story of how her boy, Jim Condover, was ill in New York, and in need of her. Once more she begged Micky Dowell not to let anyone know she was on board. "I know all about Captain O'Rourke. He—he wouldn't hear of my going on. He'd put me ashore at once."

Micky Dowell grinned. "He'd do that all right, kiddie! Ships are no place for women, in his opinion. But I hardly dare leave ye down here, in case this old tub turns turtle in the night. Well—I'll say this—that boy of yours ought to be proud. I only hope he deserves the thing you're doing! Good Lord! A stowaway!" Micky shook his head, and made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"H'm. Got any eats?"

"Some biscuits, and some ginger-beer."

MICKY grinned. "What a babe, to come to sea! Biscuits and gingerbeer! Well—I suppose its compounding a felony, and failing me duty, but I'll keep mum about things for the present, anyway."

In the privacy of his cabin Micky asked himself if he hadn't bitten off more than he could chew in consenting to shield the girl. It would be necessary to smuggle food down to her at different times during the voyage, and how was he going to manage this without running the risk of discovery?

He was worried. In other circumstances—perhaps with any other girl—he would have been annoyed. But the short fact was that he already admired Helena too much for his peace of mind.

It might become absolutely necessary, he realised, to have the girl up out of that hold. But for the present he elected to think of her as the girl who wasn't there.

Food was the next question that engaged Micky's attention. A bit of stealthy work in the steward's pantry furnished him with a knife, a fork, a plate, and a tumbler. The ice-box gave up cold chicken, and his own cabin a bottle of port. Port was sustaining, anyway, and a stowaway was uncommonly lucky to get it, he thought. With his bulging pockets concealed under an oilskin, he paced the well-deck for a little while, awaiting a favorable opportunity to slip below unnoticed.

He had brought an electric torch with him this time, and when he flashed it on her sleeping face he knew a twinge of resentment against Jimmy Condover.

When Helena opened her eyes, she sat up with a grin. "I'm getting used to it," she said. "If I had company it would be almost jolly."

"Well, if you're used to this, you'd get used to anything. It's about as bad as it can be. I've brought you something respectable to eat, and tools to eat it with."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Dowell. Micky Dowell, first officer." Then, after a pause, "Well, I've got to relieve the bridge in a few minutes. I'll have to be getting along. If anybody comes down here, you must keep well back out of sight. Mind that, now!"

Please turn to Page 43

More CLOTHES ...better CLOTHES

... Buy them the WELDREST Way OUT OF INCOME

FROM 5/- TO £1 MONTHLY

BY the "Weldrest" method of easy monthly payments *out of income* you can be well dressed all the year round.

Send now for beautifully illustrated FREE booklet of Season's Models which will show you how to buy the best clothes and pay for them by easy *out-of-income* monthly payments.

All transactions are strictly private; our name does not appear on envelopes or parcels.

No enquiries. No references. No extra charge for our system of payments.

MODELS DELIVERED POST FREE ON FIRST PAYMENT. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Costumes, Warm and Light-weight Frocks, Evening Gowns, Light and Heavy Coats, etc.

SEND COUPON BELOW FOR LATEST FASHION BOOKLET FREE!

LILAC. Self stripe or Fancy Woollen Weave suit. Season's colours. Made your measurements. PRICE 69/-. Delivered to you on payment of 10/-.

SALVIA. Chevron Weave Woollen frock. Season's colours. Made your measurements. PRICE 48/-. Delivered to you on payment of 8/-.

10/- Monthly

8/- Monthly

EVERY GARMENT MADE TO MEASURE

WELDREST LTD.

CATTON BUILDING, 195-9 LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY

Address all correspondence to G.P.O. Box 3622T, Sydney, N.S.W.

CUT OUT AND POST NOW

Please send without obligation and post free, the "Weldrest" fashion book.

NAME (printed in full) ____

ADDRESS (printed in full) ____ W.W.

Here are the Winners!

Kellogg's Slogan Contest

Kellogg (Aust.) Pty., Ltd., have much pleasure in announcing the winner of their Corn Flakes Slogan Contest. The first prize of £50 went to Mrs. G. W. Sheppard, 33 Wheatley Road, Bentleigh, S.E.14, Victoria, for her slogan: "Start spooning to-day the Kellogg way." Of the other competitors, who numbered close on three thousand, the following are highly commended and receive consolation prizes of £1 each:—

Mr. S. C. Orford, 49 Alfred Crescent, North Fitzroy, Vic.
Mrs. R. Bridges, 39 Stanhope Street, Malvern, Vic.
Miss B. Greig, 13 Upper Skene Street, Newtown, Geelong, Vic.
Miss Barbara M. Bette, P.O., Pall Mall, Bendigo, Vic.
Miss Irene Hopkins, Commercial Street, Merbein, Vic.
Mrs. I. R. Syme, 22 Ruskin Road, Glen Iris, S.E.6, Vic.
Mrs. John Drummond, 204 Boyce Road, Maroubra, N.S.W.
Miss Florence Lang, 64 Hereford Street, Glebe Point, N.S.W.
Miss Shirley Taylor, Game Street, Merbein, Vic.
Miss Lucy Adair, 88 Denison Street, Waverley, N.S.W.
Mrs. I. Kinson, 22 Howley Street, Five Dock, N.S.W.
Mr. Max Brett, 111 Manning Road, East Malvern, S.E.5, Vic.
Mrs. M. West, 2 Guthrie Avenue, Geelong West, Vic.
Miss N. Hunt, 352 Wattle Tree Road, East Malvern, Vic.
Mrs. H. G. Paxman, 33 Summerhill Road, Footscray, W.2, Vic.
Mrs. E. M. Dye, 16 Kairawa Street, Sth. Hurstville, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. L. Jennings, 1 Rosemount Avenue, Summer Hill, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. A. Anderson, 37 Ismay Avenue, Homebush, N.S.W.
Mrs. Trask, 147 Bell Street, Coburg, Vic.
Mr. John Sutch, Victoria Street, Eaglehawk, Vic.
A. E. Potts, 9 Harrow Road, Bexley, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. M. Tunzi, 189 Sternberg Street, Bendigo, Vic.
Mrs. R. Gorrick, 16 Crane Street, Homebush, N.S.W.
Mr. W. S. Snelson, 18 Terrace Road, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. F. Lyons, Riverside Road, Merbein, Vic.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

—If So, You Need

Zam-Buk

WHATEVER the daily task; whether you serve behind the counter, work in a factory or are occupied from morn to night with household duties — think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they burn, ache and feel tired and you're too weary and irritable to enjoy your leisure and recreation as you should.

Here is a simple nightly treatment that not only brings untold relief, but maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing them in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. As the refined herbal oils are absorbed into the skin

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly allayed. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy and comfortable, and you can again walk in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all Chemists & Stores

"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound." Miss F. S.

"I was practically a cripple for a year with corns and hard skin on the tread of my feet. Thanks to bathing and regularly massaging them with Zam-Buk I can now do a twenty mile walk comfortably." Mr. R. W.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612876

NO LONGER A "WET BLANKET"!

Ease ... speed ... extra whiteness ... you get one and all when you give up rubbing with *lazy* soap suds and let active PERSIL suds get to work! See that it *is* PERSIL - the genuine Oxygen washer.

Persil

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED. 31-108-25

A little PERSIL does a lot of WASHING

SONG MEMORIES REVIVED BY THE 'BISTO KIDS'

Sing to the tune of—

Daisy, Daisy!

(With acknowledgements to Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter)

"Daisy, Daisy, tell me your secret do,
I'm half crazy, all for your Irish Stew."
Said she, "There is Bisto in it,
'Twill be ready in a minute,
For it's a treat, that's hard to beat,
Is this stew that is made for two."

BISTO

for delicious stews

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney

The JASMINE Balcony

Continued from Page 28

"INDEED, that is hardly a jest, monsieur; without you, in many ways, we should be at a loss. What a pity monsieur is too rich to be in the force."

"The Sherlock Holmes was not in any force, my friend."

"Ah, well, duty calls. Au revoir, Monsieur Sherlock. My most devoted sentiments to the charming madame." He said something else in a low voice.

Maurice laughed and poked him in the ribs. "Now to get my oranges," he said. "My faith, officer, when the news breaks out, this town will be alive!"

The officer didn't seem pleased. He swore as he turned away. But not at Maurice. Anita almost thought he was swearing about Bob.

She seized her opportunity and fled, padding noiselessly in her cheap sandshoes out of the market and by devious ways back to the jasmine balcony. She flung her purchases on a shelf, and in the rising dawn sat down to think. What had it all been about? What had Bob done that the French Government should be so anxious to get hold of him? Nothing wrong, she was sure. Something daring and illegal, likely enough. But the ship was coming in to-day, and Bob—Bob!—was on it. How could she think of anything else?

She must think. She must know. Biting the ends of her pink, pretty nails, she sat on the broken-down sofa, thinking, thinking, till her head went round. And the problem seemed no nearer of solution.

Until, with the sudden outbreak of noise, traffic, laughing and shouting along a road usually quiet, she found it.

Something was the matter with Papeete. Not thus did the sleepy town and its suburbs usually begin the day. Motors were whizzing into the port. Lorries were running. Men were galloping on horseback, trotting hard in buggies. Down in the bay white sails began to glide, launches to putter. This was steamer day, certainly, but the steamer was not due for hours, and never on any boat day that Anita yet had seen had the town behaved in such a crazy manner.

One of the strangest things about its craziness was that the Tahitians took no part. They, the emotional, the easily moved, kept the common tenor of their way, carrying bales of fruit into the town, washing their eternal clothes and taking their eternal baths in the river, breakfasting on the open verandahs of their little houses, without a trace of hurry or excitement. One could almost have sworn they were laughing at the whites. What in heaven's name could it be all about?

Back to Anita's mind came a memory of touring days in West Australia. Of a town they had entered with their company, only to meet the whole of the inhabitants fleeing in cars, on horses, and afoot, as if the plague were in the place. She remembered that time well. It had almost left them stranded, flung penniless on a desolate shore by the outbreak of the famous Gum Flats goldfield.

"Gold!" cried Anita. Like the bursting of a dam, knowledge descended upon her. She understood everything. From the moment when Bob had left her to join the stern-faced men in the little boat, up to the dialogue in the market that morning, all became plain.

"AND I—not to guess!" she thought. "I don't deserve to be an Australian."

For in Australia the prospector, the pioneer, is honored. Only Anita's town-bred life, that had brought her little in contact with the grand men of outback, could have excused her ignorance, to her own mind or to that of any fellow countryman.

Bob's "mates"—that potent word—had found gold on some island belonging to France. Were just off to exploit the discovery when they encountered him. Doubtless they needed one more man. Even if they hadn't the "mate" would not have been left out. As to his girl, sweetheart or wife—when did a gold miner ever put love before gold?

Oh, she knew, she knew now. Knew what she had wedded.

But there were other things to think of! Gold is not, in a French colony, the property of the discoverer. Very far from it. Without question, Bob had driven a coach and six through any number of laws. That he had got all he wanted, contrived to keep his secret and the secret of his mates, long enough to make a fortune, Anita, knowing him, was sure. All Tahiti was "on to it" now. That meant that Bob had done.

How he had come aboard the down boat from San Francisco she did not know, and it did not matter. What she feared was that he would go ashore in the darkness of the night, make straight for the house of the jasmine balcony, and fall into the hands of the watching police. He could not know that she had heard of his presence on the boat. He wouldn't expect her to come on board. Quietly he would come to her, intending quietly to smuggle her off.

Like Rodin's Thinker, Anita sat behind the screen of jasmine flowers, head poised on delicate wrist. For the space of half an hour she hardly moved. Down the road went the hurrying stream of motors, buggies, and horses. Out in the bay, boat after boat spread silver wings and fled; launch engines chattered, faded, and were still. At last she rose. She knew what she was going to do.

An iron, the kerosene stove. Now, her worn dress off her back, washed, starched, dried, done-up. Combs tight in her hair setting the wave.

Please turn to Page 44

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

The warmth and welcome of marigolds give an appropriate air to this tea cosy, while dazzling roses on a pale apple-green background compose a very fresh and feminine tea cloth—practical too. These designs, "Marigold Tea Cosy" and "Summer Time in Cross Stitch" are only two from the gay and attractive range of instruction leaflets—with transfers—issued for Clark's Anchor Embroidery Threads: Anchor Stranded Cotton, Anchor Pearl Cotton, Anchor Soft Embroidery. Ask to see these leaflets to-day at your needlework shop, or use the coupon below.

CLARK'S ANCHOR Embroidery Threads

To P.O. Box 1694 Melb., P.O. Box 2573E Syd., P.O. Box N 1090 Perth, or P.O. Box 153 Te Aro, Wellington N.Z.
I enclose..... in stamps for one copy each of leaflets: "Summer Time in Cross Stitch" "Marigold Tea Cosy." Price 2d. each (including postage). A.W.W.
NAME ..... ASCIK
ADDRESS .....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612877

If your Skin is sensitive you need this Talcum Powder

Cools, soothes, refreshes the skin, protects against chafing and irritation. Absorbs perspiration and imparts a delicate fragrance. Specially recommended for babies.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura
TALCUM POWDER

BETTER ROSES

Each year we import all the leading novelties from all parts of the Rose World. After testing out for three or four years the best inevitably assert their superiority and soon become popular favourites. The cream of recent importations are included in this list and may be planted with every confidence. Comtesse Vandal, pink; Editor McFarland, pink; Gaiety, fancy; Gipsy Lass, deep crimson; Grenoble, red; Joyous Cavalier, red; Korovo, salmon; Malar Ros, red; McGredy's Scarlet, cerise; President Herbert Hoover, fancy; Sir Henry Segrave, primrose; W. E. Chaplin, red. This select dozen in extra good, strong plants costs only 16/- (with postage or freight extra). "Grow the Best, Discard the Rest", is our registered trademark.

HAZLEWOOD BROS., LTD.
EPPING, N.S.W.

Professional Cakes at Home

Chocolate Eclairs have somehow managed to convey the impression of being strictly a professional pastry-cook's job, but really they're easier to make than lots of old favourites in the family menus. Make them with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening, use this recipe, and we can promise a marvellous success.

COPHA ECLAIRS

½ pint Water
1½ ozs. Pure Copha
4 Eggs
Tiny pinch Baking Powder
4 ozs. Plain Flour

Bring water and Copha to boiling point, add flour and baking powder and stir till thoroughly cooked, about two minutes. Remove from heat and beat in the eggs singly mixing well between each addition. When thoroughly smooth, put teaspoons of the mixture in Eclair tins and cook in moderate oven about 20 minutes. When cold cut open and fill with Copha Mock Cream and ice with chocolate icing.

MOCK CREAM

½ lb Pure Copha
1 lb. Fine Icing Sugar (less sugar may be used if desired)
1 Egg
3 tablespoons Milk (warm)
Essence Vanilla

Cream the Copha (previously softened) gradually adding the sugar. When light, beat in the egg and add the milk slowly. Continue creaming until very smooth. Flavour to taste.

Do not at any part of the process melt the Copha.

CHOCOLATE ICING

5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted)
½ lb. Icing Sugar
1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa
1 Egg
Essence of Vanilla to flavour.

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg, and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha.

If you'd like lots of exciting recipes write for a copy of the Copha Recipe Book. It's free and post free from:

Edible Oil Industries Pty Ltd.,
Department WW,
Box 2625EE, G.P.O.
Sydney.

The STOWAWAY

Continued from Page 41

WHEN the John Grant was four days out the storm dropped, and the ship rode once more on an even keel.

Captain O'Rourke, sextant in hand, stood on the bridge, "shooting" the sun. It was the first noonday sight he had been able to take since leaving port, and, could human beings divine the future, he would have known it for the last he would ever take on board the John Grant. Next day the fog rolled up so thickly that it became difficult to see the well-deck from the bridge.

The ship's speed was dropped down to a crawl. Extra look-outs were posted. Every two minutes the John Grant's hoarse whistle split the clammy silence with a cry that was half warning, half apprehension.

Above all things the seaman fears fog, and Micky Dowell grew more fearful because of the girl below. Try as he would, he was unable to shake off the dead weight of fear that oppressed him, and he took the precaution to go below with a lifebelt for Helena.

"There's no particular reason why you should put it on just now," he told her, "but you may as well. It's just that you should have had one from the first."

"Now you're all neat and ship-shape, and"—shifting the beam on to her face—"the prettiest little stowaway I ever clapped eyes on."

Under his steady gaze she slowly colored.

"Yes, that you are," went on Micky. "And I wish—there can't be harm in telling you—I wish, by the Lord Harry, that I'd been born Jimmy Condover!"

ON deck, Micky's apprehension returned with added intensity. The fog seemed, if anything, to have thickened. It was scarcely possible to see anything at arm's length. The John Grant's uneasy whistle was going every half-minute now, and her speed was barely sufficient to give her steering-way.

He was climbing the bridge-ladder when the first answering voice of the day sounded a sinister note to starboard of the ship—the siren of a liner. At the same time, with a clearness that spoke warningly of the liner's dangerous proximity, came the sound of six bells being struck.

The voice of Captain O'Rourke was heard now, yelling to the look-outs to keep their eyes skinned. The John Grant sent out another hoarse intimation of her position. There burst on the startled ears of the company a roar that seemed to shake the ship's fittings. The liner was getting nearer.

Cold as was the atmosphere, Captain O'Rourke dabbed at sweat on his forehead, yelling, "Keep that whistle going!" Every eye on board strained intently into the fog.

In the next moment came that sickening thing for which all had waited. A roar that deafened them, the loom of a towering vessel out of the fog, and the crash and scream of thirty thousand tons in collision.

The liner had struck the John Grant aft, by the engine-room.

"Sinking by the stern, sir!" Micky Dowell almost screamed it, and the captain screamed in the same second "Flood fore-hold!"

Panic reigned. Men ran about colliding in the fog, plucking frantically at the lashings of the boats. One thing was clear to Micky Dowell—the captain's order to flood the fore-hold. The fore-hold held Helena.

In another moment—but Micky refused to contemplate possibilities. At the risk of broken limbs, he half jumped, half fell to the deck below and dashed for the fore-hold.

The sea-cock had already been opened to let in the Atlantic as he slithered down the hatchway ladder.

Where was the girl? Had she at the moment of collision, tried to escape, and fallen down the hold? This dreadful thought almost unloosed his hold on the steel rungs, but a moment afterwards his torch flashed on her face, ghastly with the moment's drama. Without a word, he hoisted her to his shoulder, and climbed the ladder.

"Now," he commanded, as they reached the deck, "hang on to me. I'll have to carry you." He thanked his stars as he clung his way along the deck—now canted at an angle of forty degrees—that he knew every rivet, every projection that might offer a handhold.

They reached one of the boats at last. A crowd of stokers, stewards and seamen were making confusion worse confounded in their frantic efforts to swing the boat out. "Hang on to me—don't let go," he told the girl, and fought his way through the crowd to get at the boat and find out the cause of the jam. They got her out, after a lot of trouble. Under Micky's superintendence she was filled without fuss, and lowered.

THE boats were well clear before the John Grant made her first and last dive. Across the water a voice was shouting through a megaphone from the liner. Micky Dowell patted a hand, and squeezed it. "Keep your courage up, kiddie," he murmured. "We'll all be O.K. when we get aboard the liner. If ever we get to New York, that Jimmy Condover of yours will owe me a drink."

"Oh," wailed Helena, "oh, there isn't any Jimmy Condover! I told you lies. I was afraid you might take me up to the captain. I just wanted to get to—to New York, that's all. I just wanted to—to see it, and—and—oh, Cap—Captain O'Rourke's my father!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Micky. "Captain O'Rourke your dad?"

"Yes. He—he wouldn't let me go with him so——"

"I see. Well, honey, he'll be just mad with delight to see you, I'll bet. Don't you worry about him. And there's no Jimmy Condover? Well, that's great! You know I hated that fellow like poison. Say—are you quite warm, child?"

"It's—it's a bit cold," admitted Helena.

"Well—just snuggle up to me." Micky absolutely grabbed her, and drew her in the circle of his arm.

"Kiddie," he cried, "I just want to say something, and it seems to me this is as good a time as any other. I just want to tell you that—er—well, seeing that this Condover isn't in the running, I wondered if, supposing I were to get ill, and you heard of it, would you——"

"Why, of course," said Helena. She added, with blushful shyness, "If I had to swim for it."

"You—you dandy little girl!" enthused Micky. "Gosh, you blessed little peach! Come to think of it, I'm glad I wasn't born Jimmy Condover—I wouldn't have been here. Well—seeing that we're at a shipwreck, can I—er——"

And Helena let him.

(Copyright)

LUNG TROUBLE

If you are a sufferer there is good hope for you now, no matter what your age, or how long standing your complaint in MEMBROSUS, A DRY INHALATION TREATMENT! You can be freed of these distressing symptoms which make your life miserable. You can do as many other sufferers have done by taking Membrosus Dry Inhalation Treatment, restore those peaceful nights you once enjoyed free from intensive coughing spasms, night sweats, haemorrhages, etc.

The appetite improves, strength is regained and a new outlook on life obtained. You will be able to play games and live a perfectly normal life.

Here is a report received from a one-time sufferer who used Membrosus:—

"In August, 1932, I became infected with Lung Trouble and went into a Sanitorium. Whilst there I heard of Membrosus and decided to give it a trial. I left the Sanitorium and continued with Membrosus. My recovery was rapid, and in February, 1934, I returned to Sydney for examination and was proved to be clear of all traces of the complaint, and capable of commencing work again.

"I have now been working for almost two years, and have not had any trouble, even to cause me a day's loss of work."

Only a proved dry inhalation treatment could give these definite results for

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Many chronic cases of up to 40 years duration have reported "complete recovery without recurrence."

These two reports are typical of the majority of reports received:—

ASTHMA "I have spent weeks at a time in hospital with Bronchial Asthma, and the needle was the only relief. It left me very weak. No one knows the agony I suffered. After one week's treatment of Membrosus the Asthma left me and I have not had an attack since. I do wish everybody who suffers from Asthma could hear about Membrosus."

BRONCHITIS "A lady had been a martyr to Bronchitis for many years, not able to lie down in bed. In less than three weeks she was lying down and sleeping well. Two months later she was able to walk up a slope comfortably and had lost the wheeze and was wonderfully well."

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

DEFINITELY CONQUERED WITHOUT OPERATION

You need more than merely to clear the nostrils in the treatment of these diseases, you must get deeper down to the root of the trouble and only a proved DRY INHALATION TREATMENT can give you these desired results.

The healing fumes, in addition to coming into direct contact with, and CLEARING ALL NASAL AND HEAD PASSAGES, enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble.

Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose and the disgusting hawking and spitting are things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment.

Membrosus, the remarkable dry inhalation treatment, will do this for you.

MEMBROSUS *(Regd.)*

DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

For particulars call or send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MEMBROSUS, C/o (City Office) IRVINE'S PHARMACY (est. 50 years), Cowing's Building, Room A1, 43 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

£50 Cash May Be Won

"SEARCH FOR FILM STARS" PUZZLE No. 31

£25 Cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest number of names correct. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided.

E	Y	B	A	E	M	A	L	L	A
L	L	L	N	I	N	U	E	S	H
I	S	A	D	N	C	W	M	A	R
W	D	S	U	O	A	T	R	E	E
E	L	O	T	G	Y	R	E	L	K
F	I	E	N	A	E	S	B	O	Y
C	R	B	L	H	J	O	R	E	B
L	A	G	E	A	R	E	N	U	N
N	K	H	R	G	U	H	L	H	S
J	M	O	C	H	H	A	J	O	L

GRETA GARBO
GEORGE BRENT
HELEN HAYES
LEW AYRES
ROBERT YOUNG
JANET GAYNOR
CHARLES FARRELL
CLARK GABLE
FRANK MORGAN
LEW CODY
HERBERT MARSHALL
HERBERT MUNDIN
ANNA STEN
MERLE OBERON
RUBY KEELER
AL JOLSON
MAE MARSH
GRACIE FIELDS
LEWIS STONE
STAN LAUREL
ELISSA LANDI
HUGH HERBERT
SALLY BLANE
JOHN BOLES

All you have to do to solve this puzzle is to discover how many of these names are traceable in the diagram by passing from one letter-square to the next adjoining in any direction in sequence. See example No. 1, "Greta Garbo" in the puzzle in heavy type.

No letter-square may be used more than once in any one film-star's name, but any letter may be used any number of times in the forming of different names. Not all the above names are traceable. Only the names found to be traceable in the puzzle are to be included in the solution.

In the event of more than twenty-five competitors tying for the prize money, a similar puzzle, a little more difficult, will be submitted to those competitors whom the adjudicator may declare eligible for a second round (entries for which must be accompanied by an additional 1/- postal note) and the prize-money will be increased to £50. In the event of a tie, prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

IMPORTANT: When you have completed your solution write your list of names traceable in the puzzle on a plain sheet of paper, together with the number in plain figures. **Enclose a postal note for 1/- entry fee, also a stamped addressed envelope for prompt results**, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than Friday, April 24, 1936, to

"FILM-STAR'S COMPETITION"
G.P.O. BOX 1834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize-money is deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly. The decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. Results will be published May 23, 1936.

"Search For Film Stars" Competition No. 23

RESULT

Four competitors submitted entries containing thirty correct names of featured players. This was the greatest number of correct names obtained, and the prize, £25 cash, is therefore awarded to them, each receiving £6/5/-.

Miss P. WELLARD, 82 Lawson St., Hamilton, via Newcastle.
Miss A. POTTER, 73 Napoleon Rd., Punchbowl.
F. L. MILLS, 8 Moorambie Ave., Kensington.
G. STUART, 90 Bellevue Rd., Bellevue Hill.

Names Obtained by Winning Competitors

4, Reginald Denny; 5, Jack Hulbert; 7, Alice Day; 8, Ann Fay; 9, David Manners; 9, Diana Manners; 9, Tom Mix; 8, Buck Jones; 9, Billy Jones; 10, Harry Jones; 11, Buck Jones; 12, Gordon Jones; 13, Greta Garbo; 14, Myrna Loy; 15, Mary Fox; 16, Lee Moran; 17, Lois Moran; 18, Louis Mason; 19, Leroy Mason; 20, Elisabeth Bergner; 21, Edward Arnold; 22, Edith Arnold; 23, Eric Roland; 24, Jean Arthur; 25, Johnny Arthur; 26, Mae Marsh; 27, Marion Marsh; 28, Ralph Lynn; 29, William Powell; 30, Luise Rainer.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612878

Everyone will always love him . . . *unless* . . .

This lad was born with charm. He's the sort of person everyone will always love—that is unless his Mother's carelessness spoils his chances. Even an appealing nature and great charm can't overcome the handicap of ugly, decayed teeth. Bad teeth ruin good looks and health, and destroy self-confidence.

Don't let another day slip by without providing a germicidal tooth paste for family use. Euthymol Tooth Paste destroys dental decay germs within 30 seconds, and keeps the teeth beautifully white and clean. Regular use of Euthymol twice a day, and visits to the dentist every six months will ensure a normal child of sound lasting teeth. Get some Euthymol to-day!

1/3 per tube

Pronounced U-THY-MOL

BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bed-ridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently, you can end your trouble for good by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills?

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing, tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. But most important of all, your kidneys are restored to health and they then keep the system free from poisons.

Remember this. De Witt's Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. They are not just ordinary pills or salts that pass through the bowels out of the system. They cleanse the system and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witt's Pills go to the seat of all your trouble—the Kidneys.

They are safe and sure in all cases of

RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
or any Urinary Irregularities

See you get the genuine pills to-day. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box, at all chemists or storekeepers, price 3/6 or 6/6.

DE WITT'S
KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

The JASMINE *Balcony*

Continued from Page 42

MAKE-UP box: rouge and lipstick and powder, plenty of each; black for the eyes. Scent. A flower over her ear. Good, all that.

It was Sunday, Maurice always came on Sundays. He was not likely to fail to-day.

He did not fail. Anita received him for the first time in the upper story of the house, on the balcony. Behind was her own room into which she saw him peeping curiously as they talked. Maurice was daring that afternoon, and Anita, for once, did not resent his daring. For once he was allowed to say what he liked and hint what he chose, make open love to "Jasmine."

Anita handled him expertly. When her venturesome experiment began to succeed a little too well she tried to think that it was just stage stuff; let him kiss her as much as he liked, and told him, cooing in his arms, in full view of a street that nothing could scandalise, how much she cared for him, how hard it had been for her to refuse his love. There was just enough truth in this to give it a convincing sound. In very deed, she had been somewhat tempted by Maurice's bright youth—until to-day.

When he left reluctantly it was with a promise that he might come back at ten o'clock, after the early moon had sunk and darkness veiled the approach to the house of the jasmine balcony.

Maurice went away chuckling. The situation pleased him. Piquant! That neglectful husband hurrying to surprise his wife; being surprised himself by Maurice's police, planted all round the house, while Maurice himself, safe inside, made love to Mme. Jasmine. Yes, there was a tang to it that he liked. He walked quickly on his way down to the parked car, held himself very straight, and twirled the short hairs of his Chaplin moustache. After all, there was nobody like him.

Left alone in the growing dusk Anita did several things rapidly. She filled her lamp, lighted it and set it on the table. She had told Maurice that her signal would be the extinguishing of that lamp at ten o'clock. He would watch for it—how long? Perhaps twenty minutes before he became bold and made his way into the house, lamp or none. That would do.

Next she took out her make-up box, and swiftly covered her face, arms, legs, and feet with brown grease paint. She let down her hair, took off her dress, hunted for a gift that one of the Tahitian girls had made her. They made many little gifts, and asked for no return; they were not like the whites, who despised her poverty. This gift was quite valuable; it was an entire dancing dress such as those used in the hula-hulas: a cape and skirt of flowing grasses, and a woven grass hood to put over the head. You danced in this, provocatively hidden, and in the latter stages of the revel dropped the garments one by one.

OVER her slip Anita put on the dress, pulling her fringed hood low down upon her forehead. She hung wreaths of flowers about her neck, and set flowers behind each ear. She was a clever dancer; the movement of the hula-hula was child's play to her. As she slipped down into the road, taking the back staircase that led through the boatshed, she paused now and then, in the moony twilight, to shimmy and shake like the hula dancers. No one who saw her could suppose she was anything but one of Papeete's many dancing girls, going to fulfil an engagement.

She reached the wharf without difficulty or delay. The town was mad that night. People who had not succeeded in getting boats were drinking and cursing in the hotels, fighting outside on the pavement. Men who had boats, but did not intend to leave till daylight, were drinking and singing out on the water.

Nobody left his craft unguarded on such a night.

The liner, lying at the wharf, was comparatively deserted. Only a few white people had gone on board. A number of natives, not concerned with the gold rush and rather scornful of it, were ascending the gangway in a chattering crowd. Men and girls with guitars, accordions, ukuleles, girls clad in the same hula costume that Anita was wearing, ready to dance and shimmy and shake in the well-known way, afterwards to drop the enveloping fringes, bit by bit, for the wild orgy of the end.

Anita let them pass; waited until they had begun. The guitars were plunking, the accordions beginning to wail. She could hear the shuffle-shuffle of bare feet on the decks; cries from the dancers. She went up the gangway and, in a feigned native accent, asked a steward for the number of Mr. Kyle's cabin. Twenty-two A. Now she would find him, hide till the ship sailed. Here was the open space of deck where the girls were advancing and retreating, weaving arms above heads in coy invitation. Here she must cross. . . . And here she came, without warning, upon Maurice.

He had been dining on the ship, and was now idling at the rail scanning the hula-hula with bored, experienced eyes. Anita could see that he had been drinking, but he had all his wits about him—she was sure. She did not dare to cross the deck right in front of him. What had brought him aboard? Something to do with Bob, no doubt. Did he mean to wait and shadow him off the ship?

IT was well after half-past nine o'clock. If something didn't happen, if she couldn't get to Bob's cabin somehow, all her plans would be of no avail. Bob would certainly go ashore.

Not till her man, or her child, is threatened, does any woman know how swift, how wily, she can be.

Anita did not dare to cross the electric-lighted deck, in her disguise, before the critical stare of Maurice. But she thought she knew a way. . . .

One of the wildest of the dancers she recognised as a friend of hers, little Talofa, the half Samoan. Anita, three-fourths hidden in the doorway, whispered to her as she passed: "Throw Maurice your flowers."

Imperceptibly the Samoan nodded; continued the dance. With tiniest heel and toe steps mincing up to Maurice, she tore the jasmine garland from her neck, tossed it over his, and, chuckling, fled. Anita looked to see him pursue her; it was almost etiquette. He did nothing of the kind. What was he doing with the necklace? Lifting it to his face, smelling it?

Yes. And now, careless of Talofa, he turned to face the ship's rail, whence he could see down the curving shore of the bay, past the ship lights and the town lights, to where, a long mile off, burned steadily the lamp in the jasmine balcony. And as he looked at it, and Anita from her hiding place craned forth and looked too, the lamp went out.

She was never to know what had done it—a gust of wind, the failing of the oil, a stray cat jumping on the table. But out it went, and Maurice, turning up his wrist to look at his watch, and seeing that it yet wanted twenty-five minutes of ten, burst into a laugh that made Anita draw back into her refuge, shuddering. In that moment she knew truly what he was.

HE threw a ribald jest over his shoulder to the steamer passengers, shouted another to Talofa, and was gone. His motor whirred on the wharf immediately below.

Anita, mingling with the dancers, crossed the deck and faded like a shadow into the white warm alleyway beyond. Eighteen, twenty, twenty-two—Bob's cabin. Her fingers tapping tremulously on the door—her heart beating wildly—the sound of Bob's voice that said "Come in."

She tore the hood from her head, opened the door, and painted, disguised, flung herself into arms that knew her, and held her, as if they would never let her go.

Ten o'clock, and the last whistle gone, the steamer beginning to trample her way out. Anita, on the sofa beside Bob, was telling and hearing, hearing and telling ceaselessly. "You'll have to get clothes from the stewardess." "Were you really going ashore? Oh, if you had—" "And when we got right down to the wash, it ran a couple of ounces to the dish." "But you'll never, never go after gold again—will you?" "Alligator says he knows of a show in—" "Never any more!" "We got across to Mexico when we'd cleaned everything out, and Alligator stayed, but I had to find you somehow, so I chanced it down from Frisco, on the way to good old Sydney. Awfully lonely all the time, poor little girl! But now—Hi, that's the purser; I'll go and see him about your ticket."

He came back in a few minutes. "All set. But do you know who was on the wharf, howling like a dog for them to stop the ship, just after we got under way?"

"That man?" She caught his arm. "Don't go to market about it. They wouldn't stop—what do you think? One thing's clear: we can never go back there any more."

The sweet, clear rivers; the water-lilies, rose and blue; the long green valleys beyond; the happy, lazy, easy, care-free life that she had planned some day, went whirling behind her in the wake of the ship. She knew what she had married. There would be no peace, little rest, in the life that Bob would give her. But he was giving her—Bob.

(Copyright.)

New Way To END UGLY HAIR IN THREE MINUTES

At last science has discovered a dainty, sweet-scented, harmless cream—just like a face cream—which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow thicker and faster; are painful and dangerous and leave the skin sore, irritated and pimply. All known depilatories hitherto have been messy and sticky.

New Veet is the latest amazing discovery of science. You just wash away the hair, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No mess. No unpleasant odour. The easiest and speediest way to end ugly, unwanted hair. Ask for New Veet, 2/6 and 4/-.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3679 SS (Dept. 387.B.), Sydney, N.S.W.

Long Hours of Standing . . . .

WHEN your job necessitates being "on your feet" all day, you need the almost unbelievable relief that a Radox foot-treatment brings! In a few minutes inflammation is reduced; pain soothed away; discomfort banished. The Radox foot-treatment is as simple as it is inexpensive. Just add one level tablespoonful of Radox to a gallon of hot water and keep the feet immersed in this soothing bath; add a little more hot water occasionally to keep the temperature up. That's all! Do this regularly, and keep your feet fit for the service you need from them.

***At all chemists:* 8oz. Packet 2/6**
DOUBLE SIZE PACKET 3/9

RADOX

2.63

Stops Backache by Making Kidneys Filter

When your back aches and your kidneys and bladder seem sick and sore — your 26,000 yards of kidney tubes want thoroughly cleansing of clogging, "burning" poisons.—for when kidneys fail to filter out a full 3 pounds every day, these waste uric-acids cause illness and suffering by settling through the system, and depositing in the joints!

If you are worried by stiff, lame, aching back; pains and swellings in joints and limbs; dizzy headaches; frequent or scalding bladder weakness—don't wait! Clean out your 26,000 yards of filter tubes with the new, triple-acting Urodyne prescription, based on the formula of the successful specialist, Dr. H. C. Southworth, and which brings remarkable results in 48 hours by attacking the sharp, sickening uric-acid crystals, and soothing and healing inflamed tissues!

Ask your chemist for the new Urodyne, which is definitely guaranteed to end even stubborn cases, or its cost is refunded! 4.6

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612879

THEY are *Born Under* Stormy Star

When Taurus People Become Violent It's Time to Disappear!

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

People born between April 21 and May 22 belong to the Zodiacal sign of "Taurus."

This sign is astrologically represented by "The Bull," and thus typifies some of their predominant characteristics.

FOR instance, if you were born under this sign, you can be remarkably placid and easy-going, especially if left to your own devices . . . but if others interfere with your plans and you become really annoyed, then bang goes everything, temper, self-control and all, including any "throwable" objects that happen to be handy at the moment.

A bull in a china shop is liable to do much less damage during such distressful moments. My advice to those who live with you is that they "disappear" when the storms are raging, and reappear again only when assured that peace and quiet reign once more.

By that time you will have become sorry for the outburst, and can prove so charmingly lovable and loving that it would need a heart of stone to withstand you.

You are pleasure-loving and cheerful as a rule, and will do much to earn the regard of others, for you must have love. You are ardent and like to express your emotions and affections. You thrive on love affairs and are usually much sought after in marriage.

You are inclined to be rather extravagant in all matters . . . whether it be emotions, excitement, generosity or financial extravagance, but will find that life has more to offer you when you learn to control these tendencies.

You are artistic, and usually possess a nice speaking and singing voice. You like to act, or otherwise entertain, particularly if you can "dress up" for the part. You like nice clothing, jewels, attending theatres, and being surrounded by beautiful scenery or material things.

You make good cooks, decorators, artists, actors, designers, dressmakers, jewellers and workers in beauty parlors, clothing establishments, and art-goods departments. Strangely enough, you also make some of the best bankers and book-keepers in the world, for you enjoy handling or dealing with money.

In fact, it can be said of those of your sign that you are the best "perfectors" of all. You are seldom original, but you are perfect at work needing detail and concentration, and can take the ideas of another and not only get them into orderly fashion but also greatly improve upon the original.

You are very self-willed and love to get your own way to a very great extent, but, on the other hand, those who really understand you soon find that if your sympathies and love are appealed to you are very easy to manage.

Try to be a little less determined and stubborn, and you will earn much more of that love you so need.

Are You Magnetic?

EVERY individual is magnetic in his own particular way. Try to express your own magnetism—not copy others.

Leo people, those born between July 23 and August 24, are some of the most magnetic of all. In other words, they have "It." They can express best through the natural charm of manner which is theirs. Also, by being hospitable, kindly with children, enthusiastic and courageous. They can obtain much by paying attention to dress and manners.

How to Find Happiness

YOU are rather inclined to be slow in making decisions, and even in your actions, but to compensate you are usually so sure that one can rely upon you implicitly.

You must marry in order to be truly happy in life, but will find you happiness threatened by temperamental outbursts unless you learn to subdue these in the cause of peace.

In choosing your marriage partners you are likely to find the greatest amount of happiness when mated with one born under the sign Virgo (August 24 to September 23), or Capricorn (December 22 to January 20). Those born during your own month also prove harmonious unless you both prove too strong in the undesirable traits of the Taurus character. Late March and early July people also make for happiness in friendship or marriage.

The Daily Diary

ARIES people (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously on the 14th and 15th, but work hard on the 20th and 21st of April.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Fair on the 14th and until dark on the 15th. Good after sunset on the 21st.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair on the 15th (late), 16th, and until dark on the 17th April.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly on the 14th, 15th, 20th, and 21st April. Affairs improve thereafter.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): The 20th and 21st can favor you, providing you are cautious.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): The 14th and 15th fair; 18th and 19th poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Try to avoid upsets on the 14th and to sunset on 15th, and losses on the 20th and 21st.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make the most of the 18th and 19th April. Thereafter live quietly.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Live quietly on the 18th and 19th, but plan affairs for the 20th and 21st.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Attempt nothing important, especially on the 20th and 21st. Better next week.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Very fair for you on the 15th (after 3 p.m.), 16th, and 17th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): The 18th and 19th are fair for you this week.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment without endorsing it in any way.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Vivacious CHARM for Tired Skins

Just see the Instant Freshness you gain from this Viennese Skin Tonic

Dull, yellowish, lifeless skin; muddy complexion; blackheads; red spots; pimples; coarse pores; oily skin; wrinkles — these are worries all women dread. And for these faults, whether slight or severe, Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic is a perfect remedy. It stimulates the tissues to new life — wakens the skin to girlish vivacity and freshness. It closes the pores; smoothes out lines and wrinkles; banishes blemishes, oiliness and "skin-shine" and gives to the tired, overwrought woman a magical feeling of new-born energy and interest. So it is too good to be true? Well, ask your chemist or store for a 1/- bottle of Kathleen Court's Astringent Skin Tonic, and if the above is not entirely correct, ask for your money back and you will get it without argument. No one can fail to benefit from this reviving, beautifying, and youth-creating Lotion.

"This is no time to look plain," says clever Mrs. M—

"This is the time when husbands and sweethearts need cheering up . . . the psychological effect of a plain, dowdy woman is depressing in the extreme!" How right she is in what she says—and does! Night and morning Mrs. M— applies pure mercolized wax to face, neck and arms. This simple care rids pores of dust and powder, entirely removes particles of dead skin, keeps the complexion free from freckles, roughness, and blemishes of any kind. She refuses to ruin her hair with soapy shampoos. Just a teaspoonful of stallax granules in warm water keeps her scalp so healthy that her pretty hair is always bright and shining. Occasionally she touches her greying hair with tammalite. This simple but amazingly effective lotion harmlessly restores grey hairs to their natural colour. To give a healthy, natural colour to the cheeks she uses colliandum. For the excess fat she took a course of Clynol Berries, which soon took the ugly fat away. The annoying superfluous hair on chin and lip was melted away with Pheminol, and the regular use of the new Dearborn Face Powder has given her an appearance she is really proud of.

FREE

LUCKY CHARM

This real Koala Lucky Charm will be sent to you FREE if you send in one disc from the inside of a tin of BEAR BOOT POLISH—the polish that does not crack the leather.

Start using BEAR POLISH to-day—You'll be delighted with your Lucky Charm and surprised with the brilliance of your shoes. BEAR POLISH is applied and keeps your shoes shining ALL day—it's economical, too, only 5½d. per tin, at all stores.

Get your FREE Charm NOW by sending in the disc, with your name and address, to A. J. VEALL (Agencies), LTD., 107 York St., Sydney.

NEW NATURAL WAY TO STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES—NO DRUGS OR PALLIATIVES

Medical Science Discovers Real Cause of
NERVOUS CONDITIONS . . .
NEURITIS . . . WEAKNESS . . .
SLEEPLESSNESS . . . . .
NERVOUSNESS . . . . .
NEURALGIA . . . FEARS . . .
NEURASTHENIA . . . . .
BREAKDOWN . . . and other complaints due to Exhausted Nerves.

"NERVES" kill. You may be the next victim. Many a promising career and many a happy home has been ruined by "nerves." Many a social success has been lost by some trifling indiscretion or error of judgment—due entirely to unstable nerves. When a man loses his temper or flares up in excitement; when a woman begins to nag, fret, worry and have weeping fits; when a child becomes cross, unruly, shy—it's definitely a case of unbalanced nerves.

WHY RUIN YOUR LIFE?

Clogged Colon

Science has discovered that it is as easy to have sound, healthy nerves as it is to have vigorous muscles—without drugs, palliatives, or "nerve" foods. Due to modern cooking methods and the lack of vital food essentials in present-day diets, the muscles of the large intestine (colon) become flaccid and fail to expel from the body all the waste matter left over from digestion.

This food-refuse accumulates and clings to the walls of the colon and toxins are eventually absorbed into the blood stream, giving rise to acidosis. Acid conditions or acidosis of the system quickly develop and when the nerves are irritated, nervousness, neuritis, fretfulness, irritability, hysteria, neuralgia, neurasthenia, fears, worry, sleeplessness and hosts of other nerve complaints result. Drugs, palliatives and nerve foods merely "whip up" the already irritated nerves and thus actually hasten nerve exhaustion.

Undamaged Colon

Save Yourself with COLOSEPTIC

COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of all fermenting food-refuse and passes it out of the system, in a smooth, natural manner. It enables the body to obtain full nourishment from the food you eat and arrests the cause of weakened and irritated nerves. COLOSEPTIC checks acidity of the nerve fluids and the blood stream by stimulating the action of the other eliminative organs—the kidneys, skin pores and respiratory organs. This simple drug-free remedy has helped thousands of men and women to regain lost nervous energy. Commence taking COLOSEPTIC to-day. With its aid you will build up strong, vigorous nerves and thus master the trouble that is ruining your health, happiness and prosperity.

FREE . . . *This Absorbing Book!*

Send the coupon to-day for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, and you will receive, under plain cover and by return mail, a book telling you all about "Autoxima," an intimate and highly important subject. Prove, at our expense, how much better COLOSEPTIC is than palliatives and "nerve foods." In a few days your head will feel clearer, your nerves steadier—you'll not feel so "peevish"—you'll sleep better. Then realise what a full treatment will do for you. The book is absolutely free—so fill in and mail the coupon now.

CLIP OUT

AJ
COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) Ltd.,
26 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DRINK Coloseptic (WAYNE'S IMPROVED FOAMULA) FOR INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all CHEMISTS. If unobtainable locally write to COLOSEPTIC (Aust.) LTD., 26 O'Connell St., Sydney.

RECOMMENDED HOLIDAYS

FOR AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY READERS

TASMANIA 14 DAYS INCLUSIVE £15/10/-
1st class boat, all sight-seeing trips and accommodation Sydney to Sydney.

JAPAN £105/-/-
Special Chrysanthemum tour beginning September, in co-operation with Miss Bertha Clarke.

LORD HOWE . . . £9/17/-
Ideal Winter trip. Fares and five days' accommodation on Island. (14 days on Island, £12/19/-.)

ROUND TRIP . . £15/19/6
Sydney-Melbourne by Boat; one week lovely Lorne; accommodation in Melbourne. Back by car, via Canberra (14 days).

A Wonderful Lazy Cruise to the South Seas

For those desiring a thorough rest and the maximum in real interest we thoroughly recommend the special August cruise to the New Hebrides and New Caledonia. Leaving Sydney August 8 by the Messageries Maritimes' "Laperouse," there will be 14 ports of call in the romantic South Seas. It is your best chance to see Noumea, the nearest foreign country to Australia. The cruise will last twenty-five days, and there will be special harbor, river, and land trips included.

THE INCLUSIVE PRICE IS . . . . . £32 ALL FIRST-CLASS

ORANGE by Car, via Jenolan and Bathurst and 8 Days' Accommodation, £5/5/-

GIPPSLAND LAKES

Boat to Melbourne. Then nearly a week in the southern capital before the seven-day tour of the Gippsland Lakes, breath-taking in their beauty. Buchan's Caves, quaintly beautiful. The aborigines at Lake Tyers will dance and sing for us. Tommy's Look-Out! Launch trip to the loveliest secluded parts of the Lakes. Back to Melbourne, and on the boat to Sydney.

INCLUSIVE PRICE (14 days) £18/2/6

SOUTH GIPPSLAND

Leaving Sydney by boat we arrive in Melbourne, where car awaits us for a glorious motor cruise through the little-known but beautiful routes in Central and South Gippsland. This is a new and inspiring five-day motor tour. A little time is spent in Melbourne before returning by boat. From Sydney to Sydney, time occupied, 10 days. (Longer by arrangement).

INCLUSIVE PRICE £12/12/6

BOOK ALL LOCAL HOLIDAYS AT THE BUREAU

Why not a teeney-wheeney holiday at WHEENEY CREEK FARM. A wonderful week in ideal surroundings of Kurrajong. Accommodation for one week and train fares cost only £2/16/10 for single person. Share rooms less.

Women's Weekly Travel and Holiday Bureau

NOTE NEW ADDRESS—ST. JAMES BUILDINGS (Next St. James Theatre) TEL.: MA4496

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612880

For Your Hair

Take the remedy in your hands and banish dandruff—the cause of falling, dull lifeless hair. Barry's Tricopherous feeds the starved hair roots and quickly promotes luxuriant growth of healthy silky and lovely hair. Get a bottle to-day — results will astonish and delight you.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3/- per bottle.

FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 5

NOT only the lower animals are able to convey their states of mind without spoken words. Orme turned and with the slightest smile assured Brenda that he remembered her, liked her, trusted her and was glad to see her.

"Good," she thought; "he'll listen to what I have to say."

Seated in the Walfords' car, he turned to her and said, "It's so pleasant to be met—it was so kind of you to come."

Brenda laughed. "'Kind'! I've been in a frenzy to get the first word with you. I'm so worried."

"I'm afraid from your telegram that this actor—Marston—has turned up again."

"Oh, no, there hasn't been a word about him during the entire trip. This is my own nephew—the Walfords' eldest son."

Maitland's face grew grave; obviously, for a woman to disapprove so intensely of her own nephew—— "You don't approve of him?"

"I adore him—I think he's one of the finest people I ever knew—but I don't approve of the engagement."

Maitland looked slightly surprised. It was the first time anyone had disapproved of an engagement between any relative and Stella.

"But if you admire him so much," he asked, "why do you disapprove of the engagement?"

She had been prepared for this—she knew she couldn't say that she didn't believe Stella would make any man happy. "They are not in love—not a bit," she began.

He turned to look at her. "I did not guess you were so romantic."

"That's not being romantic—it's common sense. Love is as practically necessary a basis for marriage as the prospect of three meals a day."

He shook his head. "I'll argue that point with you some day. But now go on."

"They're not in love—they've let themselves drift into this. I'm not at all sure Stella has any intention of going through with it. I think she says to herself that if she gets back to America and changes her mind—— But in the meantime—I don't want to seem selfish, but my reputation is involved; that great fortune and my own nephew—everyone will say—well, you can guess what."

He did not minimise this aspect, but nodded gravely, and she went on:

"I might as well tell you everything that is in my mind. The Walfords are naturally very keen for it. They think it's about perfect and—you know how the English are—they think it's a very good match for her. So it is—an old name, a good title, a healthy, honorable, charming boy. They are not going to make it easy for Stella to get out of it." She stopped; to her horror, she knew she was going to cry—there was that painful constriction in the throat muscles, a stinging in her eyes.

"You feel your responsibilities very deeply," he said, and put his gloved hand on hers. "Will you leave this to me?"

She nodded—this, of course, was just what she wanted to do.

There is a moment perfectly clear though never defined by science, at which holding a hand ceases to be a friendly gesture and becomes a caress. Just before this moment was reached, Brenda withdrew her hand—under the pretext of opening her bag, extracting a fresh filmy handkerchief and wiping her eyes.

"I must not pretend," she said, "that my feelings are noble. I think a great deal of myself—but I have a sort of instinct this marriage is wrong. We'll see what you think."

SUDDENLY it came to her that he would in all probability approve. If he liked Oswald—and Brenda could hardly imagine his not liking him—he would probably agree with Mary, that such a marriage might be the saving of Stella. Or was he quite ignorant of the fact that Stella needed saving?

"If I don't approve," he said presently, "I don't know that I can do much in twenty-four hours."

"Is that all you can spare us?"

"Yes; I came over to see a client of mine. I've neglected my private practice entirely for six months. I must go back at noon to-morrow. But I'll do my best for you. Anyhow, I can take the responsibility off your shoulders. That I shall certainly do. I'm so glad you sent for me."

She, too, was glad.

They reached Brigochter to find everyone at breakfast—even Stella, in her bright blue tweeds. She flung herself into Orme's arms, exclaiming, "Maitland dear—how wonderful to see you!"

He smiled at Lady Walford over Stella's head—he had no hand free from her embrace. "It was kind of you to let me come," he said.

Oswald, standing at the fire with a bowl of porridge in his hand, bowed gravely, looking remote and elegant.

Crises, Brenda thought, never came on schedule.

She had felt so sure that in an hour—in a few hours at most—she would know what Orme thought, and what he meant to do; but the day went quietly on without her having any other word with him. Stella took him away for a conference that lasted all morning, and at luncheon Brenda could not guess from their manner what had been said. He sat down beside her at the table, but Stella asked her to move. "After all, I haven't seen him for months, and he's my guardian," she said, patting his shoulder. Anyhow, Brenda said to herself, she couldn't very well have asked him what he thought of Oswald, with Oswald's mother on his other side, and Oswald himself across the table.

Soon after luncheon, Orme asked Oswald to take him for a walk. Stella would have gone, too, but a Scotch mist was turning into rain, and she sat instead before the drawing-room fire, where Elizabeth Walford was embroidering, and Brenda doing nothing but fret. Stella talked of Orme—his career, his achievements, but in particular of the number of ladies at home who loved him—hopelessly, of course. Brenda gathered that Stella and her mother were the only two exempt, and was not perfectly sure about the mother.

TEA was being served when the two men came back, and Stella attached herself at once to Orme. Brenda followed Oswald out of the room when he went to change.

"Did you enjoy your walk?" she said.

"More than my companion, I fancy. I'm afraid he was disappointed at not being able to find any good reasons for opposing my marriage to his ward. His reasons are not as good as yours, my dear, because his feelings for Stella are a good deal less paternal than he imagines."

"How would you feel if this marriage were broken off?"

He paused with his hand on the bannister. "My dear aunt, how would any man feel if a lovely heiress were torn from his grasp?"

"Oswald, why won't you speak to me frankly—as we always have?"

"Because I'm soaked to the skin, and have just heard that I must take my father's place at that infernal political meeting to-night, as he's got a chill, a convenient chill. I have to speak in defence of the local member."

She was pleased neither by his words nor his manner. Of course she did not want Orme to oppose Stella's marriage because he was in love with her himself—that put him in as bad a position as she was in.

Half-way up, and out of reach of questions, Oswald called to her, "Will you come with me to the meeting?"

She promised gladly. Perhaps on the drive into town he would be a little more communicative.

BUT she might have known that it was not at present Oswald's plan to be alone with her. In the middle of dinner he leaned across the table and said to Mary, "Will you come with Brenda and me to this meeting to-night? It will be horribly dull in one way, and yet it is local politics at their most characteristic—just what we were talking about yesterday."

"And is Mary the only person invited to go?" said Stella.

"It would bore you to death," he answered. "Besides, I'm not at all eager that you should hear me making a fool of myself."

Please turn to Page 47

The Sea and the Sky

Give me the sea and an open boat,
And the blue of the sky above,
And the white gulls wheeling overhead—
For the sea and the sky's my love!

The sun gleams gold on the curving shore,
And the foaming reef breaks high
—Oh, I'll trade you the cities of all the world
For my love—the sea and the sky!

—G. Rogers.

HOW LUCKY SHE FOUND OUT

FOLLOW THE LUX METHOD
quick . . . safe . . . easy!

A LEVER PRODUCT

It's the grandest feeling to hop out of the shower into clean sweet undies. Keeps you fresh all day too—and you don't have to worry about offending. Clean undies every day can never harbour the least hint of perspiration odour.

. . . It *takes only* 4 MINUTES *every night.*

Whip up a lather with a little Lux and hot water—add cold water till it's lukewarm—squeeze through the day's undies and stockings and rinse well!

S.257.15

KIDNEYS EXPEL 3lbs. WASTE DAILY
— If Not, there's Trouble!

When urination is difficult, scanty, thick or clouded—if burning, smarting, irritation causes worry—if backaches, groin pains, stiff, swollen joints, feet, knuckles and ankles, rheumatism, night disturbances, dizziness, etc., are causing you to lose vitality—take Harrison's Pills. This proven remedy brings fastest known safe aid to raw, inflamed, weakened kidneys and bladder. Thus, with restored strength, life activity and other pain-causing memories depart, and the pep of 10 years ago returns. Harrison's Pills, sold by leading Chemists cost 2/, 3/, 5/ (large size) more economical. If any difficulty, send order, adding 3d postage to The "Cut" Pharmacy, Australia's leading suppliers of Medical Requirements, Martin Place, Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS RESTORE

BACKACHE LUMBAGO

Relieve Backache and Lumbago's excruciating pain! For 16 years Genuine Vincent's A.P.C., prepared on the scientific, hospital formula, has given quick, safe relief from pain. Be sure to get Genuine Vincent's A.P.C., recommended by the Medical Profession. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 76-78 Liverpool St., Sydney.

GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH
Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle a little PASTEETH-VASCLYN on your plates. This new, tasteless powder holds teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get PASTEETH-VASCLYN to-day from any good chemist.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612881

FREE Instant Relief from CATARRH

E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C., Supervising Chemist, The Eupathy Co., Aust.

Whether Catarrh in your case is of recent or long standing, whether merely clogged nasal passages or recurring sore throats, catarrhal headaches or head noises, you are invited to try, without cost or obligation, the British Eupathy Course, which gives IMMEDIATE relief and is so remarkably successful in definitely conquering Catarrh.

Accept this FREE OFFER

Every reader of this announcement, who forwards the coupon below, will receive:—

1. A full five days' trial supply of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate, which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, will give INSTANT RELIEF in every case, however severe or troublesome.
2. A five days' trial supply of Eupathy Muco-Corrective and Membrex Tablets to purify the system and bring about a lasting condition of internal health and cleanliness.
3. We shall also send, FREE, a specially informative new health hand-book, "THE TRUTH ABOUT CATARRH," explaining the cause and effects of Catarrh, and the proper means to adopt to ensure:
   (1) The joy of easy breathing.
   (2) Elimination of unpleasant mucus in throat.
   (3) Nose congestion cleared.
   (4) Sneezing, snuffling, and constant blowing ended.
   (5) Noises in head banished.
   (6) Breathing and appetite improved.
   (7) Freedom from hay fever, coughs, colds and unnatural tiredness and languor.

Fill in the Coupon immediately and prove for yourself, without financial risk, what Eupathy will do for you. This FREE INSTANT RELIEF OUTFIT will cost you nothing but the effort of sending for it, yet it may be worth pounds to you. Sending the Coupon below is the first step to glorious new health and freedom from an annoying complaint which may lead to dangerous and even deadly consequences, if neglected.

INSTANT RELIEF FOR CATARRH SUFFERERS

FREE COUPON

To E. N. DAVIS, Ph.C.,
THE EUPATHY COMPANY,
Box 2598 EE,
254 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY.

Please send me FREE, INSTANT RELIEF Sample of Eupathy Fume Distillate and Eupathy Tablets for Catarrh, together with full information and Health Hand-Book.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

656

(Please write clearly and enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.)

FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 46

"BUT you don't mind Mary—not very flattering to Mary. Of course I'm going. Will you come, too Maitland?"

"You'd better not," said Lady Walford. "The Masonic Hall, where all our meetings are held, has never been properly heated since it was built."

Brenda thought Stella looked a little discouraged on hearing this, especially as Orme declined going. He had Brenda knew from her sister, an appointment to talk over the financial aspects of the marriage with Lord Walford. Mary also decided to stay at home.

Before dinner was over, the three who were going to the meeting were obliged to leave the table. The meeting was set for eight-thirty, and they were already a little late. Stella ran upstairs just to get her coat—she wouldn't be a second, she said, but she was gone more than ten minutes. Brenda tapped her toes impatiently—really, people who volunteered their company and then kept you waiting— She glanced at Oswald, who stood perfectly calm—English? Or besotted with love?

Stella came down wrapped in a splendid garment of bright red cloth and dark fur—very inappropriate, Brenda thought, to a village meeting. She saw, what no masculine eye could detect, that she had done her hair over from the beginning. Oswald, of course, saw only that she looked prettier than ever.

"You'll make a sensation in the Masonic Hall," he said.

She smiled at him. "I wanted to do you credit."

Brenda thought bitterly, "Thumb-nail sketch of the perfect wife."

During the three-mile drive to town Stella chattered—charmingly, flatteringly, but always in sentences that required an answer. Brenda found herself thinking that her loquacity must annoy Oswald, who was obviously trying to think what he was going to say. Then, horrified to find she had been secretly rejoicing at Stella's mistake, she said aloud:

"My dear Stella, when you have been about with speakers as much as I have you will learn to leave them in silence during these last precious moments when they are arranging their ideas."

AS so often happened when she had a generous impulse toward Stella, she immediately regretted it. The girl gave an amused little laugh. "You mean he has to think it all out with gestures? How very amusing. I didn't know it was to be an oration."

Oswald did not answer—in fact, no one spoke again until the hall was reached. They were late. Oswald went straight to the platform, while Brenda and Stella, made particularly conspicuous by Stella's red coat, were ushered to places reserved for the Brigochter party in the very front row.

The local clergyman—the chairman of the meeting—was already speaking, expounding the situation with a leisurely didactic oratory more suited to the pulpit than to politics. Stella rolled a protesting eye at Brenda, and wrapped her coat more tightly about her. Lady Walford was right—the hall was like a tomb.

Fortunately Oswald came next; and, Brenda thought, he made an acceptable little speech, without a trace of nervousness. He began by apologising for his father's absence, and his own inadequate presence—particularly inadequate in speaking on a financial topic, since he had, he was ashamed to say, never earned a penny in his life—at least not for himself—but, he must boast that he had earned several pounds for his friend Mr McCandlish that very summer. He had gone to Mr McCandlish's, as everyone did, to buy a muffler—and a very good muffler it was, and at about half the price you would pay for the same thing in Princes Street, he could tell them (some mild applause)—and while he had been picking it out Mr McCandlish had been obliged to leave the shop because there was a cow in his garden—a very handsome but obviously hungry cow. He didn't wish to start any scandal, but he did rather fancy it was Miss Menzies' cow. (Mild laughter, over what was presumably a local hit.) While he was gone a great car had driven up to the door, and a party of people had come in to buy tweeds and woollens and he, the speaker, had waited on them—and very well, too, though he said it as shouldn't. The point of the anecdote was that the party who had squandered their substance in Mr McCandlish's corner shop were not local, but English people on their way to Caithness—and they had said in Oswald's hearing that only the bad roads kept them from taking this route north every year, because it was by far the finest part of all Scotland. (Applause.)

A BLACK EVENING GOWN that is distinctive with its quilted, winged shoulder pieces. This quilting is also used as a sleeve finish. The cross-over effect at the back is intriguing. A tie sash adds an unsophisticated air to the gown.
—Air Mail photo.

AS he sat down, Brenda turned to Stella for praise, but Stella had simply sunk into her coat so that now only the top of her blond head was visible. The hall was getting colder and colder, and the sound of frozen feet beating on the floor could be heard on all sides.

The next speaker was an important person—Mr. McTavish, the local grocer. His business took him as far as Glasgow, where he had acquired not so much radical ideas as a radical manner. Standing with his hands in his pockets, he said that he was unlike the young gentleman, who had just obliged them with his views—he had earned his living since he was a wee loon, he might say since he was a brat of a bairn. His bitterness, and that egotism which so often underlies bitterness deceived Mr McTavish into believing that the poignant interest he felt in his own words was an inherent quality of the words themselves. He went on and on—he could not stop. The audience aware perhaps that stone cottages on the moor or even in the village street would be as cold as the hall, listened in a dreary silence.

All, at least, but one. Brenda had been feeling for some time that Stella had reached the limit of her endurance. She sighed, she shivered, she sank lower on the hard stiff chair, she drew her shoulders higher and higher, and finally, in the middle of one of Mr McTavish's more eloquent sentences she rose to her feet, pushed her way out of the first row and walked slowly, relentlessly down the aisle, her red coat shining like a pillar of fire. All heads turned to watch her go, and Mr McTavish stopped angrily until the door had closed behind her.

AN hour later, when the speeches were over, the resolutions passed and the hall emptied of its crowd, Brenda and Oswald found Stella sound asleep in the back seat of his car, under the fur rug. She woke in perfect possession of her senses—that is to say, she attacked first.

"What an evening!" she exclaimed. "I shall never get over it—my feet are permanently frozen, and my back is broken. Really, Oswald, I don't see how you dared take me to such a thing. What were you thinking of?"

Oswald, in the front seat, was releasing his brake, and answered coldly over his shoulder, "I didn't ask you, Stella. I asked Mary—if you remember—who would have behaved herself."

Please turn to Page 48

INDELIBLE - PERMANENT BEAUTIFUL . . .

APART from their well known usual lipsalves, Roger & Gallet of Paris offer you in the same priceless quality, the new indelible type lipstick. Ask for N° 10-10 Roger & Gallet Lipstick. Remember it stains the lips — is smooth, neither too dry nor too greasy, tasteless with a trace of delicate perfume.
From dark red and orange to pale rose: day—night—cerise—cerise vif —changeant (*colour changing*).

Full size tubes at only 1/- at all chemists and stores. The universally adopted new type of make-up.

Roger & Gallet

Nº 10-10

LIPSTICK FROM PARIS

Her smile is Brighter — Her Bad Breath gone — since she changed to Colgate's.

KILL two birds with one stone this way! Avoid bad breath—and at the same time get cleaner, brighter teeth.

You can, say dentists, because most bad breath comes from the same thing that causes dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. That is simply *"half-way" cleaning of the teeth.*

Why Dentists advise Colgate's

Colgate's is made to clean teeth thoroughly. Its penetrating foam gets into every crevice. Emulsifies the food deposits between the teeth and flushes them away.

Every surface of every tooth is thoroughly cleaned. The cause of bad breath is removed. You know from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth that each brushing purifies your breath.

At the same time—a soft, grit-free ingredient gently polishes tooth enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Natural lustre is restored, teeth gain new brilliance.

Thus the same care that keeps you free from bad breath gives you also a brighter, more sparkling, more attractive smile!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. And regular use of it gives you both cleaner, brighter teeth and a pure sweet breath.

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

LARGE TUBE 1/3

IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . . TRY
COLGATE'S *NEW*
PROPHYLACTIC DENTAL POWDER
A special formula releasing oxygen that prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea. Sells at 1/6.

EVENING GARDEN Face Powder, delicately perfumed with exquisite floral perfume, is also very fine in texture. Suitable for any skin, even the most delicate. It gives a youthful appearance keenly appreciated by every user. **Obtainable at all Stores & Chemists.**

PRICE 2/6 PER BOX

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Siss-tex). Soothes, tones, cleans, and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612882

BOTH "Regular" ... BUT BOTH CONSTIPATED

Don't let regularity deceive you. Most headaches, most fits of depression, and loss of "pep" can be traced to constipation. If your bowels are not THOROUGH as well as "regular" you're constipated—and need Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

"GRATEFUL FOR THE MARVELLOUS RESULTS"

Rundown, nervy people turn to Clements Tonic to give them back their health. After a short course, their appetites are restored, their nerves are steadied and their health is improved "out of sight." Small wonder, then, that they are grateful to Clements Tonic — the natural restorative.

Willoughby, N.S.W.

"I have very much pleasure in writing these few lines, which I sincerely hope may be of some assistance in recommending your marvellous tonic. I have taken other tonics specially prescribed and I find none to equal the famous Clements Tonic.

"My work is very strenuous on nerves, as I am a phonogram attendant, and I can assure you I am more than grateful for the wonderful results I am getting from Clements Tonic, and I will certainly recommend it to all my fellow workers as a marvellous tonic for nerves."

(Miss) M.D.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital Cities, 3/- and 5/- a bottle, at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

C735-180

CHAMPION'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM A 200 YEARS OLD RECIPE!

THIS AFTERNOON GOWN is of heavy silk moire. The square-cut yoke is of cream georgette finished with a dainty double collar, and row of covered buttons. The quaint Elizabethan collar enhances its simplicity.

FIVE *Little* HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 47

"ARE you suggesting that I didn't behave myself—are you criticising me for having the common sense to get myself out?"

"Yes, I am criticising you."

"I bet you are," said Stella. "You are the greatest little criticiser I ever met. As if everything that you did was perfect. Your speech, for instance. I suppose that was a masterpiece. Well, it wasn't as long as that clergyman's whose hair looked as if it were exploding, but that's about all I can give it."

"I wish," answered Oswald, "that you had manifested your disapproval by walking out while I was speaking rather than when McTavish was."

"I wish I had," said Stella. "It would have been half an hour less of discomfort."

"THE point is, Stella," said Brenda, "that you hurt people's feelings when you behave like that. It seems that Mrs. McTavish was in tears, because she felt her Jamie had been insulted by a member of the Brigochter household. That's not good for Oswald. Mr. McTavish is a powerful man in the community."

"I don't see what my conduct has to do with Oswald."

"If he wants to stand for Parliament, and it becomes known that you and he are engaged——"

"Well, it never will become known, because we're not. Englishwomen must take a terrible beating if they go to meetings like this one."

"They go to much worse ones," said Oswald.

"Then the engagement is off."

"I had come to the same conclusion myself."

"Indeed. You think that I wouldn't do?"

"I admit I should expect some qualities in my wife which you do not appear to possess." His dignity was slightly mitigated by the necessities of driving the car.

"What qualities, may I ask?"

"A little friendly interest and sense of responsibility and co-operation."

"Now, just hold on a moment," said Stella. "Co-operation—I to do it all, I suppose? Why should I go to meetings, and shoot and fish and do all the things that bore me to death? Why shouldn't you co-operate a little in the life that I'd like? Englishwomen seem to me terrible simps to lead the lives they do."

"They like it—some of them, at least; even some Americans like it; your friend Miss Hyde, for instance."

"Hear, hear," said Stella. "Mary likes it, of course—because she's in love with you. Yes, she'd have sat through McTavish and a couple more—she'll get soaked to the skin and walk ten miles, and fall into the river—because she's in love with you, if you had sense enough to see it; or maybe you knew it already."

He did not answer—nobody answered—and they reached home in stately silence.

Brenda could hardly believe it. She hadn't said a word, and yet here was the engagement broken—not a lover's quarrel, but a definite break. Or was it more deliberate than it seemed? Had Orme perhaps spoken some master word to Stella? She wished he were still up. Had he no interest in the situation? Or did he, perhaps, already know the answer? She wished he had sat up for them. She even wished that he would violate etiquette so far as to come to her door and let her tell him the news. But no, the whole house was still, and Brenda went to bed.

The next morning, before she was dressed, Mary was in her room. "I hear Oswald and Stella had a quarrel last night."

"Don't tell me Stella is awake already?"

"Oh, certainly not. She woke me up last night when she got home to tell about it. I gather she didn't behave too well."

"No, she didn't. Not so much in walking out, but in being so terribly angry at any criticism."

MARY sighed. "Well, you see, no one does criticise at home—except me. She takes it fairly well from me. She doesn't like men to criticise her—they haven't the privilege, for some reason. I wonder if it can be patched up."

Brenda laid a hand on Mary's shoulder. "Don't worry," she said.

Mary shook her head. "I must try—it would save Stella. And then think of poor Oswald—losing her when she was so nearly his."

When Brenda came into the breakfast room Oswald was giving his father an account of McTavish's speech, but she saw by Elizabeth's cheerful demeanor that no news of all that had happened after the meeting had so far been communicated. Orme came and stood beside her at the fire, but no conversation was possible.

Presently Stella came down. Brenda saw with pleasure that the girl had no intention of making friends. She hardly looked in Oswald's direction.

"Did you enjoy your first political meeting, my dear?" said Lady Walford.

"No—to be candid," said Stella. "In fact, I walked out while somebody called McTavish was speaking."

To Be Continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HEADACHE BANISHED

IT is astonishing how *quickly* Nyal ESTERIN banishes headache. Two Nyal ESTERIN tablets, taken immediately, give prompt relief. Pain *originates* from the nerve centres, and Nyal Esterin (made from ingredients regularly prescribed by the medical profession) goes direct to the source of pain and smoothes it away. Esterin acts quickly because it contains Esterin compound, a sedative which acts *directly* on the disturbed nerve centres. There is nothing in Nyal Esterin which can form a habit or affect the heart. It can be taken with absolute safety. In all cases of headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, rheumatic or nerve pain—take Nyal Esterin. Sold in handy tins, by all chemists. 1/3.

NYAL ESTERIN 1/3

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431BB, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME

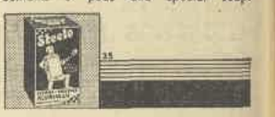
ADDRESS

W.W.18/4/'36

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW!

Steelo

Steelo restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.



LOSE 2st. FAT Fast on Big Meals

Have a lovely slim figure instead of a fat, ugly one. Wear smart, attractive styles, eat heartily, enjoy life and feel good—you can do it if you take ENJOLA. Step on the scales to-day, note your weight; then take Enjola for 10 days. Watch fat go! See slender lines return—it's amazing! No thyroid, no trouble. Just Enjola, and the fat departs. Your new slimness remains—the fresh energy resisting renewed corpulence. Chemists sell Enjola, 6/6, or posted 7/6 from Owl Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney. Note: You can rely on Enjola—we challenge other Reducing Treatments to equal it for safe, beneficial results.

Enjola SLIMS FAST but SAFE!

GLAMOUR .. ALLURE .. like a halo round her head

Just "once a day" with Blue Hyacinth Cosmetics and you are youthful and lovely. Only their tremendous popularity could make their amazingly low price possible. The same quality usually costs three times as much.

Blue Hyacinth Cosmetics

POWDER . . . ROUGE . . . LIPSTICK . . . EYEBROW PENCIL . . VANISHING CREAM . . . PERFUME

6D each

At your favourite store

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612883

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

April 18, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers. 49

YOUR NEEDLE *is a most Powerful Little Friend*

Use it to embroider the lovely frock shown on this page . . . a long-sleeved dress, wool embossed for winter; a cool, short-sleeved linen or silk for spring and summer.

Hand-cut patterns in any size for long or short sleeve frock available; also transfer carrying Bertha Maxwell's beautiful design.

OF all the frocks flitting through the city streets this last summer, none have attracted more attention than those decorated with hand embroidery. They are so exactly right for our climate, so youthful, so desirable, that every woman longs to possess one.

NOW is the time to begin to make one or two for spring and early summer—to make one for immediate wear. They are so simple in cut, in order to carry their lovely needlework successfully, that they are ideal pieces of sewing for the home dressmaker.

The embroidery is easy pastime stitchery, a sheer delight for the odd half hour or so of quietness which we need in these days more than ever before.

This frock has been carefully designed for the needlework which is shown here, so that the work is displayed to the best advantage while forming part of the structure of the garment. Simplicity is the important note in the cutting, so that all the attraction for the eye is in the embellishment.

The expertly-cut pattern of long or short sleeve frock (note inset of long sleeve) is obtainable for 1/1, post free.

The transfer, 20 x 20 inches, giving front and back yoke 4½ inches deep, with four pointed motifs for cuffs and pockets, costs 1/6, post free.

Cutting and Making

TO make the frock with long sleeves (sizes 32 to 36 inches) you will require 4 yards of 36-inch material; with short sleeves 3¼ yards will be needed. Allow for seams and hems when cutting.

There are 10 pattern pieces, half-back and front of skirt, bodice, and yoke, long and short sleeve, pocket and cuff. Pattern for belt is not given as it is a straight piece rounded at one end and long enough to fit waist.

Follow These Directions

TO cut out, lay centre-front and back of skirt, bodice, and yoke to the fold, cut sleeve, pocket and cuff double. Join skirt seams, leaving about 3 inches open at left side for placket; gather back and front bodice to fit yoke; sew yoke to bodice; join underarm seams, leaving 2 inches open at left side for placket. Join one inch of each shoulder seam at armhole edge, face each shoulder.

For long sleeves gather lower edge of each sleeve to fit cuff, sew on cuffs; gather sleeves to fit armholes; sew in sleeves.

For short sleeves, join seams, turn a hem at lower edge of each and sew in sleeves.

Gather lower edge of bodice to fit waist; turn a narrow turning on skirt and sew to bodice. Sew on pockets. Turn a hem to required length on skirt. Make belt; face side placket, sew on fasteners, and sew two buttons and loops to each shoulder.

If you decide to work the embroidery before putting the dress pieces together, you must whip or oversew the edges of the parts first so that they will not fray away.

Have You These?

Pattern of real Eastern kimono, price 1/-, and hibiscus transfer to decorate it, price 1/6.

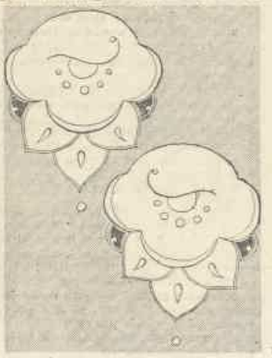
Marigold breakfast set, comprising tray-cloth, tea-cosy, napkin, and egg-cosy. In white or cream linen, 4/- the set.

Pattern of dainty dressing-jacket, price 1/-; wild-rose transfer to decorate it, price 1/-.

A better method is to trace the outline of the front or back of the frock on a suitable-sized piece of material, stamp on the design, and then do the needlework. Press it well from the back when finished, then lay on the pattern shape again, and if the stitchery has drawn the shape out of position anywhere it can be easily adjusted. This is probably the safest way of working, especially for those who are inclined to make their embroidery a little tight.

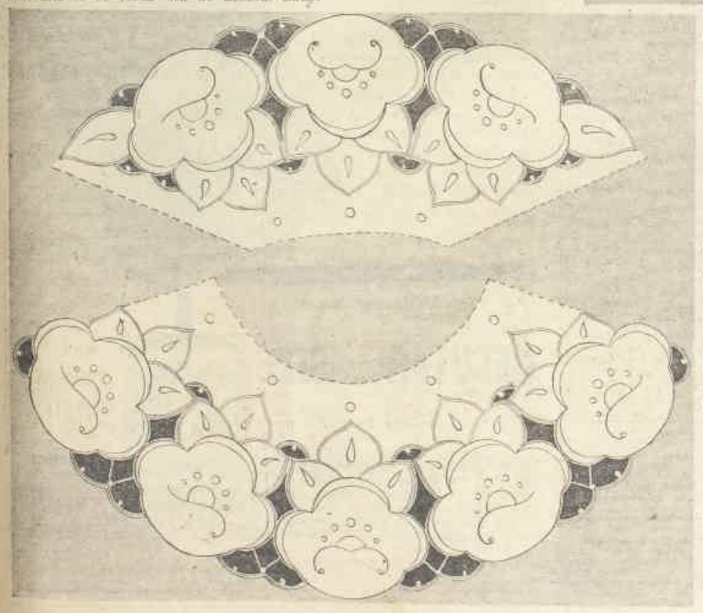
To do the work last, cut out the pieces, stamp the design where wanted, make the frock, neaten all edges likely to fray, and then commence the embroidery.

This method has the slight psychological advantage of having the frock ready to wear when the last hand-stitch has been put into it!



ABOVE YOU see a sketch of frock with short sleeves, and, inset, the long sleeves. Patterns of short and long sleeve frock cost 1/1 each.

IF YOU HAVE never owned a richly-embroidered frock of good material, you have never experienced the satisfying sensation of feeling that you are wearing a dress which is unique, beautiful and coveted by all who see it.



LEFT: The transfer gives front and back yoke; above you see two of the four motifs for cuffs and pockets. Transfer costs 1/6.

A Lovely Transfer

THE design is printed on a transfer sheet, measuring 20 x 20 inches, which gives you the front yoke, the back yoke, and four motifs. You see only two motifs in the illustration, but there are two for your sleeves and two for your pockets.

And if you wish to make something else instead of a frock, this transfer is ideal for underwear; look closely at it and you will see that it is composed of units of flower and leaves, which may be cut apart and spaced out as you wish for dozens of purposes.

For Summer Wear

LINEN is the ideal material for a summer frock. We have noticed beautiful linen frocks of salmon pink, powder-blue or lettuce-green, worked in thick white cotton; milk-white buttons and a white suede belt are correct accessories.

Crepe-de-chine is also lovely for an embroidered frock, and makes a richly beautiful race ensemble with a light woollen coat and shady hat.

For Winter Frocks

THIS design has been prepared with the winter frock in mind, so that it is highly suitable for quick outline work in crewel wools, or any of the light two-ply wools used for the best fine knitting.

Just stamp the design where wanted, thread a large needle with the colored wool you like, and either outline all over the pattern or merely run neat darning stitches, keeping the wool as much on the surface as possible. This is very quick work.

Wool-de-chine, flannel, viyella and similar materials will make a lovely winter frock for business wear, travelling or visiting.

The Cutwork

AUSTRALIAN needleworkers excel at this beautiful form of needlework, which has all the richness of heavy lace and is so easy to do. The design is outlined with one thread of cotton, just smallish darning stitches inside the leaf and flower shapes; or where double lines are shown, two or three rows of stitches are put in. Then buttonholing is worked all over the running stitches, keeping to the stamped lines, of course. The spare bits of material between adjacent buttonholings are then snipped out. Where a bar occurs, it is worked over three threads, no stitch on the bar being put into the material.

Finish the neck edge with a bias binding of the frock material, or turn the material in once and buttonhole all round.

The transfer has guide lines for the shape of neck and shoulders: these should be cut away if not wanted, particularly the shoulder-lines.

By the way, the transfer would make a lovely separate collar of white or colored linen to wear with different frocks: fastenings on both shoulders should then be very small buttons and loops.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612884

BREAKFAST D'LIGHT

Puts glowing health within reach of all..

8½D 2 LB PKT

COUNTRY DISTRICTS SLIGHTLY MORE

Full of pep . . . fit as a fiddle . . . there's no greater blessing in the whole world than health! It's a happy family whose mother knows the value of **Breakfast D'Light**—one of the simplest and best foods in the world; because it not only brings you real nourishment, but also the Sunshine Vitamins which are as important to health as daily sunshine.

FREE YO-YO'S FOR YOUNGSTERS

Call or post to our showrooms (enclose 2d. stamp), 3 "Breakfast D'Light" Coupons for a Junior Yo-Yo; 6 Coupons for a Tournament Yo-Yo, to comprise
3 Coupons from "Breakfast D'Light,"
3 Coupons from "Fountain" Tomato Sauce.

Coupon Showrooms:
Foveaux Street, Sydney (opposite Railway Station)
Scott Street, Newcastle

NEW YO-YO STRINGS
Available for one coupon from "Breakfast D'Light" (enclose 2d. stamp).

THERE'S A FREE GIFT COUPON WITH EVERY PACKET

HURRY!
Offer definitely closes
Thursday, April 30th

★ Only 6 Wrappers from PEARS' SOAP for a dainty, coloured zylo-backed Nail Brush.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE NAIL BRUSH

Save 6 wrappers from Pears' Original Transparent Soap before 30th April. Cut out the oval panels and take them to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 174 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone to our gift, attach the panels to a piece of paper, bearing your name and address IN BLOCK LETTERS, and the number of oval panels enclosed, and post to GIFT DEPARTMENT A. & F. PEARS LIMITED, BOX 4210 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

10.180.27N

PRINCESS BETTY
Birthday Competition

IF you were asked to make a cake for our best-beloved Princess' tenth birthday, how would you make it? Special Prize of one guinea Awarded for the Nicest Recipe Received. Competition Closes April 25.

Now, think! How would you make it? Would it be rich cake, lavishly decorated, or would the ingredients be simple, its decoration, say, pink icing and pink candles? There is infinite scope for your culinary knowledge in this intriguing competition—and one guinea in cash awaits the lucky winner.

WRITE out your recipe clearly, and mark the envelope, and entry, "Princess Betty Birthday Competition," and address to us. Entries close on April 25, and the results will be announced in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly dated May 9.

Our usual weekly recipe competition for the six best recipes of the week, carrying first prize of £1, second prize of £10/-, and four at 2/6, will run as usual. Here are the results of this week's competition:—

CHINESE VEAL

Six veal cutlets, some flour, pepper and salt, ½ cup dripping, 1 tin pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcester sauce.

Trim cutlets and dip in flour, salt, and pepper. Melt fat and fry cutlets, quickly browning on both sides. Remove from pan, place in a baking-dish, and pour over them a sauce made with the pineapple, lemon juice, and Worcester sauce. Cover and bake for one hour in a slow oven. Drain slices of pineapple, dip in flour, and fry till brown in a clean pan. Serve cutlets on a hot dish with fried pineapple slices round them, and over all pour the sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Miss A. Jack, 16 Maturin Road, Glenelg, S.A.

STEAMED VANILLA SOUFFLE WITH JAM SAUCE

One ounce butter, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. flour, 2 yolks and 3 whites of eggs, ¼ pint milk, vanilla essence.

Butter a soufflé tin, holding about 1½ pints. Sift the flour, and separate the eggs. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, and milk. Let it cool, add the sugar, and beat in the yolks, one at a time, and the flavoring. Lastly, fold in lightly the whisked whites of eggs. Turn into the prepared tin, cover with buttered paper, and steam gently for about 50 minutes.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. L. Knox, 3 Mill Hill Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.

ROCKMELON SURPRISE

One rockmelon, juice of half lemon, some fruit salad, gelatine, cochineal.

Cut a slice off the top of the rockmelon. Scoop out the inside. Remove the seeds and cut the flesh into dice. Turn the melon shell upside down to drain, also drain the syrup from the fruit salad. Mix the fruit and the diced melon together, measure the liquid, and add one dessertspoonful gelatine to each cup of liquid; add lemon juice and dissolve over the fire. Strain; add a few drops of cochineal. When cool, pour over the fruit. When ready to serve, pile the fruit in the melon shell. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. B. Thompson, Water St., Blayney, N.S.W.

GOOSNURGH CAKES

Pinch salt, 16oz. flour, ½lb. butter, 1 teaspoon carraway seeds.

Rub butter into other ingredients until a dough is formed, roll out about quarter-inch thick, cut into finger lengths, cover slide with butter-paper sprinkled with sugar, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. While still hot, sprinkle very thickly with castor sugar.

(These are very "short," and have a delicious flavor.)

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. H. Parker, Arthur Street, Scottsdale, Tas.

OYSTER RABBIT

Half pint oysters, 1oz. butter, ½lb. cheese, 1 saltspoon salt, 1 saltspoon paprika, 1 saltspoon mustard, 2 eggs, toasted crackers.

Put oysters and their liquid into a saucepan and heat thoroughly. Pour into a hot dish. Melt butter, add finely-grated cheese and the seasonings. Beat up eggs and strain the oyster liquid into them. When the cheese is melted stir in the egg mixture, add the oysters, and as soon as hot serve on toasted crackers (or on tiny rounds of fairy bread toast).

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Agnes M. Boyle, 552 St. Nepean Road, Brighton S6, Vic.

EGG FRUIT SAVORY

One egg fruit, 1 very small onion, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper to taste, breadcrumbs.

Peel egg fruit, cut in slices, add onions and boil in salted water till tender, strain, and mash. When cool add beaten egg, milk, salt, and pepper. Butter pledish, spread with half cheese, then egg fruit mixture, then rest of cheese. Cover with breadcrumbs and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven for ½ hour. Delicious served with grills.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss B. E. Nolt, Nulla Nulla, Gin Gin, Qld.

CLEVER . . . IDEAS

COAT COLLARS: Coat collars are apt to get very greasy on the inside and make you feel grubby. To remove the marks, take a cake of good household soap, grate one tablespoonful. Rub this, dry, well into the soiled part of the collar, and leave it there for two hours. Then take a clean nail-brush and brush off the soap. With a piece of clean, soft rag, wrung out in hot water, rub the soiled part until all the dirt is removed. Dry it by rubbing with a clean cloth, and finish off by pressing with a hot iron.

USE FOR PIPE CLEANER: When you have washed your teapot, poke a pipe cleaner through the little holes at the bottom of the spout. Do this once a week.

TO WASH STOCKINGS: Color of stockings may be retained this way. Soak stockings to be washed in a bowl of water in which a quarter of a pint of turpentine has been mixed. Then wring out, and dry thoroughly before washing in the usual way with soap flakes and warm water.

MAHOGANY FURNITURE: Renovate old mahogany furniture by making a mixture of cold tea and vinegar, and wiping the surface over with it applied on a soft rag. Paraffin applied with a soft rag will have the same excellent effect on walnut.

Max Factor Coupon

MESSRS. JAMES AND ANDERSON, representatives in Australia for Max Factor's, of Hollywood, wish to apologise to their clients for a mistake in the wording of the free gift coupon published with their advertisement in the issue dated April 4.

The coupon, which read, "Please send me a Max Factor's 48-page Instruction Book, The New Art of Society Make-up, and the sixpenny purse-size box of powder," should have read, "Please send me Max Factor's Lipstick Palette and sample rouge in my shade, also 48-page Instruction Book, 'The New Art of Society Make-Up.'"

BURNS need prompt treatment with soothing, healing IODEX

Prompt treatment of burns or scalds with Iodex iodine ointment will almost instantly soothe the pain and seal the wound against infection. At the same time Iodex induces rapid healing. Iodex possesses nearly twice the antiseptic strength of the tincture, penetrates deeply and yet will not stain or blister the skin.

FREE!
● New 40 page First Aid Book tells what to do in all emergencies. Should be in every home. Write for your copy now. The Iodex Co., Box 3198R, G.P.O., Sydney.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE
Price 2/-. From all Chemists

If you feel TIRED, NERVY and DEPRESSED take

Cream of Yeast
WORLD'S FASTEST TONIC
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER & BRIGHTER IN A FEW MINUTES
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS 'CREAM OF YEAST'

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.***

WHY BOTHER WITH IMITATIONS?

Eno's "Fruit Salt" has been bringing health to millions of people all over the world for generations, and because of its success it is widely imitated. Some of these imitations are undoubtedly harmful in their effects, others have no effect at all. Play safe—make sure you get Eno's "Fruit Salt"—it is obtainable at a price which makes the buying of imitations very false economy.

Eno's "Fruit Salt" gives just that assistance which nature needs—pleasant to take but gently effective. It suits the most delicate system and is not habit-forming. Get a bottle of Eno to-day—at the prices shown it is unquestionably the best value obtainable.

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE costs only 2'3 and double quantity 3'9

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

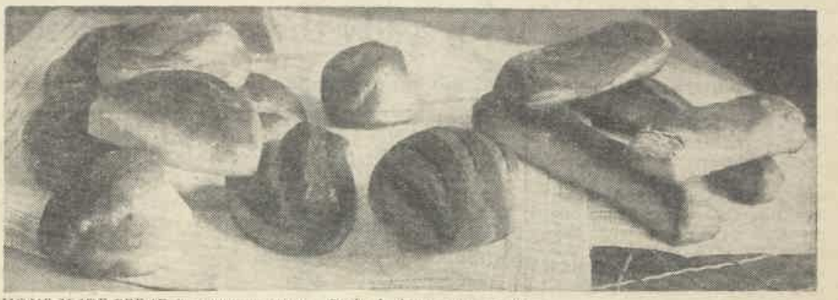
The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.
Sales Agents: The British Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612885

DELICIOUS *Home-Made* BREAD!

Steaming Hot from your own oven, nothing equals its quality or flavor. Why not make it? Full directions given here!

NOTE OTHER EXCELLENT RECIPES



HOME-MADE BREAD in tempting variety. Study the hints given on this page, follow the recipes carefully, and win fame for yourself as an expert in bread-making.

DO the small folk of to-day know the taste of home-made bread? Will they, like many of us, have interwoven with their childhood's memories, the vision of mother kneading and skilfully shaping the springy dough? Will they ever see, in their mind's eye, a "batch" in readiness for the oven, or know the sweet hunger-whipping aroma of baking bread? We hope so.

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

COMPRESSED yeast has replaced, to a large extent, the liquid type. It should be bought fresh and, if possible, in quantities just large enough to meet immediate requirements.

It can, however, be kept successfully for a few days by covering it entirely with a tumbler and storing in a cool place. If left exposed to the air it dries and becomes crumbly and unfit for use.

The processes in bread-making are clearly defined and, speaking generally, they hold good for most yeast mixtures.

1. **Warming.**—Warm bowl of flour and liquid—water or mixture of milk and water. The temperature of liquid should be lukewarm or body heat—98F.

2. **Creaming Yeast.**—Cream yeast to a liquid with or without sugar. Sugar certainly hastens the process of liquefying, but on the whole best results are obtained when sugar is not used. At this stage add a quarter of the liquid to the yeast (water or milk and water). Milk alters flavor and texture of the dough and adds to the nourishment.

3. Add salt to the flour and if fat is used rub it in. Use of too much salt retards the growth of yeast; must be used judiciously: 1½ teaspoons salt to 1½lbs. flour. Small quantity of fat improves the flavor and helps to keep bread moist. Especially recommended when using wholemeal to combat tendency of brown bread to become dry.

4. **Setting the Sponge.**—The process is not essential, and is frequently omitted. Well is made in flour and the yeast and water poured into the middle. A little flour sprinkled lightly over the surface of the liquid, basin covered and stood in a warm place for 20 minutes. When setting of sponge is omitted, mixing is proceeded with immediately, and rather longer must be allowed for the bread to rise after mixing.

5. **Mixing.**—Mixing of dough is of great importance, and this step requires care. The aim is for a smooth, elastic dough. The amount of liquid absorbed varies, and only an approximate amount can be given: ½ pint to each 1lb. flour.

Light bread cannot be made from a hard, stiff dough, as the bubbles of carbon-dioxide are unable to work their way through a dough mixture. An elastic dough, however, facilitates rising.

Kneading Process

THIS process must be done thoroughly, as the object is to distribute the yeast evenly throughout the dough. Insufficient or spasmodic kneading results in an unevenly-risen dough full of holes. To knead, hold the outer edge of the dough with the hands, pull this to the middle of the dough, and push in with the knuckles. Work all round dough and repeat until dough is firm, smooth and elastic. 3½lbs. of dough should be kneaded thoroughly for at least ten minutes.

7. **Rising.**—Cut dough across, cover the bowl with cloth and place in a warm place—such as near an open fire, on the plate rack of a gas stove, or on the gas stove if the oven only is being used. The dough should be left till double its size. It is difficult to say how long, as the time depends on the temperature; 3½lbs. usually takes one hour. If atmosphere is cold and draughty, this will not prove sufficient, and more time should be allowed.

8. **Moulding.**—Have ready warm, greased and lightly floured tins or sheets. Turn dough on to floured board, knead for three minutes to break rough skin. Cut into even-sized pieces large enough to three-parts fill tins. In order to get it smooth, hold top with the tips of the fingers, roll along the board. Repeat until piece is smooth. Put into tin smooth side up.

9. **Proving.** — During kneading the dough shrinks in size, and a certain amount of gas—carbon-dioxide—is expelled. Time must therefore be allowed for the dough to rise again. This is termed "Proving." Put tins in warm place for 10 to 20 minutes, according to size. Allow to rise till dough reaches the top.

WHITE BREAD

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, ½ teaspoon sugar, about ½ pint lukewarm water.

Weigh and sift flour. Place flour in an enamel basin and let stand in a warm place for a few minutes. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, into which crumble the yeast. Sprinkle in sugar, and pour in about two tablespoons of lukewarm water, making a batter. Let this stand in a warm place till it rises well (10 to 15 minutes). Sprinkle the salt on the flour.

BREAD, IN ONE FORM or another, has been the staple article of diet throughout the ages. But the light, crisp loaf of to-day is a far cry from the small, flat cake of olden days.

Make a rather stiff dough, using lukewarm water. Lift dough on to a floured board and knead it well till it sticks neither to hands nor board. Place in a large warm basin. Lightly cut across and across, using a floured knife. Allow the dough to stand in a warm place, covered with a towel. When dough rises well above the basin (in 35 to 40 minutes) it is ready to knead. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly, making into the shape required.

If tins are used, grease them well. Fill tin two-thirds full and allow it to stand in a warm place till the dough rises above the tin (about ten minutes). Place tin in a hot oven—turn gas to half pressure and bake until the bread commences to brown. Then lessen the heat and cook slowly for a further 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked, turn bread immediately on to cake cooler.

WHOLEMEAL BREAD

Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ pint tepid water, ½lb. fine wheatmeal, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½oz. compressed yeast.

Sift and warm flour and mix wholemeal with it. Make a hole in the middle of flour, into which crumble yeast. Add sugar and three tablespoons of tepid water. Stand in a warm place for 15 minutes. Sprinkle salt around the flour. Add the remainder of water and make into dough. Knead dough on a floured board and place in tin in which it is to be cooked (grease the tin well beforehand). Keep in warm place for 40 minutes.

Note.—The oven should be thoroughly heated beforehand—time, about 10 minutes—using gas at full pressure.

Place the tin in a hot oven—turn gas to half pressure and bake until the bread commences to brown (about 15 minutes). Then lessen the heat and cook slowly for a further 1 to 1½ hours. Knock the top of loaf with knuckles, and when cooked a hollow sound will result. Turn on to a cake cooler and glaze while hot with cold water. (The time allowed for the whole process is about 2½ to 2¾ hours.)

BROWN BREAD

Half pound flour, ½lb. fine wheatmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ pint tepid water, ½oz. yeast.

Sift and warm flour, mix wheatmeal with it, make a hole in centre, into which crumble the yeast, add sugar to it, and three tablespoons of water. Stand in warm place for 15 minutes. Sprinkle salt round flour, add remainder of water and make into dough. Knead on floured board. Place in greased tin, in which it is to be cooked. Keep in warm place for 40 minutes. Bake in hot oven with decreasing heat. Cook 1½ hours. Glaze while hot with cold water.

RECIPE FOR TEA CAKES AND BUN LOAVES

Two pounds of plain flour, ½lb. butter, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. sultanas, 1oz. compact yeast.

Dissolve yeast in 1½ cups of warm water, not hot. Let stand 10 minutes. Mix butter and sugar in 1½ cups of warm milk, adding flour, sultanas, and flavor. Pour in yeast. Mix thoroughly and let stand three hours, put into tins and stand another 30 minutes before baking. Bake tea cakes 15 minutes in a moderate to hot oven. Bake bun loaves 30 minutes also in moderate oven.

MILK LOAVES

Half-pound plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, good gill milk.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in butter, add sugar, make into a fairly dry dough with beaten egg and milk, leaving a little for glazing. Turn on to a floured board, knead into an even shape. Divide into eight even pieces and make each into fancy loaf shapes. Glaze. Place on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, split and butter.

SWEET LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup sultanas, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, little milk, salt.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter. Add sugar and sultanas. Make into a dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead well and make into a round shape. Place on a greased sandwich tin. Bake in a moderate oven from 40 to 50 minutes. When cooked, turn on to a cake-cooler. When cold cut into thin slices and butter.

MUSCATEL LOAF

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 4oz. muscatels.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, milk, sifted flour, and chopped fruit. Pour into greased loaf tin. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, cut into slices and butter.

SCONE LOAF

Three cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, milk, water.

Sift flour and salt very well, add liquid, making into soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead well. Make into a round shape. Place on floured sandwich tin. Flatten and prick with a fork several times (this prevents it rising unevenly). Place in hot oven and, when brown, lessen the heat and cook slowly 45 to 50 minutes.

SODA LOAF

One and a half lb. plain flour, 1 cup sour milk, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda.

Sift flour and salt into an enamel basin; add soda to sour milk, then add to flour, making into a soft dough. Turn on to a floured board. Knead well. Make into two loaves. Place on floured tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool.

Just till to-morrow! I couldn't think of cooking dinner without "GRAVOX"—Isn't it wonderful how it SALTS, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS—all at once!

Gravox
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
KLEMBRO PTY. LTD., RICHMOND, VIC.

BRONCHIAL COUGH !!

Just a Few Sips and—Like a Flash—Relief!

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemists for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—take a couple of sips and sleep sound all night long—your irritating cough of bronchitis is under control.

Buckley's Canadiol, now available in Australia—is by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all blizzardly cold Canada—one little sip and the cough is quieted. Use 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help. If not joyfully satisfied money back.

AT CHEMISTS - 2/3 BOTTLE
W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD Toronto, Canada. - Rochester St.
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Baby Never ill
Mother Gives Reason

Mrs. C. writes:
"My little boy is now three years old and has never had a real illness, for, if he seemed a little peevish, I always gave him an Infants' Powder. He cut all his teeth without the slightest pain or irritability and I always recommend your wonderful Infants' Powders to my friends."

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders ease pain and soothe the child. They check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period and are useful in unduly delayed dentition. Always ask for

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

DONT NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID ALL CHEMISTS

FREE•
Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104G, G.P.O., Melbourne, C.1, for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes that will be published regularly in this Journal.

LEMON SNOW CAP:
1 packet White's Lemon Jelly Crystals dissolved in three cups of hot water (1 pint). Pour half the mixture into mould and set aside until nearly firm. When remainder begins to thicken, whip until frothy and thick and then pour in on top of Jelly already in mould. Chill until set and serve with Sliced Peaches, White's Custard or Cream.

WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612886

Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

Are you wondering how to make up your new season's dresses? If so, study these varied designs

Expert patterns available immediately on application to our Pattern Department.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WINTER styles, more attractive than ever before, are here charmingly portrayed. There are several simple and smart frocks for the average figure, one for the not-so-slim, and two styles for little girls. You will find the patterns practical and easy to follow.

TAILORED COAT

WW1153.—Tailored, trim-fitting coat, belted at back, with unusual and new sleeve treatment. Note stitching round revers, pleats, and sleeves. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CUTE DRESSING-GOWN.

WW1154.—Your little girl will love this quaint dressing-gown, with its tricky bow and comfortable fit. Buy a transfer for pockets and round hem. Sizes, 5 to 10 years. Material required, 2¼ to 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DELIGHTFUL EVENING GOWN

WW1155.—This glorious style for evening is suitable for both young and old. Jewelled bands and belt suggested. Back is intriguingly new. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LITTLE GIRL'S COAT

WW1156.—A simple child's style for a winter coat — trim, belted, stitched. Sizes, 3 to 8 years. Material required: 2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

TO SLENDERISE.

WW1157.—To women not so slender, this dignified mode will make special appeal. Skirt is simple and collar treatment smartly unusual. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust, 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STRIKING DAY FROCK.

WW1158.—Sophisticated model with unique circular bodice treatment and one of the wide, smart belts. Skirt is quite plain, attention being concentrated on the bodice. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SHIRTMAKER SMARTNESS.

WW1159.—A style that always looks smart and youthful, the simple shirtmaker. Make it up for winter in some woollen material. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NOVEL COAT FROCK.

WW1160.—Large buttons make this coat frock crisply smart and attractive. Note the slanting pockets on bodice and skirt. Back is plain. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 4¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Three Useful Modes for the Housewife.

Provided for in This Week's FREE PATTERN

The housewife particularly will appreciate the three styles shown here, which may be cut from our free three-in-one pattern this week. Pattern is cut to fit 36-inch bust.

No. 1 is an overall, requiring 3¾ yards, 36-inch wide material with 2¼ yards braid.

No. 2, the simple little frock, crisp for morning wear, requires 4 yards, 36-inch wide material.

No. 3 is a very efficient apron, to cover amply your frock, requiring 2¼ yards, 36-inch wide materila.

To secure pattern fill in coupon at left and send or take to our offices.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at centre-right, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old:—

ADELAIDE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2807EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA. — The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 18/4/'36.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612887

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN

EYES *Have a Story* TO TELL

It can be a fascinating, sparkling story, or a very dull and uninteresting one

WHAT DO YOURS SAY?

EVERYONE agrees that beauty of the face is two-thirds eye beauty. Therefore, it behoves everyone not endowed by nature with dewy, sparkling, mysterious, "living jewels"—or whatever else the poets call beautiful eyes—to care for them continuously and exert every effort to make them lovely. It can be done!

FIRST and foremost you must take health into consideration. Ill-health plays havoc with eye-beauty. Sluggish kidneys, for instance, oft cause that ageing, puffy look beneath the eyes; nerve-trouble, goitre, affect them considerably. But quite apart from serious health trouble, insufficient sleep can destroy eye-beauty; likewise eye-strain, local inflammation, fatigue, sparse lashes, crow's feet and under-eye wrinkles.

Eyes respond amazingly quickly to treatment, providing you are normally healthy.

The simple act of bathing them night and morning will work wonders. Here is what you do: Fill a bowl (when you arise) with cold water and dip your face into this, opening and shutting the eyes under the water. This will strengthen and brighten the whites, and if done every morning will ensure your starting the day wide-eyed, alert.

At night, just before slipping into bed, bathe them with a soothing eye lotion. Half fill the eye-cup with this lotion, throw your head back, and rinse your eyes with it. After a month of such treatment they will seldom feel tired.

Exercise them occasionally. This is important. When reading a book, for instance, look up now and again, blink the eyes rapidly a dozen times or so, and gaze "soulfully" into the horizon if you will. This will not only save them, but help them.

Here is a simple, but beneficial exercise: Place the hands over the eyes, cup-like, to exclude all light, and rotate them, first to the left and then to the right.

Puffiness under the eyes is a sore trial, but it is possible to combat the trouble—banish it even:

1. Drink no less than four pints of water daily—one pint fasting in the early morning. 2. Cut down on sugar and starchy foods. 3. Go to bed early. 4. Sponge the puffiness first with hot water, then with cold; apply a little cream and tap lightly for a few minutes to bring the blood to the surface, but be careful not to drag or stretch the skin. You can buy a kind of lotion that will, it is claimed, reduce puffiness.

Of course, you can buy anti-wrinkle creams, also muscle oils for nourishing the tender tissues surrounding the eyes.

Pads of cotton wool dipped in witch-hazel and placed over the closed eyes (as shown in the illustration) for ten minutes or so, are said to reduce lines. If your eyes look dull and tired a good way of refreshing them is to dip two pads of cotton wool in cold water, soak them with skin tonic, and place them for ten minutes over the closed lids.

Rejuvenating Tonic

I TOLD you before, green tea is a great eye tonic. It clears the whites of the eyes, soothes the lids, and gives that life and sparkle, that so desired youthful appearance. Fill two little muslin bags, large enough to cover completely the eyes, with green tea, soak in hot water and place over the closed lids. Rest the while and reheat pads as they cool off. After 15 minutes remove pads, dry the eyes, and smooth on a little skin food, and massage around the eyes gently, working in light, soothing strokes towards the nose and up and out over the lids.

IN ADDITION to bathing her eyes—caring for them meticulously—Olivia de Haviland, the beautiful Warner Bros. star, regularly soothes away eye-tiredness and banishes eye-strain with little pads of cotton wool dipped in a soothing lotion, and placed over the eyes for ten minutes or so.

AT LEFT: Showing how the cotton wool pads should be placed over the eyes. See article.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: Quite recently we had a diphtheria case in the home. I am naturally anxious to avoid another, and am interested in germ prevention. Would you give me some idea of disease germs and their reproduction?

DISEASE is growing less and less mysterious because science is discovering the causes of one after another. The general public is rapidly becoming better and better informed as to these matters.

Although most persons know that many diseases—diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis and pneumonia—are caught by germs, few seem to have a clear conception as to what germs are and how they act.

Germs are very minute—microscopic—organisms. Some of these are vegetable in origin; some are on the border-line between vegetable and animal so far as their growth is concerned, and some are animal and parasitic in nature.

Disease occurs when these organisms enter the human body, usually by way of the lungs, mouth, nose or digestive tract—then multiply and give off poisons.

It is the poisons or toxins which play such havoc in the human host and which produce disease symptoms, each type of infectious micro-organism giving rise to its own particular set of reactions or symptoms.

Growth of Germs

ALL disease germs—bacteria, microbes, micro-organisms, whatever they may be called—have an outer covering of cellulose and an internal substance—protoplasm—which is living tissue. They do not, however, contain the usual green coloring matter of plants—the chlorophyll. Therefore, although generally of vegetable origin, they are colorless.

Some microbes are round, others are oval, spiral, rod-shaped or formed like a thin filament. When round, they are called "micrococci." When shaped like a rod, they are known as "bacilli" or "bacteria."

Although all these micro-organisms are exceedingly small, the different varieties vary in size from one 50,000th of an inch to one 2500th of an inch.

Germs multiply by division, and by the production of eggs or spores. Strange to say, these spores are very hardy and are able to live despite boiling for a few minutes. The mother cells, on the other hand, succumb under similar treatment.

It is important to know that moisture and heat favor the growth of all germs. That is why, in all diseases of an infectious nature, physicians recommend fresh, cool air.

All varieties of micro-organisms grow and multiply with startling rapidity. A single bacterium divides into two parts, then into four, then eight, then sixteen, until, after twenty-four hours, the number of offspring from a single parent runs into over sixteen millions!

One can readily understand, therefore, how dangerous is the invasion of germs into the body.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To restore NATURAL WHITENESS to Dull Teeth

-he says KOLYNOS

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste, quickly restores the sparkle and attractiveness of *natural* whiteness to your teeth.

Dentists throughout the World recommend Kolynos because of its ability to remove unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and whitening the teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. Kolynos is best used on a DRY tooth brush. Try it. Get a tube to-day. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612888

● *"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavour. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"*

● *"Say, this is good—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"*

● *"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even YOU!"*

● **Johnson's is the finest Baby Powder made—soft and smooth. Many mothers nowadays are adopting this petal-soft powder for their own toilet use, also.**

Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Etc. A7-36

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price. Now 6d. per tablet.

The "Home" Train

Work over for the day, man and maid, young and old, are intent upon "getting home." All day they have been concerned with business, mostly someone else's business, for the majority of the homeward-bound travellers are salary or wage earners.

Have they—have you—found time for personal business?

The Commonwealth Savings Bank is open all day in City, Town, Village, and Country Post Office, and its convenient services are therefore easily available to all.

Open a Savings Bank account—and using it—costs little time and no money, and it will pay you well in the long run.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia
(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

THIS LAUGHING, lovely baby is Gillian, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Grant, Clayfield, Queensland.
—Photograph Murray Goldwyn.

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

When Baby Is Six Months Old

By MARY TRUBY KING

There are still some mothers who feel that when baby has reached the beginning of his seventh month he is due for something extra in the way of food. Baby needs nothing but his mother's milk (providing she has a sufficient quantity of it), boiled water and orange juice until he is nine months old.

As his teeth are beginning to come through, he may be given a bone ring to bite on, or a smooth bone from which every trace of meat has been scraped and which has been scalded in boiling water.

Baby at this age should weigh about 15½lb.-16lb. and should be having 32½ ounces of breast milk a day in five feeds with a four-hourly interval between feeds. Thus baby will have roughly 6½ ounces at each feed.

His day will pan out something as follows:—

6 a.m.: Wakened. Fed. Held out. Back to bed.

9.30 a.m.: The daily bath.

10 a.m.: Fed. Held out for daily motion. Back to bed.

1.30 p.m.: Bone to chew.

3 p.m.: Fed. Changed. Put back to sleep a little while.

4 p.m.: Orange juice in warm, boiled water. Put into playing pen. Limbs gradually exposed to sun's rays. Gentle massage. Occasionally out in the pram. Playtime in general till—

5.30 p.m.: Sponge-time. On really hot days, a proper bath may be given at this time, as well as the morning ozie.

6 p.m.: Fed. Put back to bed

9.30 or 10 p.m.: The last feed of the day.

Baby should sleep right through the night, from 10.30 p.m. to 6 a.m., without waking. If he wakes and cries turn him over, give a little boiled water if necessary, but do not feed him. Night feeding is bad both for baby and mother.

Sometimes about the sixth month the mother's supply of milk tends to fall off. She should not wean on this account, but take steps to increase the supply so that baby may be fed entirely from the breast till the proper weaning-time—nine months. Remember that humanised milk can never equal the milk supplied by nature for the baby . . . we call it "humanised" because it is the next best thing.

But it is not sufficient to attend to diet alone; you should ask yourself these questions.

Fresh Air Necessary

Do I see that baby's cot is placed always in the fresh air, out under a shady tree, on a cool verandah, or in an airy, well-ventilated room? Or do I keep baby inside too much, in stuffy, hot, airless rooms? Has he a glow of health in his cheeks due to an abundance of fresh air by day and night? Or is he pale and anaemic-looking?

Do I see that his underclothing is changed at least once a day? Do I provide a cellular cotton skirt next his skin? Or do I trust to luck that the pure woollen vest will not irritate the delicate skin surface, and overheat him, causing heat rashes and restlessness?

Do I give baby arm boiled water daily, without fail?

Do I see that baby has daily exercise in the form of kicking and playing in some unconfined space? Or is he never allowed out of his pram or cot in the afternoons when he is awake.

Do I take care that he is not over-stimulated in any way? By visitors constantly wanting him to sustain attention and "show off" for them? By the noise of a wireless set kept on continuously and loudly? By being wheeled out in the noisy streets every afternoon? By long journeys in trams or motor cars?

Long Journeys Unwise

It is surprising how fathers and mothers will assume that a long motor trip will be good for their children in the week-ends. Once or twice a year, yes; but there are some homes in which this is a weekly event. The aim seems to be to make the picnic spot as far away as possible.

The whole family bundles into the car. The windows of the car are closed because it is a little windy travelling along. The air which they all breathe in the car is worse than what they would be breathing in any room that had its windows open at home. Not till lunch time do they arrive at the picnic spot. Then, far too often, it is some pleasure-crowded resort. No rest for the mind even here. Only more and more stimulation. More and more excitement.

The meal over, there is perhaps a little rest, but more probably the children run off to investigate sideshows and merry-go-rounds; then they pile into the enclosed car and speed homewards. "Look at this," "Look at that," suggest the adults, pointing to things of interest en route, until the child is utterly exhausted, both by the constant movement of the car and the overburdening of its mind.

How much physical or mental strength has the child gained by this "outing which will be so good for him"? None. On the contrary, he is far worse off than he would have been if playing quietly in the garden.

By all means go for motor drives. But make them a means of getting to some picnic-spot as quickly as possible so that the day may be spent out of the car, not

Playtime

I AM sure most of us, looking back, can remember our happiest moments were not with some elaborate game or expensive toy, but usually with the inventions of our own minds.

So do give children every encouragement to make and find their own pleasures. Babies, of course, are amazingly inventive.

It is good to leave children alone to play with their toys. If you are working near by, many enlightening things will be heard.

To a favorite doll or animal they confide much of their inner selves. They provide an outlet for that wealth of affection which we often, perhaps unwittingly, reject.

SLEEP.....
the vital importance of the *second* two hours

Science has found that it is during the third and fourth hours of sleep that nature repairs the day's wear and tear of body, brain and nervous system. If this work of restoration is to be perfectly performed sleep must be profound. This it cannot be if your stomach is sour, disturbed with acid, fermenting or laden with undigested food. Your sleep is fitful or troubled, you wake heavy, with a furred tongue, and feel tired before your day is started.

This distressing condition can be remedied with positive certainty by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water before retiring at night. 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly sweetens the stomach, neutralises excess acid, stops fermentation and induces sound refreshing sleep. Then you wake rested, fresh and full of energy.

Get 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the quick-acting stomach remedy, and try it tonight.

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade-Mark BISMAG

Pimples, blackheads, blotches, greasy inflamed skin—these are the warning signs of acne. Rexona Ointment will rid you of this complaint. Its healing medications cool the inflamed skin and cleanse the pores of the poisons that are causing the skin eruptions. Keep on with regular applications, till healing is complete.

TREATMENT: Wash the face with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and warm water. Dry, cover the head with a towel and steam the face over a basin of hot water till the skin perspires. Squeeze the blackheads, taking care not to bruise or prick the skin. Then, with a clean sterilised needle (boil in water for 10 minutes), prick the pimples and squeeze. Rub Rexona Ointment gently into the skin and let it stay on overnight. For washing the affected part, use Rexona Medicated Soap — it contains the same soothing and healing properties as the Ointment, and has been specially made to assist healing.

Rexona
The Rapid Healer
OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED
9.140.32

No More Piles

Pile sufferers can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—bad blood circulation in the lower bowel. Cutting and salves can't do this—an internal remedy must be used. Dr. Leonhardi's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds because it relieves this blood congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to Pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists anywhere sell Vaculoid with

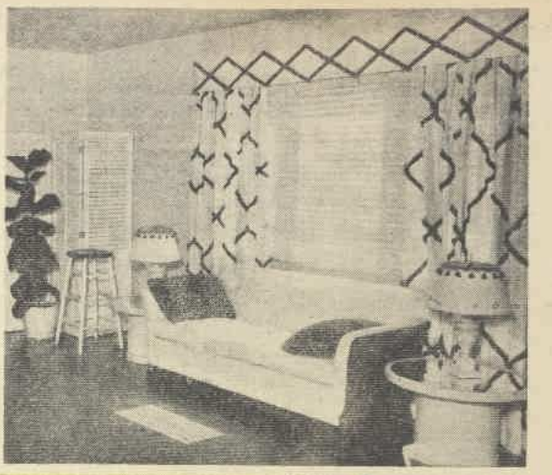
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612889

REJUVENATION ... of Furniture, Floors and Rugs!

By Our Home Decorator

CAN you think of anything more depressing than the daily round of housework in a house that has lost its first freshness? If only we could scrap everything and start afresh! But, alas, how few of us can! Don't let this feeling that the whole house is shabby "get" you—do something about it. Here are some helpful suggestions.

LOVELY OLD PIECES of furniture like this are coming into their own again. Just with the expenditure of a few shillings and a certain amount of "elbow grease," they regain their pristine beauty.



A HIGHLY polished floor gives a room an immaculate air. Note placement of lounge under the attractively draped windows and twin table lamps.

—Photo courtesy Warner Bros.

★

WHEN IT'S drear and dull outside, we must have cheer around us. Consider the merits of the cheery room showing at left. Paleit primrose curtains and venetians painted to match simulate sunshine. Remember that, when winter comes. By the way, the smiling girl is Joan Blondell, First National star.

WHEN furniture is new we (or the majority of us) nurse it assiduously. But as time runs on we settle down and take it for granted. Constant though not wearisome care of furniture, however, repays a hundredfold. . . Just note these few hints. No further. Try them out at regular intervals, and I can assure you that your furniture will thank you brightly.

The best way to preserve polish on furniture is to dust it and rub it regularly. Don't use a polish too frequently and don't use any old duster—I have seen a young housewife rub down a piece with a duster that had previously been used on the floor! Here's a clever tip: Heat the duster at intervals, and you'll find that an even higher polish may be obtained.

Use furniture cream (or whatever form of polishing agent you prefer) sparingly, and rub and rub it in till not a trace is left—until it is possible to pass your hand lightly over the surface without leaving a mark. An over-indulgence of cream invites dust, and soon a greasy film will haunt furniture—and your conscience!

If this has happened to your furniture, get back the original lustre this way: Dust well, and then wring out a soft cloth or "chamois" in warm, soapy water, and apply. Do only a small area at a time, and allow the wood to become very wet. Rinse with clean, warm water or a solution comprising two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to a pint of water. Dry thoroughly and polish well.

Lacquered furniture can be cleaned with furniture cream. Old oak (very old oak) can be cleaned with warm beer. Olive or linseed oil applied to scratches and heat marks on dark, polished furniture will make them less conspicuous. But if a really bad mark or stain occurs don't attempt yourself to remedy matters. It is far better to seek the aid of an expert.

FLOORS CARPETED in a self-tone felt or pile are luxuriously comfortable to the eye. But they must be kept in perfect condition. Grease stains, for instance, mar their beauty. A paste made from fuller's-earth and magnesia (using boiling water), spread on, left for a couple of hours, and then brushed off with a stiff brush, will banish them. —Photo courtesy Fox Films.

Attention to Floors

SHABBY floors are an eyesore. Remember that the beauty of your room begins with the floor. Many are they who stain a floor or surround and are so disappointed with the result that they say "Never again." But why? There may be several reasons, but I guarantee the chief cause of failure in every instance is due to the bad state of the floor before the stain was applied.

A multiplicity of stains and markings should be removed before you can expect success. After the old stains have been removed, scrub the floor thoroughly with hot soda-water. Allow to become thoroughly dry. The floor should then be "sized" and this allowed to harden—leave for 48 hours at least.

You can buy some splendid floor-stains to-day, as well as excellent polishing agents, and with a certain amount of care exercised in the application of the former, and a deal of "elbow grease" expended in connection with the latter, gleaming floors should be yours.

And now I'm just bursting to tell you of a way they've found in England of rejuvenating old carpets.

It appears that, by turning a large carpet over and painting the reverse side, color effects can be obtained which no other method accomplishes. Read what one homemaker accomplished:

The large carpet in her lounge was turned upside down, edges reversed and carefully resewn. Then it was painted dark red. A cherry red floor enamel was used to which had been added burnt umber oil, color in the proportion of nearly a tube of the oil to a quart of the cherry enamel. The two produced a lovely dark and dusky shade of red. Two coats were used. The first coat was allowed to harden thoroughly before the second was applied. The finished surface, it is said, shows the weave of carpet, giving an attractive effect.

When the second coat of enamel was dry and hard, the entire surface was waxed, after which it became as easy to clean as a waxed wooden floor—merely by going over with a clean, dry mop; one without oil, of course. This is destined to wear as long as the wax is kept well over the paint.

I haven't the space to tell you how the smaller carpets were painted on the upper surface, but hope to one day.

—E.E.O.

•NEW LIPSTICK COLOURS created by Dr Pacini . . . . exclusively for Kissproof

Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has created for Kissproof four NEW lipstick colours that give the illusion of colour UNDER the skin . . . alluring colour that does not cake or smear. Go to-day to any perfumery counter; choose your Kissproof Lipstick in one of these NEW colours — Natural, a glowing cherry-red; Theatrical, gay and vivid; for evening; Raspberry, a rich wine-red; or Orange, exceedingly smart with sun-tanned complexions.

● KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE (goes on evenly and looks bewitchingly natural) is also obtainable in these four NEW colours. ●

For Lovelier Eyes . . . Delica-Brow. Kissproof Delica-Brow makes eyelashes and brows seem longer, silkier — encourages an upward curl of the lashes, too. Black, brown, or blue.

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

K1-125 ● EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- ●

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612890

EAT MORE FRUIT ... *by Growing It* Yourself!

Select the fruit most suitable for the climate and your needs, and grow it now,

. . . Says the Old Gardener

Eat more fruit is the modern health slogan, and there is no easier, cheaper way of obtaining fruit than to grow it in your own backyard. We have the sunshine, the warm climate to grow most kinds of fruit, and if you have the space, why not use it for this very good purpose? It will be not only a hobby full of interest to you as a gardener, but you will be able to supply your children with as much luscious fruit as they can eat, at very little cost.

SAMPLE of summer fruit grown in a reader's backyard, following on the advice given by the old gardener two years ago! Now try your luck.

The Old Gardener here gives you the general method of culture of fruit trees, with hints that will also help the professional fruit-grower. You may follow his advice with confidence.

IN SUNNY AUSTRALIA grapes are grown right out in the open, in England, owing to the difficult climate, they are grown in hot-h… This picture shows the King's vinery at Windsor Great Park growing … glass. This vine is 180 years old, and owing to its age has to be supp… by special loops from the roof.

MANY people will now be turning their attention to the backyard-orchard — an invaluable acquirement when there is plenty of room. So let us look around the garden and pick out the best positions for the various fruit trees. Those people, too, who desire to plant out large orchards may follow with confidence the advice given here.

Firstly, study the climate and conditions where you live. For very cold, cool and temperate districts, the apple, quince, walnut, plum, mulberry and pear trees are most suitable. Also for temperate climates the persimmon, apricot and cherry are suitable. In climates temperate to warm, peach, nectarine, fig and almond trees do well.

There are, of course, all sorts of deciduous varieties.

The citrus variety requires medium warm to warm conditions for successful growing. Deciduous trees, as a matter of fact, give a good account of themselves in almost any soil, with proper care and attention. I have seen peaches, nectarines, plums doing splendidly in pure sandy soils in medium climates. As we travel through the country we still see them at their best in various types of soil, from heavy clay to loamy, red soil. All they require is thorough cultivation, a sprinkling of blood and bone at various times during the year, water when available at dry seasons.

Good drainage is another essential. Should your soil be of a boggy nature, artificial drainage must be made. (I have explained this in a previous article). It can be done by putting down agricultural drain pipes, or a cheaper method is to dig a deep trench, narrow at the bottom, widening out as it nears the surface. Place a good thick layer of rubble in the bottom, such as charcoal, cinders, broken stone, or any material suitable, then cover this rubble with old leaves, grass, bagging, or limbs of trees—in fact, anything that will prevent the soil from mixing with the rubble. This is one of the most economical methods of drainage and will continue to do service for many years.

Soil Preparation

IF you desire to be successful and have good results, you must be thorough in the preparation of the soil. Deep digging, adding to the soil well-decayed manure and any other material that will add humus and make the soil retentive, friable, and fertile are all very necessary.

After the plot has been thoroughly prepared, mark out where the trees are to be planted, and drive in stak… the tips dipped in lime. When dr… white tips show up well, and … how the planting will appear. … any stake be out of line it … moved into its proper position … it would be difficult to do this … young plants themselves.

Hints on Plantin…

THE holes can now be dug, … down to the subsoil. Loose… and leave in the bottom; again … the stake in position. Plant the… alongside the stake, and you wil… them all in perfect line.

Before planting see that ther… small mound of earth in the ce… the holes. Stand the tree on this … The roots will then spread out … natural fashion, without any cra… Give the young trees thus a goo… in life. Take your time over the … ing.

Place about a quarter of … around the roots, then stamp … that it is impossible to pull it out… cover in the rest of the soil, … possible, give it a bucket of water … planting, keep the surface soil loo… keep down the weeds. Mulching … the young trees will be most benef… it will help to retain the moistur… keep the surface soil loose.

Real Help for Catarrh Sufferers

If you are afflicted with catarrh you know only too well the danger and humiliation that this disease brings. You have longed for relief—you have wanted to be free from hawking, spitting, the foul breath, the annoying discharge and the dropping of mucus in the throat. You have thought sometimes that it was more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting disease, that perhaps it was a dangerous one—and you were right.

Even though catarrh works away from the lungs it frequently causes catarrhal deafness and head noises that drive the sufferer nearly frantic. It dulls the mind, clogs the nostrils and slowly but surely undermines the general health. If you have catarrh—don't neglect it. Don't let it make you into a worn-out, run-down catarrhal wreck.

Parmint, the great European treatment for catarrh, should bring you real lasting benefit for your trouble. Don't think that because sprays, inhalers or salves have failed that there is no help for you. Catarrh is a disease of the blood, and the only possible way to relieve it is by treating the blood itself. Drive the catarrhal poisons from the system and the disease itself must vanish. Parmint, acting directly upon the blood and the mucous membrane, has brought real help to sufferers in all parts of the world—even under our own trying climatic conditions it has proved successful, and is now eagerly sought for by catarrh sufferers in every State in the Commonwealth.

If you have catarrh in any form you ought to give Parmint a trial. It should bring you a complete relief from your trouble and give you a wider margin of health than you have thought it possible to obtain.***

RANUNCULUS 'MAGNIFICA'

"Magnificent"!!—that is the only word that explains the extra large flowers—gorgeous colors—long stems—and prodigious wealth of blooms produced by the "Magnifica" strain of Ranunculus.

Make a bed of them, and border with sublimely beautiful ST. BRIGID ANEMONES, whose huge double blooms sport gloriously vivid tonings in blue, pink, red, carmine, and crimson; then you will have a most colorful garden effect, and hosts of flowers for the home.

PRICES: "Magnifica" Ranunculus, 1/- doz; 50 for 3/8; 100 for 7/-. Anemone "St. Brigid" 1/9 doz.; 50 for 5/-; 100 for 10/-. Post Free.

NOW is a good time to plant.

"Gardening Simplified"—an interesting and trustworthy book for all gardeners. 2/-, Post Free.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD., 300-401 George St., and 109 Pitt St., SYDNEY. Box 1099 BB, G.P.O. 'Phones: BW1.371-B8958.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

INTRODUCING PATRICK DICKENS, of Randwick. —Palk.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

Are you suspicious? When anything goes wrong—when you lose your fountain pen or your pencil, for instance — do you instantly suspect someone of having stolen it? I hope not. But there are some people who are very suspicious; people who, if they slip on a piece of banana skin, immediately think that it has been placed purposely to trap them.

It is a very bad habit, Pals, to suspect the people around you. Keep faith until you are quite sure that they are in the wrong. You can never be really happy if you are suspicious by nature.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to FRANK J. MANSFIELD, 11 Jellicoe Avenue, South Kensington, N.S.W. Frank's letter was all about a trip to Melbourne, and was a pleasure to read. Here is a short extract from it:

"Breaking our journey at Goulburn (where I viewed the impressive War Memorial), we travelled by car to Canberra—a place I have longed to visit. I was greatly impressed with the dazzling white Parliament House, and the beautiful flowers which grow around it."

Good-bye, Pals, for one short week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal, CONNIE.

AT THE ZOO

A cheerful old bear at the zoo,
Could always find something to do.
When it bored him, you know,
To walk to and fro,
He reversed it, and walked fro and to.

Prize Card to BARBARA PAYNE, Wingara, Lomond St., East Brisbane.

Just Chatter

HOPE MILLER, of East Moree (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; JOAN HOOD, of Wyarra, you are enrolled as a new Pal—the cost is nil; COLLEEN BEAZLEY, of Townsville (Qld.) writes a delightful letter.

BERYL NICHOLSON, of Milperra, writes clever verse; JOYCE McFARLANE, of Eight Mile Plains, via Brisbane, lives on a pineapple farm; RITA McFARLANE (same address) is a new Pal.

BETTY PATTIE, of Bondi (N.S.W.), always reads our section; IRENE THORNTON, of Kearsley, is another new Pal; BESSIE NUTTALL, of Tumut (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening.

JIM ALLINSON, of Swift's Creek, East Gippsland (Vic.), is fond of sketching; IRIS HORIG, of Mundubbera (Qld.), is thirteen years of age, and is welcomed to our happy band; JOAN APLIN, of Dalgarno St., Coonabarabran (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal who lives outside Australia.

RUTH NELSON, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is a bird and animal lover; GWEN TYLER, of Buninyong (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter; JOY HOPKINS, of Enfield (S.A.), always enjoys reading about Mandrake.

NORMA LAMBERT, of Le-Bam, 33 Onslow St., Canterbury (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal about 14-15 living outside New South Wales.

VICTORIA LAWRENCE, of Collaroy (N.S.W.), has not been well for some time, and all her Pals wish her a speedy recovery.

JEAN FARAGHER, of 97 Raglan St., Mosman (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with a Pal in Victoria (age 15-17); LEOLA WHITE, of Via Loch (Vic.), is a Girl Guide; BETTY RENNER, of Punchbowl (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal.

ALMA STEVE, of Thangool, via Rockhampton (Qld.), is fond of horseback riding, reading, writing, painting, and dressmaking; BERYL GARNSEY, of Narrabri West (N.S.W.), likes dancing and painting; NANCY GUNN, of Guyra (N.S.W.), is thirteen years of age.

JOAN McMILLUN, of Armidale (N.S.W.), is welcomed to our happy band; MARJORIE DOUGLAS, of Gunnedah (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; BILL THOMPSON, of Rockhampton (Qld.), has a new bicycle.

A Bush Road

By JEAN KNOX

IT is a dusty, corrugated road, full of potholes, on either side it is bordered with thick scrub and stately trees. As you look along the road towards the hazy distance you can see the heat rising from the ground. Butterflies float among the wild flowers, birds twitter in the trees and a startled rabbit runs across the road. Then a cloud of dust attracts your attention; as it draws closer and closer you can discern amid the dust a bullock team dragging heavy logs behind them, and their driver trudging along beside covered in dust and grime. As he passes he lifts his battered straw hat in cheery greeting, "Howd'ye," and goes on his way to the sawmills, leaving you again in solitude.

Two Prize Cards to JEAN KNOX, Bringelly, via Liverpool, N.S.W.

I Sometimes Wonder!

By HARRY BISLEY

I SOMETIMES wonder
Whether life is all it seems,
If unhappy moments pass
And prove but sombre dreams.

I sometimes wonder
Why our world is full of strife.
Why can't we all be happy
And make the most of life?

I sometimes wonder
When I hear the bright birds sing,
Why there must be heavy winter,
Why there's not eternal spring.

Prize of 5/- to HARRY BISLEY, 30 Douro St., Mudgee, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

ON OUR FARM

By MARGARET WARREN

OUR farm is not very big, but we … lot of fun, just the same.

Near the house is an orchard, and in … peaches, plums, pears, apples, … nectarines, nuts, cherries, quinces, … gooseberries, figs, loganberries. We ha… quiet, gentle calves, which we stroke … with each day.

Then we have ponies, lambs, chick… little guinea fowls, all of which we lo… look after.

My brother has a bike, which we all … When it is the mushroom season … mushrooming until night comes, and … go to bed after a hearty meal.

Two Prize Cards to MARGARET WA… Oakleigh, Kenya Rd., Boorowa.

FOR FUN & FANCY

UNCLE: Well, Tommy, and what are you going to be when you grow up?
Tommy: A soldier, uncle!
Uncle: But you may get killed by the enemy.
Tommy: Well, I had better be the enemy.

Prize Card to NOELINE SALMON, 17 Lloyd St., Oatley, N.S.W.

FOR THIS original sketch in black and white EDNA RALPH, 10 Dent St., Merewether, N.S.W., wins a prize of 5/-.

What is the difference between a motor and a school?—The school breaks up and a motor breaks down.

Prize Card to NORAH ATKINS, Leadenhall St., Goolwa, N.S.W.

When is a baby like a breakfast cup?—When it's a tea thing (teething).

When can donkey be spelt with one letter?—When it's U.

Prize Card to AILEEN NEWHAM, c/o Mrs. G. Green, Brisbane St., Cowra, N.S.W.

Milady: James, don't go round corn… fast, you're making me nervous.

Chauffeur: Well, madam, you shoul… your eyes, like I do!

Prize Card to JOHN POWER, 22 Kerfe… Coburg, Vic.

WRONG WAS RIGHT

Smart: What is the simple English w… five letters that is never pronounced righ… by the most learned scholars?

Dull: I don't know, what is it?

Smart: Why, "wrong," of course.

Prize Card to BETTY HORTIN, 38 … St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

In a very agitated voice the new … telephoned to her mistress who was havi… with one of her friends.

"Will you please come home at once, ma… she pleaded. "I think I must have … plugs mixed on the wireless set."

"Goodness! Did you get a shock?" … the mistress.

"No, I'm all right, ma'am," hastily … the maid, "but the refrigerator is now … a fox-trot and the wireless set is … snowed under with icicles!"

Prize Card to ANITA THOMPSON, Hill … Crescent, Lithgow, N.S.W.

About Competitions

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Car… awarded for good entries. All wor… the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles… games must be original. Pals must be … the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/… is awarded. Each fortnight a painting … petition is held. Pals may select any … at all in The Australian Women's Week… prize of 5/- will be given for the best … Any picture may be chosen, but it must … our offices within 21 days after the p… dated. Mark envelope "Painting Compe… etc.

Address all letters and contributions … Connie, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE EVE

DECORATIVE ROBE IN FLANNEL, WOOL-TRIMMED

PATTERNS of this smart, decorative robe for morning wear, for the young nursing mother, for convalescents—every woman—may be had on application. Size W., 1/-; O.S., 1/3; embroidery transfer costs 1/6.

THIS gown is not only decorative but decidedly useful. The girl or woman who wishes to wear a dignified, "dressed" look on arising of a morning will welcome it; the young nursing mother will find it a boon; while the convalescent will find it smarter and infinitely more becoming than a kimono or dressing-gown.

IN view of winter coming, flannel is the ideal material to choose. You can buy it in the loveliest colors, also in a deep, rich cream. By using wool as a decorative medium, you can get swift, charming results.

Hand-cut patterns of this gown in woman's size cost 1/-, O.S. size 1/3.

Transfer giving curved neckline and back of design, and three yards of border for sleeves, front pockets and skirt, costs 1/6.

Materials required: 3yds. of 36in. width maize-colored flannel; 1 small 1oz. skein of green 4-ply wool; 1 small 1oz. skein of blue 4-ply wool; 1 small 1oz. skein of red 4-ply wool; 1 small skein of blue rug wool to match 4-ply blue; 1 small skein of red rug wool to match 4-ply red; 1 large-sized bone crochet hook.

CUTTING AND MAKING.

SHRINK flannel first; when nearly dry press thoroughly. This prevents further shrinking when washing is necessary.

Place pattern to fold of material, cut open to cross at front.

The material is not wide enough to take full length of sleeves; join may be effected from the remaining side-pieces.

Match notches of side seams, stitch, clip and press open seams. On the left side allow seam to open 12 inches from hem.

To strengthen opening at centre front, face the raw edge with bias binding the same color as material.

Face back base of sleeve in similar manner.

Take the green 4-ply wool and with the crochet hook work a blanket stitch at intervals of three-eighths of an inch, starting from the left-hand sleeve front, turning in a tiny hem to inside while working; continue round neck front to opening of front, finally finishing at right sleeve front. Treat the back in like manner.

Work an additional chain stitch into this blanket stitch, making loops at intervals of 1 inch for the purpose of lacing.

Can we send you pattern and transfer of this continental robe?

Blanket-stitch the pocket and slit in skirt.

Press transfer into position, and with the 4-ply blue wool work large triangles in buttonhole stitch, or fill in like tailors' "tacks." The tiny triangles are filled in by satin-stitch method and with the 4-ply red wool.

Make and attach keepers at the side seams to keep girdle in position.

The girdle is made of the red and blue rug wool, twisted together and knotted at intervals. Adjust length and make tassels to finish ends.

The blue rug wool will be found most suitable for lacing sleeves and front. Finish ends with red wool tassels.

Stitch pocket into position and press robe with slightly damp cloth, try on and see what wool may do for winter dressing.

A PROUD reader displays her embroidered dinner cloth. If you would like to work one, too, send me 6/11. See portion of ready-to-be worked design at left.

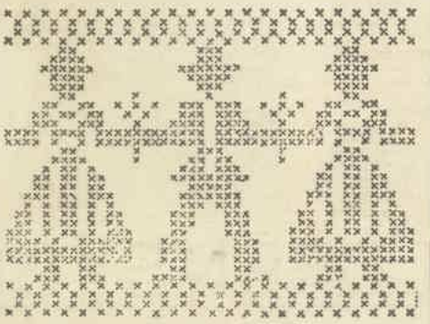
Cross-Stitch Charm For Your Dinner Table

Simplest of all embroidery stitches in world design enriches linen cloth.

THE sketch and photograph at right will be interesting to many readers.

In September we offered a good quality cream linen measuring about 48 x 48 inches, with wide hemstitched traced with these quaint little figures. Last week, a came in and proudly displayed her completed cloth was the admiration and envy of every feminine member staff.

Simply had to show it to you and tell you that should you like a similar cloth, traced with this unusually and lovely design, you may have it for 6/11.



What a difference AMAMI makes!

Only AMAMI Shampoos contain the 47 ingredients essential to hair-health and lustrous loveliness. Brunettes should get shampoo number 1; number 5 is made exclusively for Blondes, and number 7 is a Special Camomile Application for the very fair. For those who prefer a Soapless Shampoo, use No. 12. From chemists and stores. 9d. per sachet.

After your shampoo, set your waves and curls at home with Amami Wave-Set.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS & WAVE-SET

INSTANT WRIGHT'S RELIEF

INDIGESTION HAS BEEN THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF MANY SERIOUS ILLNESSES.

DON'T gamble with even the slightest attack of Indigestion, take Wright's Instant Relief and be rid of the pain within five minutes.

Wright's Instant Relief cannot be equalled for Constipation, Ferment in the Stomach, Spasms, Heartburn, &c.

Price, 2/; or by post 2/6 direct.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores. If any difficulty in obtaining write to

TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO. PTY. LTD., 306 EXHIBITION ST., MELB., VIC.

WHY SHE LOST "THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME"

Such Rich Refreshing Lather. It's the abundant, clean-scented lather that makes Lifebuoy a real life-saver on hot days when you're feeling all fagged out and listless. You get that extra-clean feeling that's so refreshing and good. The lather's just as rich in cold as hot water and its hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Daintiness comes first

A pretty face, smart clothes, the most charming manner, can't overcome the harm that "B.O." (body odour) does. Personal daintiness counts most in every walk of life and that's where Lifebuoy comes in. It cleanses and deodorizes the pores, makes you feel always fresh and clean — and incidentally keeps your skin free from harmful impurities.

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.266.31

Millions say "IT AGREES WITH MY SKIN"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612892

SMARTER WOMEN *Will Wear* IT..

Personality Jumper designed by "Gerda," knitting expert to The Australian Women's Weekly...

KNIT yourself this snappy jumper in brown, gold, and white if this witching combination suits your coloring, and create quite a dash wherever you go.

On the other hand, if blues—a rich trio of light, medium, and dark blue—favor you the more, you will know the thrill of admiring eyes when you appear in this garment. Again, if you feel and wish to look smartly sophisticated, consider a combination of black, rust, and white.

SELDOM, if ever, has such smartness slipped off the knitting needles for fashionable winter wear—and it is for you to knit! You see this snappy jumper, at right, in brown, white, and yellow, but it would be just as "fetching" in three blues or in black, rust, and white.

THIS striped jumper is made in stocking - stitch — starting from the underarm seam and working across. The basque and cuffs of the original were crocheted in alternate strips of brown and white, and the large buttons crochet covered.

Here follow the dependable directions:

Materials: 3 skeins of brown and 2 skeins each of gold, and white 3-ply wool, pair of No. 8 needles, a medium steel crochet hook, 13 wooden buttons and 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length 20 inches, bust 34-36 inches, sleeve seam 7 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st. st., stocking-stitch; st., stitch; incr., increase; decr., decrease; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain; tr., treble.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2 inches, and 8 rows to 1 inch. Jumper is worked in st. st., starting from the underarm seam, the basque and sleeve bands are crocheted and sewn to the jumper. Stripes are made up of the following rows, 4 rows to each white stripe, 12 rows to each brown and gold stripe.

THE BACK.

With white wool cast on 60 sts. and work 2 rows, join gold, work 2 rows, then incr. 1 st. at the beginning of the next and every alternate row until there are 65 sts.; complete first gold stripe, ending with a purl row. Join white, and cast on 36 sts., work 1 white and 1 brown stripe, 1 white, incr. 1 st. at the beginning of the stripe, 1 gold, 1 white, incr. 1 st. at the beginning. Work the following stripes without any incr. 1 white, 1 brown, 1 white, 1 gold, 1 white, 1 brown. This brings you to start of left shoulder, work to correspond with right, decreasing instead of increasing.

LEFT FRONT.

Work same as back until shoulder is finished, ending with a purl row, shape neck as follows: Cast off 12 sts., work brown stripe, decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 33 sts. remain, finish brown stripe. Work 1 white, then 15 rows of gold. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT.

Cast on 33 sts. Work 7 rows; on next k. row, k. 1 st. from needle and 1 loop of cast on sts. all along the row, p. 1 row. Next row start buttonholes. K. 2 sts. on these 2 sts., work 6 rows, then leave on a pin, * cast off 1 st., work 6 rows on next 12 sts., leave these on pin. Repeat from * to end of row. Finish gold stripe, casting on 1 st. at each buttonhole; work right front to correspond with left, increasing where you decreased for neck, shoulder and armhole.

THE SLEEVES (both alike).

With white wool cast on 84 sts., k. into back of cast on sts., work 5 rows of st. st., starting with a p. row, increase 1 st. at each end in the next and every following 5th row, until there are 100 sts. on the needle, working the following stripes, gold, white, brown, white, join gold and shape top by casting off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until 58 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE BASQUE.

With white wool make a ch. 4 inches long, turn and work 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, work 1 tr. into each ch. to end. Turn with 3 ch., work 1 tr. into each tr. to end. Join brown, work 2 rows of tr. Continue working alternate white and brown stripes until band is long enough to fit waist, allowing for 1½ inches to lap over in front.

Sleeve Bands: These are worked in the same way, making the length of ch. 2½ inches long.

CROCHET BUTTONS.

To cover buttons, work 4ch., join into a ring, work 8 d.c. into ring. First 2 rounds, 2 d.c. in every 2nd d.c.
3rd round: 2 d.c. in every 3rd d.c.
4th round: Same as 1st round.

Continue working in this way; keep the work flat and make it slightly larger than the button. Deer. in the next 2 rounds, then work enough to cover button at back; fasten off, leaving a length of thread to gather up and sew to jumper. Repeat for each button.

TO MAKE-UP.

Press work on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder, underarm and sleeve seams. Gather lower edge of jumper to fit basque, join to basque; then gather lower edge of sleeve, sew to bands, and sew on buttons.

With brown wool work d.c. all round neck.

DAINTY *Snug-Fitting Vest* for WINTER

Knit This Opera-top Garment in 2-ply Non-Shrinkable Wool

If you wear the softest woollies next your skin, you need not fear winter's chill. This opera-top vest flaunts narrow sections of ribbing, which means that the garment will hug the skin and expand to the shape of the figure. You'll find it perfect, too, wear under your evening frock.

NO color is stated—this is left to your own discretion. By the way, if you wish to make this cosy affair daintier to the eye, add a touch of hand-embroidery.

Measurements: Bust 24 inches, round hips 30 inches, length 24 inches. These measurements are attained after light pressing, and without stretching. Take notice that the pattern is contracted a little by the stripes of single rib, and will expand with the figure.

Tension: 7 sts. to the inch in width on the stocking-stitch with No. 8 needles.

Materials: 3ozs. of Paton's and Baldwin's 2-ply non-shrink wool, pair of No. 8 needles, 1½ yards of ribbon for the shoulder straps.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; inc., increase (by working in the back and front of the same st.); st., stitch; single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; s.s., stocking-st. (k. on right side and p. back). Directions in brackets are worked the number of times stated immediately after the bracket.

To Work the Vest: With No. 8 needles cast on 105 sts. for the top edge of back, and work as follows:

1st Row (right side): P. 1, * k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

Repeat these two rows once more, then work in pattern as follows: ** Next rows; rib 5, s.s. 17 (rib 9, s.s. 17) 2 times, rib 5. Next row: All rib. Repeat the 4 rows from ** 5 times more.

Continue in the same pattern but 2 sts. tog. at each end of the next row and every following 4th row, until the 6th decrease row has been worked with 93 sts. Take care to keep the main pattern correct, working the decreases in the end ribs.

Work 3 rows more.

Change to No. 11 needles and work 32 rows in the same pattern.

Change to No. 8 needles and work rows in pattern, then inc. at each end of next row and every following 4th row until there are 113 sts. on the needle.

Work 28 rows in pattern, then rib 2 rows and cast off loosely.

Work the front in exactly the same manner.

To Make-Up the Vest: First press with a damp cloth over the wrong side of the work, then sew up the side-seams, taking 1 st. from each side at a time to ensure a flat seam.

SOME HINTS ON WASHING WOOLLIES

KNITTED garments are always likely to shrink, so they need great care in laundering.

The washing should be done by gently squeezing and pressing in tepid, soapy water. Avoid rubbing, which makes woollens "felted." The rinsing water should also be tepid. A teaspoonful of vinegar is a good addition to the last rinse, as it makes the woollens soft.

The drying is the part that needs the most attention. Never dry the garment on a hanger until it is nearly dry. If you must, do not put it on a hanger that will stretch the neck, use a handle or a long stick, passing it through both arms and hanging it on a clothes-line.

The best way to dry knitted articles is to lay them on a towel in the open air and to pull the material gently into place. After a time the woolly can be turned over on to another towel.

Soothes at a Touch!

ONLY Germolene ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY

The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing **speed** with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get **your** tin for **CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.**

RASH goes in 2 DAYS

"For weeks I have treated an irritating RASH with all sorts of things, but without improvement. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. Within two days the rash had completely disappeared."
—Miss H. S.

All Chemists and Stores

Germolene SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612893

"Up to mischief"

But still they can't go far wrong. Their cooking should be a grand success for they are certainly using the finest ingredients. The kiddies love the way Cerebos pours; and it will go on pouring no matter how damp the atmosphere. It never cakes and none is ever wasted. Careful housewives have proved that it is a wise economy to pay the little note for Cerebos.

CEREBOS TABLE SALT saves in the long run

End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to stop the itching and torture of eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning. All people who suffer from any embarrassing or disfiguring skin trouble would rise to banish it before it reaches a more or less chronic stage.

Ask any first-class chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is a highly concentrated preparation and two ounces last a long time, and, furthermore, if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded.

Special note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Emerald Oil at once. By using night and morning as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement and it will continue until the veins and varicosities are reduced to normal.***

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Mrs Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for faded, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you prefer. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense.

"Get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with a ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this and you would look years and years more youthful."***

(Copyright)

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN *will Show the* WORLD

Busy Time Ahead For Our Front Rank Athletes

By RUTH PREDDEY

World affairs relating to sport have a special interest for all Australians at the present time.

During the next twelve months practically every woman's sporting association will have some contact with overseas performers.

CHIEF interest at the moment centres on the Olympic Games, and here Germany has set an example to other nations regarding the value that can be placed on sport from a national viewpoint.

The outlay of over one million pounds in preparing for the contests in Berlin in August is not considered to be too colossal by Germany.

Herr von Mengdon, the Press director of the German Sports Association, said: "We believe that it is better to spend lavishly and intelligently on athletic projects now than to have to spend money on hospitals and sanitariums during the next twenty years."

Unfortunately Australia will have only a handful of athletes representing her at these Games. The reason for this is hard to understand, especially as funds do not seem to be the stumbling block.

The committee selected to arrange for the Empire Games which take place in Sydney in 1938 should certainly profit by the mistakes made by the Olympic Federation. In this connection selection of candidates is one that should be thoroughly investigated so as to permit of Australia having her best performers representing her.

While our Olympic team is competing abroad, Australians will be afforded an opportunity of seeing America's foremost woman golf professional in action.

Miss Helen Hicks will accompany Gene Sarazen on his tour, and will be eligible to compete in all the open championships. She will be the first woman professional golfer seen in Australia and is sure to prove a great attraction.

There are several women professionals in both Britain and America and recently the Surrey Ladies' Golf Association wrote to the Ladies' Golf Union in London, with the request that "the ladies' amateur golf championships shall be replaced by a championship on similar lines, but open to all lady golfers whether they be amateur or professional." This is certainly a progressive move as far as golf is concerned in England, but it is doubtful if the request will be granted this year.

In September the Australian women hockey players will leave to take part in a series of matches in America against players from England, Ireland, Scotland, South Africa, Canada and America, and it is hoped that an Australian women's tennis team will follow this time to England and the various prominent tennis centres of Europe.

MISS GISELA MAVERMEYER, the German shot-putt champion, who will compete in this year's Olympic Games.

Will Make History

THE women tennis team's entry into Wimbledon would be one of utmost importance to Australia, especially as the Lawn Tennis Association has already issued an invitation for the 1937 English Wightman Cup team to visit us during the year.

The women cricketers will make history by being the first team to tour England, and incidentally it is thought that many of the matches will be played on historic grounds, where no feminine foot has previously been allowed to tread.

NATIONAL *Fencing Uniform* Unpopular

"Plus Fours" Not Wanted

Women fencers the world over are particularly interested in the International Congress to take place in Brussels this month, as they hope the question of uniform will again be discussed, and "plus fours" as the international uniform for fencing abolished.

THE neat uniform adopted by Australian women fencers, a neat, pleated skirt and smartly-fitting jacket, is ideal for that branch of sport, but, unfortunately, the International Federation has decreed otherwise, and insists on white linen plus-fours, fastened below the knee and similar to those worn by men golfers.

Australian girls certainly look very trim and smart in their fencing garb, but now if they want to compete in international fixtures they must adhere to the rule and wear "plus-fours."

Fencing is an art practised by women of all ages in many of the European countries, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a grandmother opposed to her granddaughter in friendly combat. The absurdity of an elderly woman parading in plus-fours is obvious.

Still, there it is. Several Australian women fencers who have left for England and Germany, where the Olympic Games will take place in August, will have to abide by it, and Miss Judith Halse Rogers, the present champion of the Sydney Ladies' Fencing Club, who will probably compete in some of the international matches, will be one of the "victims."

Women are hopeful, however, that the regulation uniform will be amended, especially as there is a movement on foot to have fencing included in the list of sports for the Empire Games, which take place in Sydney in 1938. This event would prove a great attraction, especially as it is probable that several of the British champions would try conclusions with Australia's best women foilists.

The Australian women are not likely to alter the dress they now wear, but they would be forced to adopt the uniform of the International Federation should they take part in any national contest.

Printed for the publisher by Sydney Newspapers Limited, 251 Pitt Street, Sydney, and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Our Book Offers

TOKEN BB12 — Here is Token BB12 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN D29 — Here is Token D29 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN K24 — Here is token K24 in The Australian Women's Weekly "The Treasury of Knowledge" book offer.

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

VIYELLA PRODUCTS INCLUDE VIYELLA PLAIN, PRINTED AND DRESS FABRICS, CLYDELLA PLAIN AND PRINTED FABRICS, VIYELLA KNITTING YARN, NURSERY VIYELLA & CLYDELLA, TENNISETTES AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS.

VIYELLA

For every practical garment . . . a

'VIYELLA' FABRIC

For day wear . . . night wear . . . sports wear . . . men's wear . . . kiddies' wear—Viyella is the answer. Compared from a standpoint of economy, smartness or comfort, it is unsurpassed. Remember, too, there are yarns from which you can knit incredibly smart and long wearing accessories to match your Viyella garments exactly. You know, of course, that a Viyella shade never varies—that's guaranteed.

★

'VIYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'. In cream, and a large range of plain shades and printed patterns. Widths from 31" to 54". Also Nursery Viyella and Clydella, 27" wide for economical cutting. Nursery Viyella from 4/11 per yard. Nursery Clydella from 2/11 per yard.

★

'D' CLYDELLA. Available in all shades including Navy, Black, Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Saxe and Nil. 31" wide. NOW 4/6 per yard.

★

'VIYELLA' KNITTING YARN. For every conceivable knitted garment from Baby's woollies to the smartest costume. In hundreds of shades, and, remember, *we guarantee that you can always match Viyella Yarn—the shades never vary.* Price . . 1/- per oz.

★

'VIYELLA' TENNISETTES AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS. Now at amazingly low prices, yet the same Viyella quality that is famous throughout the world. Wash them as often as you like, they will never shrink or 'yellow'.

★

If you are unable to obtain 'Viyella' locally, write to us and we will put you in touch with your nearest retailer.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.
GRACE BUILDING, YORK STREET, SYDNEY
V.48.34

VIYELLA REGD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612894

FARMER'S

46/- TEASETS sterling silverplate 32/6

Perfect for a wedding gift—or as a gift to yourself. Just 24 sterling silver-plated teapots, sugar basins and cream jugs going at what must be the most amazing price this quality ever sold at. A popular design, heavily plated on hard white metal.

Of course, the best plan is to Lay-by

And HOT WATER JUGS TO MATCH

Special 17/6

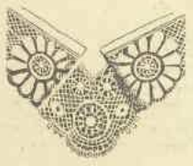
In the same beautiful design as the teapot and set. And the price of 17/6 should bring crowds to Farmer's George Street "Silver Ware" for these.

Usually 4/6, 5/6

ENGLISH CHINA SANDWICH PLATE

A range of colourful designs with E.P.N.S. centre handles and coloured tops to match 2/11

SURROUND your damasks with LACE



Hand-made Cluny SURROUNDS

Usually 30/- each 15/6

Beautiful hand-made cluny lace surrounds for cloths 34 x 34 inches. A Sensation at almost half price!

Us. 10/6 Pillow Sham Surrounds 4/11 pr.

Cluny lace surrounds for pillow shams, daintily designed in fine linen thread. Will fit a pillow sham 2ft. x 1ft. 3ins., 4ins. wide. 4/11 pr.

Hand-made IRISH CROCHET

9½d. yard Us. 1/3, 1/11.

In strikingly bold designs, lace at 1¼ and 1½ ins. wide, ⅞ insertions at ⅞ ins. and 1¼ ins. wide. Special, 9½d. yd.

Laces on ground floor, Pitt Street.

recommends *Raglans* for wintry weather

All are available for 'phone or mail orders.

● Farmer's has always been the STORE FOR WELTS—and now here are "Raglans," brilliantly adding to that reputation. We've over 5,000 perfect pairs all ready to protect your feet from the rain and slush of an early Winter. All guaranteed.

● When you see the thrilling range of gloriously captivating styles, you'll gasp with amazement at the prices. Raglans are definitely correct with your man-tailored suit. And every pair, from the hundreds of styles, carries a replacement guarantee.

16/9

Black or brown calf derby in a very trim shape that's simply walking away with fashion. We consider it the best value of the Raglans (and therefore of all the welts in town) because of the incongruity of the quality of the leathers with the low price of 16/9.

All in sizes and half sizes. 2 to 7½ and some size 8's.

Farmer's while-you-wait repair service for down-at-heel shoes, costs only 6d. per pair — not per heel. Third Floor.

Half sizes 2 to 7½

Frensham, 22/9 Black or brown. Half sizes, 2 to 7½. Genuine Raglan welt.

Above, 23/9 Suede and kid Monk shoe. Black or brown. Genuine welt. Lay-by!

Above, 18/9 Brown or black calf Ghillie, typically English in line. Genuine welt.

Shoes, Third Floor

Above, 19/9 Brown or black Ghillie with exciting leather Cuban heel. Yes, it's a genuine welt. Remember the Lay-by and save!

Raglan Derby, 21/- Brown or Black Calf. Note buckle strap innovation.

23/9 "Seam-to-toe" Ghillie welt, in brown calf only. As being worn on the Continent.

Country Householders' Week at Farmer's! A red-letter week! Not only for housewives, but for all those thousands of level-headed school principals, hospital matrons, hotel keepers, etc., who like to save pounds and pounds on their Manchester and household goods. And the Lay-by makes it even more sensational because a deposit of 1/- in 5/- secures any article

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612895

PUBLIC LIBRARY
15 APR 1936
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Complete Book-Length Novel

FIFTY BOB A WEEK

By . . .

Monica Ewer

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
ISSUE OF APRIL 18, 1936 — THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612896

FIFTY BOB A WEEK

By Monica Ewer

CHAPTER 1

"HOW about it?"

"I'm game."

It was characteristic of Olive Arnold that her acceptance of Tansey's suggestion that they should share a flat did not imply that she felt particularly friendly towards Tansey. Olive wanted, but could not afford, a flat. Under the circumstances she would have been ready to share with anyone from the Dalai Lama to the office boy. After three years' trial she would have paid almost any price to escape from the ladies who let rooms.

She didn't dislike Tansey. She deplored her kittenish airs, but admired her sound Cockney common sense, and if she had to listen too often to Tansey's personal affairs, at least the tale was presented with vigor. Tansey was no fool. She looked disarmingly innocent, blue-eyed and blonde. Men spoke of her tenderly as "poor little kid," but the thin lips that gave her face character and spoilt her looks were the true indication of her spirit.

Tansey was just one of those realities which Olive accepted along with rising at seven-thirty, working eight hours a day, being perpetually under orders and generally short of money. It was no good kicking against the pricks. You might by luck, ability, or marriage manage to climb out of the ruck, but it was a hundred to one against you. In a world reeking with shorthand typists you were lucky if you could even keep in a job.

It was eight months ago, at the time when Olive had first gone to work for Kit Clissold, director of Clissold Publicity, that she and Tansey had found what the landlord optimistically described as a flat.

Tansey sighed after things just beyond the reach of their combined incomes.

"Thirty bob a week," said Olive, averting her eyes from the stained kitchen sink. "That's the limit."

"So's this," said Tansey.

"Nonsense. The perfect habitation for us nine to sixers."

But Tansey, who was still very conscious of her new engagement-ring, demurred. "For the time being, perhaps. . . ." She looked doubtfully at a crack in the draining-board. "I have feelings, you know. Of course you . . ."

Olive laughed. "Taken for granted, I haven't any! Tough is my middle name."

"Nothing of this sort for Bill and me, when we get married."

It was a refrain to everything she said. Olive was apt to find it monotonous. "If you could have your doll's house without Bill I don't believe you'd want him."

"Oh, yes I would," said Tansey, placidly, while she tried the catch of the window. "He's part of it all."

"Lay figure of husband who comes home every evening to eat little wife's dinners."

"Bill won't come home, because he'll work on the premises."

Olive laughed, defeated. "Meanwhile I think we can make do with this—when I've got the rent reduced by private haggle."

It was Olive who bargained with the landlord, bargained tenaciously for a week. They each fought the ground inch by inch and respected one another for their endurance. Any other kind of conduct would have been considered "soft."

They were the type of tenants the landlord liked. The ones that didn't bargain generally didn't mean to pay. Had he given in too easily Olive would have been equally suspicious. In the end it was Olive who won. She got two shillings a week off the rent and a new coat of distemper on the kitchen.

"Hard as brass," the landlord called her admiringly.

BARGAINING, Olive knew, was one of the buyer's duties. It was unethical to take what you were offered and pay what you were asked. One of Olive's earliest memories was her mother standing on the doorstep arguing with a hawker. The dispute ended dramatically. She could still hear her mother's low tones, hear the passion, the conviction, the anguish.

"Eightpence for that cauliflower! I'd rather die than give you eightpence!"

And somehow Olive had believed it. It had given her a great respect for eightpence. And not long after her mother had proved the truth of her words. She had died. Looking back on it all, now that she was grown up, Olive knew that her mother had died for eightpence, died of the struggle to defend it from the rapacious demands of landlords and shopkeepers, from a husband who drank too often and a young daughter who ate too much. Eightpence was a big sum when you had to earn it. Many a woman scrubbed for a whole hour for eightpence. Olive treated such a sum with proper respect. So did her landlord.

The flat was really hardly a flat. Olive called it a glorified bed-sitter. She accepted it in her cool, detached way, efficiently doing her share—and no more—of the housework and ignoring the cramped shabbiness of the combined kitchen and bathroom, and the combined sleeping and living-room, but clinging to what privacy and independence they afforded.

For if the bath had to be hauled down from the mysterious recesses of a cupboard, well there was at least much to be said for being in command of your own individual bath. If the gas stove was in alarming proximity to the bath, at least it ensured that the hot water was within easy reach. If the windows rattled hideously at least they looked out on a view of plane trees.

Three years ago a commercial college had thrust Olive out on an overcrowded labor market. Since that day she had lived with landladies and had waited while other people took their baths. She realised that there was a lot to be said for this glorified bed-sitter.

But what Tansey said about it was unprintable, for at moments she had a surprising gift of tongues that went perhaps with the red lights in her golden hair. Besides, Tansey was an authority on flats. Whenever she could escape from the office and the demands of Clissold Publicity she haunted house agents. For Tansey and Bill Willment planned to be married the very first moment that their finances permitted, and Tansey lived in a waking dream of semi-detached, non-basement villa residences, where the bath had absolutely nothing to say to the gas cooker, and where a hurricane could not shake the windows from their moorings.

It was Tansey who made the curtains and chose the colors and picked up the odd bits of furniture cheap.

"Don't you care?" protested Tansey in the face of Olive's indifference, while on her knees she wrestled with a refractory chair cover.

"No."

"Why not?"

Olive shrugged her shoulders. "I'm too tall to play at being a dear little home-maker! I'll never be one of those women who with a few deft touches make a house look like something you've lived in ever since you were born."

Exasperation followed. "What do you care about?"

Olive lit a cigarette while she considered the answer to such a comprehensive question. "I'd like a really good, secure job—something more exciting than taking dictation and typing the result. I'd also like a small, unearned private income. I'd like comfort which cost me no effort. I'd like to know lots of amusing people. I'd like—I'd like the moon—a rather materialistic moon," she added.

"Peter could give you most of those things."

"OH, you can have anything at a price. I thought you were talking in terms of three fairy wishes."

"Well, what's the matter with Peter?"

"Nothing."

"Then why——"

"There's nothing the matter with half the people one knows, but it doesn't follow that one wants to marry them."

"You're too clever, my girl, you'll get stung."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"You'll lose Peter—and then where will you be?"

Olive thought that this was putting it a little crudely, but she smiled and said, "Just where I started."

Tansey sat back on her heels while she threaded the needle. She delivered judgment shrewdly. "Peter's not the sort to go on asking for ever." And Olive knew that Tansey was right.

Peter — Olive thought of Peter's possibilities. Six months ago Peter Bent had been one of Kit Clissold's brainwaves. Clissold had the self-made man's respect for education. Peter was very fresh

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612897

from the University. He bristled with book learning, he was blessed with plenty of mother wit, and he knew a certain number of the people whose names made news. Peter was to infuse a modicum of culture into their treatment of stale subjects, he had a glib pen, he would be rich in helpful suggestions.

Only Kit Clissold and Peter had never really seen the matter from the same angle. Peter was willing to let his body be caged and his pen harnessed for five pounds a week—he needed the money—but he would not dream of introducing his friends into Clissold's mausoleum and he had other uses for his thoughts than to waste them on his business. Peter Bent was just another of Kit Clissold's brain-waves that didn't work out right.

That Sunday they had walked through the Chilterns, through the russet beech woods, where the brown leaves cling so late to the slender trees, over the lumpy chalk hills, past fields of earth newly upturned, and through the little Buckinghamshire villages, with their brick and flint walls. They had listened to the flat, friendly speech of the people, and had eaten their sandwiches in the autumn woods.

All the way Bill and Tansey had dawdled behind in the silent absorption of lovers. At every stile he had lifted her, very small and golden, and set her on the top bar, and they had kissed and their fingers had lingered together, and to the passers-by they had appeared slightly absurd. Love's young dream on the hiker's highway is seldom a romantic sight. But to them it was a golden day, and what to the onlooker was ridiculous and rather embarrassing, was to them a moment touched with magic.

OLIVE and Peter strode on ahead and pursued one of those age-old arguments of adolescence to which there is neither beginning nor end, an argument that dealt in abstractions and generalities and in which the words life and love and art figured frequently.

When they returned to the girls' flat the living-room seemed singularly full, for Peter Bent stood six foot in his socks and Bill Willment could expand his chest to forty-seven inches.

Peter dissociated himself from the business of preparing the meal of tea and sausages and potato crisps—one bag for each member of the party.

Peter tested the divan, while the others worked. He tested it and found it wanting.

"This is a lumpy brute," he announced, watching the activities of the other three.

"I never noticed it," said Olive, as she laid the table. Bill and Tansey were in the kitchen. They particularly enjoyed any foretaste of domesticity.

"Once," said Peter, "there was a princess and she detected a pea through a mountain of mattresses. Remember?"

"Which goes to prove that I'm no princess. I was reared hard, young man. It has its advantages."

"I suppose so." He looked at her thoughtfully. "There must be compensations."

"There are. Heaps of things one doesn't mind, doesn't notice." She surveyed the table with its slab of imported butter and its cheap cake from a multiple stores. "You give two shudders and three wincos to my every one."

Before Peter could find a crushing retort Tansey and Bill came in with the meal, and over supper they cheerfully reviled the clients of Clissold Publicity; and after supper they washed up; and later in a haze of cigarette smoke the only shadow on their day was that it was nearly over, for to be at the office at 9 a.m. meant leaving your bed at 7.30. So late sessions were generally barred.

"The dreadful thing about Sunday evening," said Olive from her recumbent position on the divan, "is that it is followed so inevitably, unalterably, by Monday morning."

She shifted her smooth, dark head among the cushions and turned to face the others as if she were hopeful of contradiction. In the firelight they could see only the blur of her white face and her great dark eyes. She looked somehow different from the clear-cut young woman who in the harsh light of Monday hit one of the office typewriters with such amazing speed and accuracy.

Bill Willment paused to knock out his pipe before replying. He was a burly young man, somehow a little blunted physically and mentally, with simple, honest ideas, and a readiness to submit the direction of his life to Tansey that was very touching and that happened also to be very good sense.

His deliberate tones filled the little room. "Fat lot you have to grumble about, Olive. You and Tansey can sit comfortably in the luxurious offices of Clissold Publicity, while to-morrow I have to trapse a camera off to Hampstead to photograph amid his home surroundings our distinguished client, Mr. Alan Hare—whom may the moths devour! Do you realise that that man has a scar on his right cheek and a protruding left temple, so that which ever profile I take he looks a fright? I'm that tired of his front face!"

"Not half so tired as I am," said Tansey from her position on the hearth-rug, her golden head against his knee. Her tip-tilted little nose wrinkled in disgust. "I have to hawk your photos round Fleet Street every Wednesday afternoon. I don't see what any of you have got to grumble about." She surveyed the other three like a pugnacious kitten. "Now look at me—the meanest of the mean—making your teas, stamping your letters, answering your phone calls." She jerked her head backwards to indicate the placid Bill. "And that creature can't earn enough to lead me to the altar."

"Way things are going at the office," said Bill, "I'll be more likely to lead you to the Labor Exchange."

Peter Bent roused himself from the satisfying contemplation of Olive's slim outline on the divan. "You wait till my play is produced."

"We're not immortal," said Tansey crushingly.

"What do you know of office troubles?" said Peter, ignoring the impertinence. His light voice came mockingly. "You don't have to use your brains. You don't have to finish a series of articles by our Miss Ada Garrick on 'My Limelight Lovers!'"

AN unaccountable wave of anger swept over Olive. After all it was Kit Clissold who was keeping them with their heads above the unemployment deluge. He was shouldering the responsibility. It was pretty easy to sit back and sneer and criticise. They were a crowd—four against one. Not that Kit Clissold, in his employer's isolation, either knew or cared, but Olive felt that she was there to see fair play.

For Clissold had moved heaven and earth. He had worked early and late. No one could say that he hadn't tried. He had gone after every possible opening, he had nursed his clients, he had been clever and inventive, and he had accomplished a great deal with unpromising material.

But he had been unlucky. Under the depression the business firms considered their publicity an obvious economy cut. Clissold's was a luxury. Better to spend the money on straight advertising. And along with the depression had been increased competition. Publicity was one of those semi-skilled jobs into which everyone crowds in times of unemployment. There were the men sacked for economy from the big publicity offices; there were the out-of-work journalists who regarded it as a branch of their profession; there were the new poor who considered themselves ideally suited because "they knew everybody." The initial capital involved was small. Each little office struggled along always on the edge of failure. There was not enough work to go round. At the end of his first six months Clissold found himself being crushed between the depression and the competition. He had struggled on for two years. How much longer could he last?

OLIVE spoke in his defence. "If you'd sunk all your capital in a business, and then got hit by a world depression, and all you had were a dozen clients who paid badly and expected impossible results, you might get a bit peeved."

"The man is 'nasty, brutish, and short'," said Peter.

"I agree, but at least he had the inside to strike out on his own. Old Meredith told me once that he used to be Raymond's right-hand man—and Raymond's handle publicity in a big way—and Clissold drew a good screw. But he threw it up, because he had to be his own master."

"That's my idea," said Bill soberly. "Must have one's own business. Only way of getting anywhere." He spoke so slowly that Olive felt he must have missed the boat before he even started out to catch it.

"I can't see much to it," said Peter. "You get all the kicks and the responsibility."

"But old age, Peter." Olive would like this amateur to understand. "Who wants to employ even a right-hand man when he's fifty. New blood needed then. Clissold was trying to get into the master class and make money."

"Well," said Peter cheerfully, "if that was his idea he'll have to think again."

Olive spoke thoughtfully. "The luck has been against him. But there was nothing wrong with the idea."

"Except that it wouldn't work." Peter laughed. "If there wasn't a news story left in the world, if nobody broke the law, or got married, or died, or had children—even then any editor would think twice before he mentioned one of our clients."

This sentiment found warm agreement. The three took up the recital of the situation. The clients of Clissold Publicity were easy targets.

"Our Ada Garrick has lost her jewels once and her Pekingese twice. . . ."

"Still, it's quite a while since she was secretly engaged, married, or divorced. . . ."

"You forget, last month she adopted a baby boy. . . ."

"And upheld the modern girl. . . ."

"And opened two exhibitions and one housing estate. . . ."

"That's nothing. Alan Hare gave away three swimming cups and judged five acting competitions. . . ."

"What of it? Ada Garrick almost got a part. . . ."

"That's nothing. Alan Hare actually played for one of the Sunday societies. . . ."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612898

"Anyway, they've both been photographed smoking our Sandringham cigarettes. . . ."

"Dining at our Blue Parrot Cafe. . . ."

"Listening to our Dainty Disk records. . . ."

"Eating our Chew Gum, driving . . ."

"Clissold's car . . . ."

"Behind our Simplex screen-wiper. . . ."

"Visiting our Realart Gallery. . . ."

"Thereby keeping it all in the family."

"And economically killing half a dozen birds with one stone."

THE litany ended in a gale of laughter, but it was a game in which Olive took no part. She was tired of the easy pleasantries at the expense of Clissold Publicity. Anyone could be funny about it, but had any of them a fresh idea, a telling stunt, a helpful suggestion? She reminded herself that she wasn't paid to think, only to type. But Peter—that was different. He didn't pull his weight. His real ability went into his plays. At the office he just slogged through the routine work and let Kit Clissold do the thinking.

She studied Peter thoughtfully. It was absurd that he should be in an office at all. He was a rampant individualist, and, no matter how clever, not worth his salary. Besides, he wasn't interested. He regarded the office as a stepping-stone, just something to keep Peter Bent in bread and beer till he was a full-fledged playwright. And the others—Tansey thought only of semi-detached villas and labor-saving devices and how soon she could be free of the routine of nine to six, how soon Bill and she could get into some newly developing district where he could set up as a photographer.

You bought people from nine to six, but you didn't get much for your money, only their surface attention and their manual skill.

"There is nothing left for our Miss Garrick," said Peter, "save to climb to the dome of St. Paul's and from there recite 'The quality of mercy'."

"Clissold's that desperate I shouldn't be surprised if he suggested it," said Bill.

"And what do you suggest?" asked Olive.

"Me?" Bill looked momentarily startled. But Tansey leapt laughingly to his defence as Olive shrewdly suspected, a foretaste of things to come. "Bill suggests a little grey home in the west for him and me. He'll make much more money on his own."

"You've evaded the issue," said Olive. "I was asking what you suggested we should do with our Miss Garrick."

Peter interposed "It's no good, Olive. If Clissold had any sense he'd pull his chestnuts out of the fire, right now, and save what he can. Sometimes it takes just as much courage to retreat as to go forward."

"I know," she nodded. "If he goes forward he loses his capital, and if he retreats we all lose our jobs. Perhaps he's thought up that one, too."

"You're telling us!" shrilled Tansey. "You're telling us that Pain-in-the-neck is really running that dump for our benefit."

OLIVE looked the others over. "No, I don't suppose so," she said. "Not now that I look at you again."

"Thank you," said Peter, "we're superbly snubbed."

"You asked for it. Why can't you give the man a chance?"

"You're very worried about Clissold," said Tansey.

"I don't give a tinker's curse for Clissold. In eight months I've never heard him say anything to me except 'Take this down, please,' but, you idiot, can't you see that if he goes under so do we. It's all right for you. Bill will 'love and cherish' you on a housing estate on the proceeds of his camera, but fifty million typists are looking for the job that I shall need."

Bill heaved himself out of his chair. "We'll have to go. Come and say good-night to me, Tansey."

"Go on." Peter shoved Tansey gently towards the door. "Go on. Say it with lipstick."

The others smiled. Bill and Tansey and their prolonged "good-nights" in the passage were a well-established joke.

The lovers disappeared, and for a moment there was silence between Peter and Olive. He watched her as she lay so slim and attractive in her russet frock. All day long she had seemed in happy harmony with the brown and gold of the dying year. Her creamy skin touched with the autumn sun, her red lips that matched the leaf of the blackberry, her supple young body that moved so lightly.

TO-NIGHT, in the firelight and through the faint haze of cigarette smoke, Peter thought that she looked soft and yielding, robbed of her everyday poise, of her indifference, real or pretended—he was never quite sure which—the cool indifference which made her so secure.

He looked across at her and wondered anew at her air of breeding and thought with a smile how angry she would be if she knew that she reminded him of a thoroughbred. For she was an inverted and rather pugnacious snob, proud of her membership of the working-classes.

He liked her long, slim lines, the narrow feet, the tapering fingers. He liked the mouth—always the face's telltale feature. The mouth was firm and a little unfriendly. He liked her air of unruffled authority. He liked the wide, intelligent forehead, so early traced with little lines of concentration and anxiety. For all her nineteen years she was already grown-up. More grown-up, he suspected, than he would ever be in all his life. She was queer and rare and rather fine. He wanted her, without passion, as he wanted everything that was ornamental and entertaining.

He often wondered idly what he would do when she changed her mind and accepted him. She would not fit comfortably into his circle. He thought of his mother, pleasant, untidy, feckless, always full of harebrained, unpractical schemes for recovering the family fortunes. He thought of his friends, whose activities so often dissolved in talk, who moved in an exclusive circle of minor somebodies. He thought of Olive battling her way through such an atmosphere. It would be amusing to watch her, and he would back her to win.

At last he broke the silence. "Good old custom that—saying good-night in the passage, though I suppose you, my ice maiden, think it's all very sentimental and old-fashioned."

"Are we back there again?" she asked with a little sigh. He could never leave things alone.

"Sorry," he said shortly, "but I happen to love you. Hard-hearted Hannah."

"You know, Peter, I give very little for cash, and nothing for love."

"You take a devilish delight in knocking me endwise."

"Strengthens your moral fibres!"

"But I love you, woman, don't be so unhuman."

"Oh, Peter, will-o'-the-wisp Peter, it's a good thing you can't afford to be serious. We may all be out on our ears soon, after which looking for a job will be a whole-time employment without the complications of falling in love."

"Oh, looking for a job. . . ." He waved it aside.

She raised herself on an elbow and looked across at him. "You're just an amateur."

"Why? Don't I work as hard as you do?"

"N-no," she said reflectively, "and you're paid twice as much, but then you need twice as much, because you've been brought up to have twice as much."

"To hear you talk anyone would think I was working for fun."

"I know your people lost everything in the first Wall Street crash—but 'everything' with you doesn't mean the same thing as 'everything' for Bill or Tansey or me. At a crisis your sort can always discover a forgotten family heirloom, or a rich aunt, or a friend in the city. You know people, there's always someone you can go to, something you can fall back on—see?"

"Everyone has a last bolt-hole."

"Have they? I doubt it." She was silent for a moment weighing the truth of his words. Then she shook her head. "No. I haven't." Her voice was soft and earnest. She wanted him to understand the queer gulf between them. She would like him, she thought a little wistfully, to realise that it wasn't just that she was too "tough" to fall in love. "When I was twelve, Peter, I lost my people. I was housed by relatives who didn't in the least want me—I don't blame them. They had five kids of their own already."

CHAPTER 2

THE office wore an air of depression. Olive was conscious of it the moment she crossed the threshold. As the paint had faded so had the director's hopes. The staff worked on mechanically because they were paid to work, but with a certain sense of futility, like people waiting to be evicted. You can only be really inspired in publicity work when you are feeling gay and a little foolish. You need an overdose of self-confidence. In cold blood it is almost impossible to set certain stunts in motion. They appear too imbecile. In more sober moments you even question the morality of the whole proceedings. The staff of Clissold Publicity had grown very sober in the last six months.

Miss Meredith was always the first to arrive. It was her duty to unlock the door and to see that the others were punctual. If for any unforseen reason one chanced to arrive before Miss Meredith one had to sit on the stone steps and wait, or go down four flights to the basement and get the caretaker to open the door.

On that Monday morning there were, indeed, several small indications that "the source of supply" was threatened, and that their fears were justified.

One of the first things that Olive noticed was that Alice Philpot, who worked beside her, was extremely late. That was not like the methodical Alice. Of course if it had been Mira—Mira Davidson was always the last to arrive and the first to leave. It was her way of demonstrating that she was Mr. Clissold's private secretary and so superior to everyone else in the office.

"Alice, where art thou?" Olive asked of her unresponsive empty desk.

You could not miss a member of the Clissold staff. For there were only three communicating rooms in the office. On

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612899

opening the first glass door the inquirer found the reception room where the elderly Miss Meredith was ready to greet him with a well-practiced smile. The little office had once been gay with its signed photos of semi-celebrities, its orange paint and its orange curtains and its steel-rimmed chairs with their orange seats. But like everything else in the place the reception room had had to submit to two years of London's intensive rain of smuts and the first dazzling impression had worn off. Miss Meredith, who was pale and thin and spinsterish, no longer looked so out of place in her surroundings.

Beyond was the big room with its half a dozen desks, its telephone board, its filing cabinets, its clatter of youthful activity, and beyond again the office of Kit Clissold himself.

"His nibs here yet?" asked Tansey.

"No." Mira Davidson always liked to display her inside knowledge. "He said he'd be late this morning. He's trying to persuade that Battersea to Bagdad motor expedition to fix 'Simplex.'"

"Will they?"

"I shouldn't think so. They've been offered two hundred by the others to fix 'See Easy.'"

"Two hundred," Olive murmured. Considerably more than she earned in a year. She took the cover off her machine. This was a blind alley occupation she had entered. There were no plums in her profession. Who had ever heard of a typist growing rich overnight? It might pay better to forget her training. Her capable hands moved quickly. Already the click of her typewriter made an even, monotonous sound. She worked mechanically. What get-rich-quick professions were there for honest girls, save marriage?

HER meditations were interrupted by Miss Meredith, who summoned her into the tiny reception-room. There she discovered that Alice Philpot was not late, but that she had left the firm.

Miss Meredith eyed Olive distrustfully. She looked her over carefully, noted the neat blue dress, the shine of two brass buttons, the spotless white cloque bow. Girls were too well-dressed nowadays. They couldn't look like that and be really attending their jobs. . . eyes were on Olive's face. And girls were too pretty. They all looked like film stars and actresses, and it was very upsetting in an office and couldn't be good for their work.

It was with a sense of grievance that she started to explain the situation in her tight, unemotional voice.

"Alice Philpot was offered a job and decided to take it. I don't know what Mr. Clissold will say." Olive thought that Miss Meredith knew quite well that Kit Clissold would be delighted have another clerk off the pay-roll. "These times," she went on vaguely, "I doubt whether he will care to take on another girl so we'll just have to do our best to get through the work. And by the way," she hesitated, and the words seemed to cost her an effort, "you needn't type any stuff for the Realart Gallery. They're not renewing their contract."

"Oh. I see," said Olive blankly.

A flush crept over Miss Meredith's pale face. She had never much liked Olive and she was embarrassed at being obliged to ask her a favor. The girl was hard and independent almost to the point of impudence. So unlike dear Mira Davidson, who was always ready to sympathise with the troubles of those in authority, and whom she had placed in her present position because she must be a soothing influence for Mr. Clissold, and Mr. Clissold so very often needed soothing.

WHEREAS Olive — you couldn't say the girl did her work badly. On the contrary, she was very quick and intelligent, but she was opinionated, she seemed to have ideas about everything, and that wasn't really suitable to her position. Still she was the dominant personality in the big office. Miss Meredith had to have her co-operation.

"You know to-day," she went on with an effort, "things are—are difficult everywhere. I have heard lately that certain defeatist reports have been going round the office." She fixed Olive with an accusing stare. "I don't know where they originated but they must stop. In a business of this sort where we are so often in personal contact with our clients it is essential that there should be loyalty to the firm—and a spirit of optimism."

"I quite agree, Miss Meredith," said Olive firmly, thinking how little optimism Miss Meredith herself inspired. "When you were out on Saturday and the Sandringham Cigarette man called to see the week's cuttings I showed him our three paragraphs in obscure provincial papers with as much assurance as if we'd got six columns in the London dailies. But the bluff didn't work."

"It was unfortunate," said Miss Meredith, tartly, "that I was not there myself. We've had a letter of complaint from them this morning. What I particularly want to stress is loyalty inside the office. We'll have to divide Alice's work between you and Tansey."

Olive smiled and raised her delicate eyebrows. "Isn't Mira Davidson to do any of it?"

"Mira has enough to do already with Mr. Clissold's own work—but I could perhaps manage to give you a little help myself when you are very rushed."

Olive looked at her thoughtfully. "I don't see how you can possibly fit in any more." For Miss Meredith might be a dragon but there was no denying she was a worker. She received the callers, kept the accounts, distributed the work in the office, and frequently had to go about town arranging the details of their stunt schemes.

"If the worst comes to the worst we'll have to work overtime, but . . ." Unconsciously Miss Meredith's hand strayed to the ledger in front of her and rested there defensively.

Olive thought the movement a touching one. She liked the old war horse defending the firm's interest. She would show them that she wasn't just an ice-maiden. She would respond to the appeal. "All right, Miss Meredith, I'll do my best."

"That's right." Miss Meredith had already opened her ledger and would be in a moment lost in figures. "We mustn't let Mr. Clissold down," she murmured automatically.

Olive paused at the door. "You're very fond of Mr. Clissold, aren't you?" she said diffidently.

"Mr. Clissold?" repeated Miss Meredith absent-minded. "Do you know Simplex owe us a lot of money. Mr. Clissold? Oh, yes . . . yes."

"And of the firm."

"Yes. I don't want anything to happen to the firm," she said more decisively.

"Why?" asked Olive simply.

"Why?" echoed Miss Meredith, as if astonished at the simplicity of such a question. She looked up from her books. "Why, my dear child, I have a mother to support. If anything happened to this firm . . ." She made an expressive gesture. "I'm no longer so young, you know."

"I see," said Olive. So that was it—and she had been thinking that Kit Clissold had at least one genuine friend.

"Now run along and get to work. I'll be in presently."

"Yes, Miss Meredith. Oh, by the way," Olive paused at the door. "The Arts Bazaar. It's going to be a big thing, isn't it? Couldn't we wangle a stall for Miss Garrick?"

"Not too easy. I gather they've a rush of volunteers. Unless we knew someone."

"Is Sir Howard Keltheley any good? Peter knows him."

"Excellent."

"I'll speak to Peter."

"Do. I won't say anything to Mr. Clissold till I hear from you. I don't want to worry him if it's all no use." She sighed. "He has a lot on his mind already."

THERE were several people waiting to see Kit Clissold. There was a shabby young journalist who wanted enough dope to fill a couple of pars of a syndicated London letter. There was a representative from Infinity Disk records to discuss the best programme to play at their Press cocktail party. There was a man with a stationery bill and there was a girl traveller who was anxious to sell them a new form of disinfecting spray.

Clissold disposed of them all quickly, so quickly that the last young lady came out and confided to Olive that if ever an office wanted cleaning up it was this one and that for her part, she would start with the boss.

Then Clissold's buzzer summoned Mira Davidson. It was with amusement that Olive watched the young lady pat her pair and examine her charming reflection before taking up her note-book. Olive felt that female loveliness was sadly wasted on Kit Clissold, and that Aphrodite rising from the foam would interest him less than a good pig-iron manufacturer clamoring publicity.

Tansey was telephoning, working steadily through the list of London dailies with a hot news story that would probably never see the light of day anywhere. Afterwards Olive or Mira would cut a stencil of the story and Tansey would grind it off on the duplicator and it would be sent round as confirmation of the telephone message. The process repeated itself several times a week.

Olive ploughed patiently on with her letters and by the time she had reached the seventieth Peter had finished his article. He slung it in her basket.

"Don't forget it's got to catch the country post. Three copies. It's good. I've invented a fine bit about Irving. How when he kissed her he always used to bite her ear!"

"You can't leave that in."

"Can't I? Why not? I think it's lots of fun."

"Well, I expect it's libellous and it's certainly untrue and—"

"But it's fun."

Olive set her lips firmly together. "You're not paid to be funny. You're paid to raise our tone and bring culture to our copy, and sprinkle it with literary allusions and historical data. Anyway, I think you're mean and dishonest."

"Mean? Why ever?"

"Because you take a serious salary and don't do a serious job of work."

"Well, who could be serious about our Miss Garrick? Now for the weekly dope on Chew Gum." He sighed. "I suppose you'd be angry again if I invented a news story of how a man falling out of a sky-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612900

scraper was saved by his Chew Gum, which caught on the window-sill and held him there till help arrived."

"Idiot. Now get away. I'm busy."

"Where's the Philpot to-day?"

"Left."

Peter looked grave. "That young woman never made a mistake about the position of the butter on her bread."

Olive searched her mind for a crushing retort but could find nothing. She was pledged to Miss Meredith to combat the "defeatist spirit" in the office, but it wasn't so easy. She resorted to changing the subject. "Have I your copy for the Simplex Wiper?"

"No. Simplex! There's a thing to have to put across. Everything you write about 'em sounds like an advertisement. Every story you invent applies equally well to every other screen-wiper on the market. And as to human interest! 'Little girl saves Pennies to Buy Daddy Simplex Screen-wiper for Brooklands.' How's that? No, Simplex will have to wait. But I've done Realart."

"Oh you needn't have—I mean they're through."

"Good Lord, and why the devil didn't somebody tell me?" He stretched towards his desk, reached for the papers, tore them into little pieces and dropped them dramatically into the waste-paper basket. "Realart! That's a pity. Clissold was arranging quite a good stunt for them."

"What was it?"

"We were going to include a worthless nude in their next exhibition and get some purity fanatic to slash it."

"No good," said Olive critically, "not unless you could get it done by someone with a name."

"Why, you crab?"

"THE Press are so terribly suspicious these days. Look at the time we had Alan Hare robbed on Barnes Common. Not one of 'em would touch it. Even the public are getting wise. You know the game gets tougher and tougher."

"You've said it. There's really nothing to it nowadays unless you're in a big way."

"Well, why shouldn't we be in a big way? We only need to get one really important contract — something permanent like a disinfectant or a brand or beer or a make of stockings—those sort of things are much better than plays or people, because they go on so much longer. Then the others would come along like sheep. The trouble is that you have to start with the small fry and by the time you've established yourself the overheads have eaten up all your capital and you have to shut up shop."

Peter was completely detached. "Happily it isn't our shop."

Olive smiled at herself. She was a fool. She had wasted a lot of good breath. "Why aren't you interested, Peter?"

"It's both dishonest and boring. The combination is more than I can bear. I'd chuck it to-morrow if it weren't for you. I'd chuck it and take a chance." He lowered his voice and leant over her machine. "I say, Olive, darling——"

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking about what you said yesterday. Have you noticed how good I've been to-day? How my moral fibre is strengthened?"

"Fine for you."

"The damnable thing is that in your heart-whole security you haven't the slightest idea how difficult it is. I don't wish you any harm but . . ."

She laughed. "If I ever suffer from an unrequited passion you just hope you may be there to see."

"Exactly, and I shall say 'I told you so.'"

The door of the inner office opened and Mira beckoned to Peter. "Mr. Clissold wants you."

Peter grabbed all the loose sheets of paper off his desk and disappeared. Mira turned her languid attention to Tansey. "Mr. Clissold would like to see the Sunday cuttings when you are ready."

Tansey looked up from her scissors and paste. "They won't delay him long," she said.

Mira ignored the sally. "And phone List C of our titled debutantes and see how many of them will be photographed at the Blue Parrot. I'm going out to lunch now."

Tansey watched her depart, and leaning over to Olive she whispered. "The only consolation in this Set Foul day is that Mira Davidson will get wet!" Tansey turned to her list. "If I were a bright young person I'd see Clissold's further before I'd be photographed to advertise anybody's cafe."

"Oh well, even bright young people have to live. Mrs. Robeson lets 'em eat on the house."

OLIVE put the kettle on the gas ring, while Tansey produced a bag with four sausage rolls and two chocolate biscuits.

"Frightfully unvitamenous," commented Olive. "Haven't you ever read that to preserve her peach bloom complexion the office worker should lunch off salad and nuts."

Tansey ignored this problem of diet and started her cross-examination. "Tell me everything. I've been bursting with curiosity all the morning. What did Meredith want with you? And where's Philpot?"

In the minimum of words Olive told the story. When she had finished she discovered that Tansey's face was red and her eyes full of tears.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?"

"It's Bill—and me," Tansey quavered. "Oh, if Clissold Publicity goes phut when can we get married? And last night it all seemed almost within reach. Oh, I do want a home, a real place for Bill and me. I don't want to be a nine-to-sixer. I want a baby and a garden and furniture that's really mine—and I want Bill all to myself—by our own fireside—not have to kiss him in the passage, while you and Peter act superior. And now—if Clissold's goes phut. I wouldn't care," she went on generously, "if we could just have time to get a little house and furnish it so that Bill could start on his own—but not now."

"Well," said Olive, quietly ironical, "I don't suppose Mr. Clissold is exactly whooping with joy at the morning's slice of bad luck."

"Oh Clissold," said Tansey vaguely, "of course he must be sick as mud, but after all it's only his business, not his private life and his hopes of getting married."

"How on earth do you know?" asked Olive, genuinely surprised.

"I don't," said Tansey, "I only meant —well, he's the boss. I don't know, but I expect he's got things put away." She searched for the word and found it. "Capital. That's it. And as to his getting married—well can you imagine Pain-in-the-neck Clissold getting married?"

Olive smiled thoughtfully. "No but I suppose he has a private life like anybody else."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Tansey.

"You are a little idiot." Olive had to laugh. "Of course he has, though I haven't a glimmering of what it can possibly be."

Tansey wasn't listening. She was busy once more with her financial calculations. "If it can only hang on for another six months—then who cares if it goes phut?"

"It's not going phut," said Olive in a last determined effort to combat the defeatist spirit. "Not in six months nor in six years." But she was aware that she hadn't the slightest justification for such extravagant optimism.

As she typed Peter's copy that afternoon her assurance gradually seeped away, but it was after tea that the situation once more took a dramatic turn. It began with the advent of Mrs. Robeson, proprietor of the Blue Parrot. Mrs. Robeson was a determined lady who always knew her own mind, and she could be heard giving a piece of it first to Miss Meredith in the outer office, after which she swept magnificently between the desks on her way to the inner office to give the remainder of it to Kit Clissold.

She did so, audibly, for nearly half an hour. Just what she said could not be distinguished in the outer office, but the tone of her voice was eloquent. From time to time came a rumble that was presumably a conciliatory effort on the part of her victim.

The outer office enjoyed the excitement. The realisation that this was their best client and that their position was parlous, was forgotten in the normal healthy amusement of listening to a spat.

The spat, however, went on for too long. It quieted down and became monotonous. At five to six Mira handed the last of her letters to Tansey for the post, put the cover on her machine, and went home. At six Peter went off with his director's life story which he had to get the gentleman to O.K. on his way back, so that it could start on its newspaper travels in the morning. At five past six Mrs. Robeson emerged with a glittering look of triumph and swept once more through the office.

AFTER which, Tansey's curiosity being satisfied she picked up the post and prepared to leave.

"What about our meal, Olive?" she said doubtfully.

"I'll just finish this and then I'll meet you at the usual place."

"What's Peter doing?"

"Peter is giving dinner to a man who knows a man who knows a girl whose cousin knows someone in Gertner's Theatre who might induce someone else to read his play."

"Good old Peter," said Bill, "if it's anything like the muck he writes here——"

"It ought to run for years."

"You make no mistake," said Olive, "Peter's play is commercial."

Olive thought it a good play in its own way. Light, sentimental, witty. Heart strings were twanged but never broken in a world where nobody had to sweat to eat. A little sugary perhaps but the public would not mind. Commercial, too with a showy, sympathetic part for the leading lady. He had put her in her thirties. It gave you a wider choice of stars. It was neatly constructed and the plot was ingenious. If

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612901

Olive did not care for its optimistic philosophy or its superficial generalisations, she did respect its workmanlike qualities. Peter could do good work when it was for himself. It was therefore all the more deplorable that he did such poor work when it was for others.

"I'll believe in Peter's play when I see the cheque for his first royalties," said Tansey. "Besides who ever heard of anybody that one knew getting a play produced!"

Olive laughed. "I know it does sound improbable, but I suppose other playwrights are known by other people and even Shakespeare must once have had a first first night."

"Well, I don't care," said Tansey. "It all seems to me moonshine. And I'm sick of this office. I'm off. See you anon, Olive."

"Right."

Olive had only three more Press invitations to write. She just couldn't face them again to-morrow. She pushed one into the machine and started automatically. Miss Meredith put her head round the door.

"I'VE got to see the Sandringham Cigarette people at six-thirty. You nearly finished?

"Three letters more, Miss Meredith."

"All right. Mr. Clissold will lock up. Everything else in order?" She cast a practised eye over the room. "I wish Peter Brent wouldn't leave his desk so untidy." She pushed his papers together. "Well, good night, Olive."

"Good night, Miss Meredith."

Olive typed quickly. She knew the letter by heart and it required only half her attention. Her thought wandered to the evening ahead. She gloated over the prospect of a long, lazy evening to herself. She was glad that Peter was busy, otherwise he would have wanted to go out with her and somehow to-night she wanted time by herself to think. She and Peter had said a lot of funny things on Sunday night. Rather important things really. She wondered which of them was right. She wondered again if she were not too big a fool. She pulled the first letter out of the machine and carefully inserted the envelope. That needed attention. But with the next letter her mind wandered again. She was a fool not to accept Peter's offer—Peter's bolt hole. He was clever, charming, amusing, perhaps some day he'd have a real career. She thought his play was pretty good. She had faith in his abilities. Wasn't all that enough? Was this vague sentiment called "love" so awfully important? And how did one recognise it? Perhaps what she felt for Peter was all that she was capable of feeling. Perhaps he was right when he called her 'the ice-maiden.' She didn't want to be a surplus woman—like Miss Meredith.

Once Miss Meredith had been a young girl believing that adventure was just around the corner, believing that man or a miracle would happen along and make life worth while. How long had she gone on believing that? When did hope die? Olive knew that even a realist like herself believed that the future must hold something more exciting that the present. Then one day, she supposed, she would wake up and find that it was all too late, and realise that nothing more was going to happen save old age and death.

She pulled out the second letter. To-night she would really come to some decision. She'd think it all out. She'd darn her stockings. They had been accumulating for three weeks now. Nothing was so conducive to clear thinking as fine darning. She'd—and then Kit Clissold's buzzer interrupted her meditations.

SHE picked up her notebook automatically and hurried in. His head was bent over his desk making notes and for a moment he did not look up. Olive had time to pass a quick appraising glance around and once more she was struck by the impersonal nature of the room. There was not a photo or a flower or any small inanimate object that might give a clue to the personality of the owner. She thought it was the loneliest room that she had ever seen.

The desk was covered with newspapers heavily blue-pencilled. Here was an article they could follow up; here was a budding celebrity that might become a client; here was a correspondence into which they might insert a skilful puff.

"Hello," he said at last, raising his tired eyes to hers, "where's Miss Davidson?"

His face was as inscrutable as ever, but now his hands were clasped on the blotter in front of him, long nervous hands, so tightly clasped that the blood showed red beneath the nails.

"She's gone home, Mr. Clissold."

"Gone?" He looked at the clock in surprise. "I didn't realise it was so late. You're working overtime?"

"No: I was just finishing a few letters."

"All right. Well you're working overtime now."

"Yes."

"I've forgotten your name," he said looking at her in a puzzled way. "Phil—Phil—no, she's the one that's left."

Olive had an angry impulse to say "Two pounds ten," but she checked it. "Olive Arnold," she answered and opened her notebook and waited.

"Got this week's routine dope about the Blue Parrot?"

"Yes. Peter Bent wrote it this afternoon. I've typed most of it."

"Well, scrap it."

"Yes, Mr. Clissold."

"And those debutantes."

"Yes?"

"She get 'em?"

"Only three."

"Well you write to them first thing in the morning postponing the date for a fortnight."

He waited while Olive made a note. "Now for this Blue Parrot Cafe business," he said and paused, staring ahead unseeingly.

Olive felt as if he looked right through her into the distance beyond. She could study him at leisure unobserved, for he was no more conscious of her than of the orange office furniture. The lines around his mouth had deepened, but the thin lips were set in determination. His face was a mask which his hands betrayed. "Nerves snapping" had been Peter's airy diagnosis. Olive hoped it was not true. Suddenly she felt as if she and Kit Clissold, the tough fighters, were ranged together. Her pulses quickened a beat.

His thin hands moved and he gripped the edge of the desk. "Mrs. Robeson," he said, "is not satisfied with our methods. She wants something more spectacular. All right." The ghost of a smile played for a second round his lips. "Fetch me her folder please."

"Yes, Mr. Clissold."

Olive crossed the outer room to the filing cabinet. She was strangely excited. She felt enormously alive, like one on the brink of adventure. Almost unconsciously her fingers strayed to her heart. She had a moment of fear. If the ice cracked—Absurd! How could she be such an utter idiot! And yet her hands trembled among the folders. R—Re—Ri— Why could one never remember the alphabet when one was in a hurry? Ro—Robeson—there it was. She hurried back to the inner office with the full particulars of the Blue Parrot.

"Our client stays open late?"

Olive studied the details. "Yes, Mr. Crissold, she has a drink licence and she stays open till 2 a.m. to serve suppers."

"Right." He leant back for a moment. "Suppers," he murmured. "How have other late night places got on? Not by publicity—by notoriety. It's brought in the curious. How did they do it?" he asked grimly, and then answered his own question. "By police raids. And that's how we're going to do it. Only ours will be a raid with a difference."

"Ours?" she echoed in a troubled voice.

"Yes," he said slowly, "here's the plan—to be kept a secret, between you and me and Peter Bent. We'll inform—anonymously—on the Blue Parrot. We'll stimulate a raid but with this important difference.

"AFTER hours Mrs. Robeson only sells suppers. The police will be in the wrong. She'll get every damn paper with public sympathy, and if that doesn't satisfy her—" The thin hands made a gesture of abandonment. "Now let's see what's to do. I can't be here first thing in the morning so take note of this for young Peter Bent. I want a newspaper campaign about the officious methods of the police. Lots of letters—Colonel This—Father of Ten—he knows the sort of thing—and then articles and paragraphs. Englishman's restaurant in his castle. Get the idea? And then, we'll write to Mrs. Robeson—no—better not—get her on the phone—I'll see her to-night." He stopped for a moment and studied Olive's expression. Some quality in her silence disturbed him. Subconsciously he missed the coolings and gurglings with which Mrs Davidson would have received such instructions. "What do you think of the idea?" he asked.

Olive raised her dark eyes to him. "Do you really want to know?" and she sent up a silent prayer for courage.

"Of course," he said impatiently, "else why ask?"

She answered with a fine assumption of a calm she did not feel. "I think it's a rotten idea," she said.

"What?" he shouted.

"Rotten," she repeated.

For a moment he was speechless, then his voice lashed at her cold and angry. "How dare you come in here and try to teach me my business?"

He looked across at her sullenly. Eighteen months ago he would have found stimulus in her opposition, but now he encountered so little else that the fare had grown monotonous. He glanced at her critically. She looked very attractive and efficient and untried. He hated all these self-assured young girls, at once so impertinent and so ignorant, girls who had learnt an easy mechanical task, for which they drew a weekly salary, without ever having to think or worry, and who yet believed themselves responsible and capable. He hated their fine clothes and their easy laughter. Most of all he hated them at six o'clock, when he saw them pouring out of offices going off gaily together, going light-heartedly to dance or to the pictures, stepping out carelessly, happily, confident that by nine o'clock on the morrow someone would have found enough material for them to exercise

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612902

their mechanical skill and justify their weekly wage.

Well, he thought grimly, as he looked at Olive, life will knock the stuffing out of her and all the others before they are forty. And for himself he'd give life a hand. Coming in here and telling him what he ought to do.

"I'm not used to being told my ideas are rotten . . . ."

"I know you're not."

Olive closed her notebook with a little bang. The ship, she thought, as she moved towards the door, would probably go down less one able-bodied typist. Alice Philpot was a wise virgin. Should she wait till he fired her or get in her resignation first? The others would have the laugh of her. She had five pounds in the bank, saved for a winter coat. She wondered how long she could live on five pounds. Not very long. Five pounds and the offer of Peter's bolt hole. Looked as if she'd need it pretty soon.

As she opened the door she heard him say, "Wait a minute."

She turned round and waited and he looked at her with a long puzzled stare. "What did you say your name was?" he asked at length.

"Olive Arnold."

He repeated it. "Olive Arnold." He looked her up and down and this time he did not look through her into the distance beyond. "You've got a nerve."

"I need it."

"What for? You've only got to do what you're told and draw your money at the end of the week."

"Don't you believe it," she retorted. As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. It was a marvellous feeling, just for once, telling the boss where he got off. It was a luxury she would probably never, never be able to afford again. It was a luxury she couldn't afford this minute, but she was going to have it all the same.

She had defended this man, and now he had let her down. He had asked for the truth, but he couldn't take it when he got it.

"And what else have you to do?"

"I've got to persuade people to give me work, and I've got to stay in work, and I've got to put up with their whims, and endure the boredom of a mechanical job. You think it's pleasant for us to have no responsibility. Look at it the other way. Isn't it pretty devastatingly dull? Didn't you find it so yourself once? After all, more of our waking hours are consumed by work than by anything else. And if that work consists in taking dictation and transcribing the result you've got to find your interests outside." She paused a second for breath and wound up with her most immediate grievance. "And when you do ask for an opinion, you only want someone to agree with you."

He did not take his eyes from her face but once again that ghost-like smile played round his thin lips. "Then tell me why you think it's a rotten idea."

She moved away from the door, her eyes on the desk. His hands lay relaxed.

"Promise not to shout at me."

"I promise." He took up the telephone receiver and dialled a number while he listened.

She marshalled her objections. She wanted to put her case efficiently. "First I think it's too dangerous monkeying about with the police. Secondly a raid might frighten away her respectable customers—and she has plenty of those. Finally, are you absolutely sure that everything there is above board. I mean if it's not she'll be mad even at your suggestion."

"Of course it's above board," he said impatiently. "What a suspicious nature you've got." Someone was answering his phone call. "Mrs. Robeson? Not there—later perhaps. All right. I'll ring again later." He hung up. "Well, that's that for the moment. She isn't there."

"We can't do any more to-night then," said Olive.

"No. We're finished here. I'll probably be able to catch Mrs. Robeson in the early hours of the morning. She's no respecter of the eight-hour day." He seemed to switch his mind violently from Mrs. Robeson to the girl who stood before him. He looked at her puzzled. "How long have you been here?"

"Eight months."

"Why haven't I ever really seen you before?"

She laughed. "Well, I'm five foot seven. People generally find me visible from far away. But then——"

"Then what?"

"Then," she said greatly daring, "you are so extra far away from your staff, aren't you?"

He frowned. "I shouldn't be. I was a bit of staff myself once. Perhaps I've been too absorbed." He shook his head. "I shouldn't have missed you either. You have ideas. Wrong ones—but still ideas," and then he added grimly, "We need 'em, as perhaps you may have realised. Anyway, thanks for staying."

"I'm afraid I didn't help much." She smiled. "At least I couldn't make you see my point of view."

CHAPTER 2

She hummed a tune, very softly, as she put on her hat. It was a demure little hat. She did not care for the extremes of fashion. They suited neither her taste nor her purse. So the little hat perched over one eye—but not absurdly—and showed her clear-cut profile and the wavy line of her smooth dark hair.

She reached for her coat. Three years old. Well after all she hadn't got the sack. She would be able to afford a new coat this winter. And on the instant she became preoccupied with the thought of this new coat. It could not be good for Clissold Publicity that she should be shabby. A new coat seemed suddenly extremely urgent.

Still humming she ran downstairs. The cleaner had already started work on the lower office.

"Good night, Miss."

"Good night, Mrs. Riddle."

The young voice rang clear and triumphant. The old woman looked after her smiling. A lovely young lady, she thought, and went down on her knees again and felt sorry that life had such a trick of knocking the stuffing out of everybody.

Olive looked about her. The rain had stopped. It was fine and clear, with friendly frosty stars above and an absurd crescent moon.

She was due to meet Tansey at the teashop where they normally had their evening meal. But she did no hurry. One by one she reviewed the exciting events of the evening. Life had suddenly become dynamic, colorful. She had a job over and above the eternal typing from nine to six. She had a job to pull her weight in getting the firm out of a sticky patch.

She came back to earth with a bump as she stood amid the marble-topped tables and the haze of tobacco smoke and the smell of food, and saw Bill hailing her from a far corner.

"Hello, Olive, you've been a long time," he said. "We've started."

"I thought you only had three letters to do," said Tansey, reproachfully. "That's not our wizard of the keys! You've been about ten minutes per letter."

"Mr. Clissold kept me." Olive absorbed herself in a study of the familiar menu.

"What did he want?"

"Oh, just a few letters."

"Listen to her." Tansey speared a chocolate eclair. "Darling, you turn the clam green with envy. He's supposed to be a close fellow, but you've got him licked."

Bill interposed tactfully. "What are you going to eat?"

"I don't know." Olive weighed up the rival attractions of sausage and mash and eggs on toast.

"Go on, be a devil," urged Tansey. "Spend what you like. It's the beginning of the week. But don't have shepherd's pie. I did!"

"That's not brave," retorted Olive. "That's just foolhardy." She gave the waitress a modest order for eggs.

"You'll have to eat 'em alone, Olive. We've got to go and see Bill's Aunt Mary."

"That's all right. Don't you wait. It's my fault for being so late."

Olive was glad when they were gone. She ate her eggs meditatively and once more her mind went back to the office.

Kit Clissold—she had always suspected that she would like him—and she had been right. All along when the others yapped and grumbled she had respected his austerity, his reserve, his determination. A man not easy to understand—a man perhaps not easy to like—and yet——Things out of reach—— As a child she had always wanted the highest apple on the tree, the furthest lily in the pond. She remembered his tell-tale hands, his eager, angry eyes, his ghostly smile. Someday, she thought confidently, she would see his hands relaxed and his smile wholehearted.

When she had finished her meal she stood once more in the street and it seemed to her that it would be absurd to go home. She couldn't darn stockings with the world grown suddenly so exciting.

She went to the cheap seats at the nearest picture house. It was hard for her to follow the shadow-drama, she who had been so near a real-life drama. The things that were taking place on the screen seemed very remote. She could hardly keep her mind or what was happening on Broadway, when she was so much interested in what was happening in a little street just off Piccadilly Circus.

It was after eleven when the picture finished, but still Olive could not bear to go home—back to Tansey's latest bulletin from the house agents, and the dark stairs, and the creaky furniture, and the kitchen bath and the sense of finality which comes from going home.

On an impulse she decided that she wanted to go to the Blue Parrot. To do so would seem in some measure to prolong her moment of co-operation with Kit Clissold. From a call-box she rang up Peter, and asked him if he would come with her.

"Bet your life," he said over the phone. "Blue Parrot or the world's end. Where are you?"

"Piccadilly."

"Then pop in a Tube and fetch me. It's

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612903

only two stations. There are a couple of people here. I can't leave them, but they'll shift soon and then we'll go along."

She did as he asked her and at the big house in Gordon Square it was Mrs. Bent herself who answered the door. She was remarkably like her son. It was not just the color of her eyes—it was that they saw the same things in the same way. They looked out on the world and they were amused—it was a world at which to laugh, but not a world to fight.

Mrs. Bent peered at the girl on the step in the darkness.

"Why it's Olive," she said. "How nice. Come in, my dear. And how are you—and that funny business you and Peter work for?"

It wasn't a bit funny, thought Olive. It was a desperate little business with disaster clutching at its throat. But she answered, "Oh not doing too badly, Mrs. Bent. And how are you?"

Olive stood in the light of the untidy hall—one bulb in a lamp made to hold three—but even that dim illumination showed that her eyes were unusually bright and there was a faint flush under the creamy skin. Mrs. Bent looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"Always so decorative," she murmured. Then she remembered Olive's polite enquiry. "Me? Oh, I'm heading straight for bankruptcy." She sighed comfortably. "People always seem so much richer after they've been let off with a penny in the pound."

Olive smiled conventionally. People like Peter's mother could afford to joke about these things. It was just words to them because they knew it would never really happen. Mrs. Bent rambled cheerfully on. "Peter's upstairs somewhere—with some friends—I don't know their names—not very decorative but I daresay they have other attractions."

Olive nodded. "I'll go up. I know my way."

FROM Peter's sitting-room came a noise quite out of proportion to the number of Peter's guests. But that was because they were having an intellectual argument. Through the tobacco smoke Olive discovered that there were really only three strangers, a girl and two young men. She herself waited for a moment, unnoticed in the doorway, while the talk seemed to gather fresh impetus.

"I tell you all that stuff is deader than yesterday's newspaper. We're due for a grand, romantic Victorian revival. We're going to re-discover Tennyson."

"We've done it already in art," someone chimed in. "That horsehair stuff. It's fetching the world."

"Well you've got to read Tennyson on horsehair—I mean one is absolutely no use without the other.'

It was at this critical moment that Peter noticed Olive, and rescued her, and introduced her to Puffin and Gyp and Maria, and gave her an armchair, and a cigarette and a Benedictine.

Peter saw them off the premises and raced back up the stairs to where Olive stood alone in the centre of the untidy room with its muddle of books, and papers, and pictures, its dirty ashtrays and empty glasses. She looked as if she did not belong, like some statue that had just been unpacked and left amid inappropriate surroundings until someone had the time to come and fetch it away.

"Thank the Lord they're gone." Peter closed the door behind him. "Now you don't really want to go to this absurd place." He dropped on the sofa and held out a hand to pull her down beside him. "Come, make yourself at home," and as he said it he had a queer sense of hopelessness. Olive could never be at home in this room.

"No, Peter, I want to go to the Blue Parrot."

"But why? Don't we hear enough of it during the day? Let's sit here and talk instead."

Olive shook her head. "It's half past twelve already. Come on."

"But why—and we're not dressed."

"That doesn't matter."

"Still why?"

"I have my reasons."

"If it's anything to do with work it's after business hours and against the rules of my union. I strongly suspect you of maturing a stunt."

"Come on," she persisted.

Grumbling, Peter got into his overcoat. "You know, you cheat. You think about that damned office after you've left it."

He took her downstairs and hailed a taxi off the rank.

"Peter, you know Sir Howard Keithley?"

"Do I not? The old blighter. He used to come up and see me at Winchester, and pat me on the shoulder and call me old man, and leave me a half a crown. A most offensive bit of brotherly love. Everybody's uncle."

"WELL, that's splendid. He's got to get our Miss Garrick a stall at the Arts Bazaar."

"Not if I've anything to do with it."

"What do you mean?"

"I wouldn't ask Keithley to pass me the salt."

"Yes, but Peter, this is different. I mean it really is important."

"Why important?"

"Well, the old firm needs a leg up."

"What do I care about the old firm?"

"Nothing apparently."

"Deep and sinister plot. If the old firm dies and you're thrown out, enter Peter with wedding ring."

"But don't you care at all about keeping Clissold's going?"

"Why should I?"

"I don't know. It seems to me natural. We're kind of part of its success or failure."

"Frankly, I don't care two hoots. Not even though it costs me five pounds a week will I be a nephew to old Keithley."

"I see." The gulf between them spread till it took on the dimensions of an ocean.

"You take the old firm too seriously. Take a leaf out of Tansey's book. By the way where is the little playmate to-night?"

"Tansey? Oh, she's gone out with Bill, the faithful swain."

Peter's voice was affectionate and fatherly. "Seems absurd that that kitten should be going to get married."

Olive did not say what was in her mind. Instead she answered, "Bill will look after her." And what she thought was that Tansey would look after Bill, firmly but fondly, and push him into making a decent income, and raise him a quiverful of children, and continue to look sweet and appealing and rather pathetic to the end of her days.

"Poor little kid," said Peter. "Marriage is a big step." He paused and looked sideways at Olive. "Ever think about it, Miss Arnold?"

"Idiot."

"Listen, my sweet. You know my play would fit Gertner's company like a glove. The one they have at present is dying on him—killed, he says, by the wrong publicity—that's funny. But Olive if—if Gertner accepts—then, darling, I'd be a reliable bolt hole—and perhaps you'd change your mind."

She looked at him in honest bewilderment. "I can't understand it."

"What?"

"I mean if you think like that of me—that I'm so hard and mercenary that I'd marry you just because you looked like making money—then why in Heaven's name should you want to marry me at all?"

Peter hedged. "It's not just the money, Olive. I mean it would show I was the sort of person who could earn my keep—a good nine-to-sixer in my own line."

"Oh Peter dear, we're not suited." Her mind went back to Gyp and Puffin and Maria. "Think of me and your friends!"

THE Blue Parrot had a discreet little door over which the bird himself, outlined in Neon lighting, looked down with a certain malevolence on the clientele and the commissionaire. Inside, painted blue parrots, beady-eyed and impudent, stared at you from the jungle walls, and on the back of each chair carved blue parrots perched behind your shoulders.

The place was comfortably full. There were all sorts of people, some in evening dress, some in their street clothes. The atmosphere was intimate and informal. There was no orchestra but a lively hum of talk.

A waiter found them a table and took their order.

Olive considered Peter's pocket and the fact that she had already had one dinner. She ordered as little as possible. "I'll have an omelette and a pot of China tea."

"Oh, I don't care," said Peter, who had been chain smoking for the last four hours. "An omelette will do me too."

The waiter went away and Olive looked about her eagerly. She had written dozens of letters about the Blue Parrot but this was her first visit. She liked the place. It was animated. There was a constant sound of easy laughter. You had an impression of genuine, informal enjoyment.

Peter was talking about Gertner and his play, talking with soft urgency because he wanted to prevent himself from telling her again how much he loved her, because he wanted to steel himself against the curve of her chin, and the fascination of her unattainability. He wanted to put up a protective barrier for his head and his heart.

She did not listen very attentively to Peter. It was not necessary. She was watching the other customers and the waiters and the swing doors through which they came and went. Peter was going through Gertner's present company recasting them in his own play. It wasn't really necessary to listen. Olive was watching the man at the next table. The waiter had just brought him a steak and chips.

Then Olive heard him say, "I'll have the cup that cheers."

"Pot of tea. Yes, sir."

It was strange. Olive leant forward a little more. He was a big, bull-necked, red-faced man. No one drank tea with steak. It was a gastronomic crime, and a big bull-necked man like that surely never drank tea at all.

Peter was saying, "Are you listening to me?"

"Yes," she lied. "Go on."

But she did not take her eyes off the man with the bull-neck. Presently the waiter came back. He put a teapot on the table and a jug of milk. The man poured his tea. She could see the amber liquid in the cup. He took no milk—Russian style.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612904

Still it was queer to drink tea with steak.

Her attention was distracted by the arrival of their own waiter with the omelettes.

"What will you drink, sir?"

Suddenly Olive laid a restraining hand on Peter's arm. Before he could answer she said: "The gentleman will have the cup that cheers."

The waiter gave her a searching look. She met it squarely, deliberately. "Very good, Madam." He bowed and moved away quickly.

"High-handed I call that," said Peter. "I would have preferred coffee."

"You shut up," said Olive peremptorily. "I have an idea—a suspicion."

She watched the waiter cross the room. At the swing door he stopped and spoke to a colleague. The two men looked at their table, then the second shrugged his shoulders and nodded and they both disappeared.

Olive turned again to Peter. "Don't pour your tea out till the waiter has gone. Take it Russian fashion."

"But I don't like it that way."

"Never mind. You do as you're told."

"Arbitrary and offensive woman," he said. "Good for your digestion."

The waiter reappeared with the teapot. Olive gave Peter a warning look. He waited till the man had gone. Then he poured it out.

"Why I have to drink tea, a beverage I don't like—without milk, a fashion I detest—well, it just shows what a man will do when he's in love." He picked up the cup and took a sip. He laid it down quickly with a gasp. "Olive," he whispered, "It's not tea. It's whisky." He looked at her in astonishment. "How did you know?"

"I didn't. I just had a hunch." She sat very still staring in front of her, the color drained from her cheeks.

"Well, isn't our Ma Robeson a one! Who would have thought she was such a wicked woman leading young men like me astray." He laughed. "Well, that's a great joke. What's the matter, Olive?"

"You don't understand."

"What?"

"The stunt—Mr. Clissold told me to tell you."

BRIEFLY, clearly, she outlined the idea for the police raid.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Peter. "And even now this minute he may be making this superbly ludicrous suggestion to the old tiger-cat! Well, that will just about finish our hash. What on earth gave him the bright idea?"

"Desperation," said Olive shortly.

"Well, exit our best client."

"We've got to warn him," she said. A passing waiter caught her attention. She beckoned him over.

"Yes, Madam?"

She tried to sound casual. "Is Mrs. Robeson here this evening?"

"I don't think so, Madame."

"Would you find out? I work with Mr. Clissold—her publicity agent, you know. I had a message for her if she's here."

"Yes, Madam."

The waiter bowed and disappeared.

"What are you going to say if you're ushered into the presence?" asked Peter.

"I don't know. Inspiration of the moment—anything. I'll tell her about the debutantes we phoned to-day—but I must find out if Clissold has seen her. If he has . . ."

"Then we may as well go home and cut our throats."

"And if he hasn't we may still be in time to warn him."

The waiter came back. "I'm very sorry, Madam, but they tell me Mrs. Robeson hasn't been here since tea-time. It's just possible she'll be in later. If you'd like to leave the message . . . ."

"Never mind. Thank you very much. I'll ring her from the office in the morning."

"Very good, Madam."

PETER watched the man's retreating back. "That leaves us just where we started. What do we do now?"

"I'll try and phone Clissold at his home address."

"That's the ticket," said Peter cheerfully. "Well, never say I didn't do my part." He handed her two coppers. "Good dialling." He continued to think it all a great joke.

Olive crossed the room to the telephone box. She knew better. It was no joke. If Kit had got hold of Mrs. Robeson—if he had already made the fatal suggestion—she was a lady of whirlwind temper—if they lost her—they couldn't carry on—if Clissold's died— Oh, there were so many things involved.

In the telephone book she found his private number. The address was an expensive block of flats near Regent's Park.

A butler answered. "Clissold? Clissold. Oh, no," he said. "It's a Lady Newton lives here. Yes, I remember, Madam. It was from a Mr. Clissold her ladyship took the flat. About three months ago."

"Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure."

"It's very urgent. Would you please ask Lady Newton? She might know."

"She won't be here till next week, Madam, her ladyship is at Cannes."

"I see. Thank you," said Olive hopelessly, and rang off.

Olive stood for a moment in the telephone box thinking. It was a very decorative little box, with blue parrots on the walls and a blue parrot on the little note pad on which the management courteously hoped you would write your numbers. Olive closed her eyes. It almost seemed to her that she could hear the blue parrots screaming. What was she to do next? Their beady eyes shone maliciously as if they were glad that she could not think clearly.

She dialled "enquiries." Her mind raced along while she waited for an answer. Tansey would know the number, so would Miss Meredith, but they were neither of them on the phone, and she could not arouse them without their asking all sorts of questions, and she had been told to tell no one but Peter.

Along the line came the girl's cold, impersonal voice.

"Enquiries."

Olive gave the name.

"Haven't you got the address?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I'll see what I can do."

There was a long, long pause. The parrots grinned and winked and glared, saturnine, malevolent, derisive.

The cool voice came remotely. "I'm sorry, Madam, I cannot trace it."

"But please, please, it's so important."

"Perhaps the subscriber is in the book under some other name." The girl became a little more human. "Staying in rooms, you know, or with friends, or has taken over a furnished flat. That's often what happens."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much." Her voice trailed away. "It doesn't matter."

But it did matter. It mattered most terribly. Very slowly she walked back across the restaurant to her place.

"What did he say?" asked Peter.

"He no longer lives at the address in the book."

"Good Lord, why not?"

It seemed to Olive that the reason must be obvious to anyone. "Retrenchment," she said briefly. "If we could get at the office card index."

"Yes, but we'd have to burgle the office. One of the few skilled trades at which I've had no practice."

"We must be able to do something."

"What?"

Olive gripped the edge of the table. She looked down absent-mindedly at her own hands. Then she remembered and relaxed. But where was Kit Clissold? What was he doing? Her glance wandered to the whisky in Peter's cup. It might wreck Clissold Publicity.

"The cup that cheers," she said bitterly. "It's going to be poison to us."

CHAPTER 4

"FRANKLY, Olive, I don't believe there's a thing more we can do."

It was a sticky patch all right. Here was her first opportunity to prove the value of her co-operation, and Olive could do nothing. "All right," she said dully. "Let's go home. It's frightfully late anyway."

"Yes, and at nine ac emma we'll have to be telling old Clissold this story, and he'll have to think up a better stunt."

"That's so easy."

"Well, it's his job."

"Yes." She was silent. She knew a dozen reasons that made it doubly hard. Kit Clissold was tired, almost beaten. He had fought alone for two years. The spring had gone out of his mental make-up. He was no longer resilient. And there was no one to put out a hand to help.

"Let's go." She pushed back her chair and stood for a moment straight and slim and somehow taut. She felt very young and eager and alive. If Kit would let her do some of the fighting—just while he got his breath. And Peter, picking up her coat, watched her covertly. A bud, he thought, sheathed tight with just a promise of fulfilment. And what a flower when the sun had worked the miracle.

He put her coat softly around her shoulders, paid the bill, and led her into the street. Olive insisted that she could still catch the last Tube.

"Oh, let's take a taxi," he urged.

"No—you can walk to your house—it's no distance—and I'll take the Tube. You've spent quite enough money for one evening."

The atmosphere in the office was electric. Olive had telephoned Kit and was waiting for him to come in. It was not improved when Kit Clissold summoned Olive to him as soon as he arrived.

"Now, what's been happening?"

He stood by the window and contemplated half a dozen roofs and their chimney pots. He kept his face averted from her as if it might betray him. His voice was strained, fiercely under control.

"I went to the Blue Parrot last night." Olive was trying hard to be a good witness, to tell the essentials in a minimum of words. "It was a quarter to one. If you ask for 'the cup that cheers' they bring you whisky in a teapot."

"Good God," he was genuinely startled. He paused for a moment looking out steadfastly over the roofs. Then his voice seemed to come from very far away—tired, drained of feeling. "Thank you for telling me." The ghostly smile played round his lips. "You were right, you

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612905

know. You said it was a rotten idea." He passed his hand across his eyes. "Now we've got to think of something else."

She hesitated. "Mr. Clissold——"

"Yes?"

"I've had an idea—a rather silly idea perhaps——"

"Don't let that worry you." His voice was bitter. "The sillier the better. All publicity is founded on silly ideas. The only trouble with our office is that we've all got a damn sight too much sense. Did you see the stunt the Rezency people pulled for that dud actress of theirs——"

"In this morning's papers. Yes."

"Well, if you or I had thought of that we'd have imagined that we were going mad. No—we're too damn sensible."

"You won't think that when you've heard this one."

"Fire ahead."

Briefly she told him of one-color rooms. "Now, why not one-color meals? The Blue Parrot, the only place where on Monday you can eat an all-white meal—celery soup, sole, banquette de veau, blancmange—you'll be sick if I go on—but you see the idea?"

He did not answer at once. He turned from the protection of the window and looked her over slowly. Then he smiled—a real smile that lit his dark eyes. "I wronged the outer office," he said. "They can think." He crossed to his desk. "It's well worth while putting the sch'me up to her. The gossip writers would eat it—literally and figuratively. We could have different sections of the Press different days of the week. I'll phone her." He dialled the number. "Blue trout," he murmured.

"Red mullet," she countered.

"TROUBLE with fish is that they're so seasonal." For a moment he seemed almost light-hearted. There was an answer on the phone. "That the Blue Parrot? Mrs. Robeson, please." He raised his eyes to Olive. "You are free to-morrow night?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

He turned his attention to the phone again. "That you, Mrs. Robeson? We've got a neat little stunt we'd like you to O.K. To-morrow? Yes—at your place. About twelve o'clock. Right. I'll bring my secretary. She knows the details. Till then." He rang off and looked up. "That all right for you?"

"Yes, Mr. Clissold."

"Good. Now get out a week's sample menus, so that she can't miss the idea, and get on to that magazine and see if we can't tie up in any way with them—and draw up a list of the different sections of the Press that we could invite. Have a lot of stuff on paper. That always impresses her. It doesn't matter if we never use it after. Can you manage?"

"I'll do my best and show you the result. Joints display a distressing uniformity of color."

"Oh, beef can be very red. You'll make out. Don't worry." He dismissed the matter from his mind, and looked thoughtfully ahead. "I was wondering," he said slowly, "how would it be if Ada Garrick attempted suicide."

Olive considered the proposal. "Wouldn't it look too downhearted?"

"Even if she did it for love? With an American contract torn in her clenched fist?"

"But doesn't suicide for love at sixty border on the ridiculous? And she hasn't got an American contract."

"No, but we could give her one." She did not speak, but he interpreted her silence. "I know, I know," he said wearily. "It's all too near the edge, but you see we've got to do something." He pointed to the newspaper that lay on his desk. "Here's another idea. Read about this new hot-gospeller? How about some conversion?"

"That's a good idea. They're having a huge Albert Hall meeting next Sunday."

"She can get up and confess her past."

"Peter can write her a lovely confession, and she can deliver it in her best Portia manner."

"That's right."

"She'll have to wear something striking."

"She'll enjoy it. Why it will be as good as a new part to her."

THERE was a knock on the door. The smile was wiped off Kit Clissold's face as by magic.

"Come in," he said in the dispassionate tones so familiar to the staff.

Mira Davidson's blonde head appeared. "Mr. Alan Hare is waiting to see you, Mr. Clissold."

The human being had disappeared. Once more he was the mask of a man, the automaton chief. "Alan. Films. Have we anything to show him?"

"Not a thing," said Mira with crisp indifference.

Olive thought fast. "Bill Willment photographed him again the other day. He'll probably like to see the proofs."

"Good idea. Would you fetch them, please, Miss Davidson?"

A slow angry flush crept up Mira's pale cheek. It wasn't her place to run messages. If anyone were to be sent it should be Olive. Still she had no alternative but to go.

Kit Clissold looked blankly across the room. "The only time old Alan will get into the papers again is when he snuffs out—finally. That's always the best publicity stunt of all."

Olive did not speak. She thought that he had forgotten her. He was staring into the distance, and something in his look frightened her. It was a look that she was to remember, a look that clutched coldly at her heart.

Then in a second it was wiped away again. Mira came back with the proofs, and Olive saw Kit Clissold's tell-tale hands pressed hard against the edge of the desk.

"Thank you," he said. "Ask Mr. Hare to come in." He turned to Olive. "And when Bent is back I want you to bring him to me."

"Yes, Mr. Clissold." Olive followed Mira out of the room.

"Tansey, will you ask Mr. Hare to go into the inner office," said Mira, who considered that she had run enough messages for one day. Then she turned to Olive, and, lowering her voice, she said, "What's the idea?"

"Idea?" echoed Olive politely.

Mira jerked her head in the direction of Kit Clissold's door. "My job or yours? I'd just like to know."

Olive smiled indulgently. "Don't be a fool," she said mildly. "Of course it's your job. Can't the man speak to anyone else?"

"You're barking up the wrong tree."

"Don't you worry then. It'll be my sore throat."

"Going behind one's back. It's not done," persisted Mira.

Olive looked at her curiously. "I didn't know you felt so keenly about working for Mr. Clissold." And then she added frankly, seriously. "Honestly, Mira, I wouldn't poach."

MIRA deigned to accept the undertaking. She grew calm and even confidential. "Oh, I don't care about Mr. Clissold himself, you know, but it's the position. After all, to be the boss's private secretary is something. I've been at this game longer than you. In other offices the position has its perks, but here there's absolutely nothing doing."

"You mean?"

"Oh well, take my last chief. A very nice man. Married, of course. But sometimes he'd take me out. We'd have a dinner and a dance. Sometimes he'd have tickets he didn't want. He was always very nice and respectful. He knew I wouldn't stand for any nonsense. But it was worth while being his secretary."

"I see," said Olive slowly. "I've been stupid. I never thought of it like that."

"But in this office there's nothing doing. Mr. Clissold doesn't know one of us from the leg of the table. And he never goes anywhere, anyway."

"Why do you stay?"

"Oh, I shan't. Not a minute longer than I can help. I've got a half offer from a firm of wine merchants. Meanwhile a girl must live."

Olive nodded and moved away, but under her breath she murmured one devastating "Why?"

She tackled her list of titled celebrities, trying hard to keep her mind on her work. Would they sign the enclosed testimonial—ten guineas to their favorite charity—honor of keeping them supplied in cigarettes—pleasure of their photograph.

Peter came in just after lunch, noisy with lamentations. "Oh, what a morning! Our Inventors. Clissold thought it would make a splendid follow-up to that stuff on Marconi in the 'Mail.' Our Inventors, indeed! I've been trying to extract from our dumb engineer how he came to think of the Simplex Screen-wiper—which seems to be about the most complicated on the market. He could only talk in mathematical symbols, and had never heard of the angle of human interest."

"Poor Peter," Olive mocked, looking at his cheerful, healthy handsomeness.

"Sympathy is your long suit! Well, did you break the news to Clissold that raids are off, and did the bright boy find an alternative stunt?"

"Oh, yes," said Olive untruthfully.

"Here's hoping it's more sensible than the last." As Olive did not answer he added anxiously, as if he were not quite sure, "The man's a pain in the neck."

"You and Tansey have a mumps complex," Olive retorted. "Come on now, anyway. Mr. Clissold wants us."

"What for?"

"Well, one thing you've got to write a past for Ada Garrick to 'confess' on Sunday at the Albert Hall."

"Oh, fine! Absolutely uncensored." He warmed to the idea. "I'll make her a masochist and a bigamist and a pluralist, a kidnapper and a counterfeiter. She shall practise black magic and marry within the prohibited degrees. I'll give her some vices she doesn't even know the meaning of."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. She's only to have lovable failings."

"You'd take the fun out of anything. Well, lead on. Let's get it over."

Clissold raised his eyes as they came in and motioned Olive to a seat. "There you are, Bent," he said in his even, official

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612906

tones. "I've got a job for you. You know Claudette Crawford—personally I mean?"

"Rather."

"Good. Well, she's nibbling after us. I was due to see her at the theatre to-night at nine. Must be to-night because they go to Manchester to-morrow. I can't get there. I'm sending you along."

"What's the position?"

"Delicate. She thinks she'd like our services. She's beat me down to five guineas. Still she can't make up her mind. You know her. You can get her to clinch it."

"Me!" Peter gasped. "But I couldn't do that."

"Why not? Olive, you make out a contract form—just something simple for her to sign."

"But I really know her," Peter protested. "Quite well, I mean. We often dine and dance together. I can't go round and tout for her custom like a commercial traveller." Peter's face was flushed. His thin lips moved anxiously.

Kit Clissold looked at his young employee without any change of expression. "I don't get you," he said.

"Well, I mean she couldn't say 'No' to me."

"That was exactly my idea."

"But it wouldn't be fair. Why, hang it all . . ." He stopped. Surely even Clissold must understand.

"It's not done."

"Well, is it?"

"Not socially, perhaps, but this is business. You're here because of the people you know."

"Dead people," said Peter quickly. "Plato and Shakespeare; Latin tags and historical anecdotes; and a Trinity manner. Besides," he smiled, "I'd be worse than useless. I'd go all heart to heart with her and tell her not to waste her five guineas."

For a moment there was silence. Peter had used his most telling argument. Clissold nodded. "All right," he said shortly. "You needn't go."

"I knew you'd see it my way."

"Run along," said Clissold carelessly, his eyes on the letters in front of him. Only Olive saw the angry red that mounted to Peter's cheek as the door closed behind him. Clissold had already dismissed Peter from his mind. "You'll have to go, Olive. Listen, this is your line. . . ." He sketched for her briefly what she had to say and do.

"I'll try my best," she said reluctantly. It was not a job she relished.

"You'll be all right. I'm due at the Dorchester. I've got to chase after those Americans. I've got to be a good mixer. You know, see trade papers: 'that jovial publicist, Kit Clissold.' It will set she expenses account back five quid. Let's hope it has some result. Good hunting to you."

"Thanks."

Olive found Peter fuming outside. He engaged her attention at once with his grievances.

"Of all the caddish things! Imagine asking me to go touting for custom to one of my own friends."

He was really angry, angrier than she had ever seen him before. He took most things smiling. Olive looked at him in amazement. The request had seemed to her perfectly natural. After all, Peter's "connections" were his chief claim to five pounds a week. Olive herself was always scrupulous about giving value for money.

"Honestly, Peter, I can't see it. What harm would it do either of you? She could refuse if she wanted to, but one hopes that she wouldn't like to do that to an old friend."

"But don't you see," Peter was shouting in exasperation, "that's just the point. She couldn't refuse me—that's just why I couldn't ask her."

"No, I don't see. She's earning about fifty pounds a week. What on earth difference would a fiver make to her—especially as she'd be getting good value."

"It's nothing to do with the five pounds. It would be just the same if it were five pence." He stopped suddenly and looked at Olive critically. "You seem to have a blind spot here, too, Olive."

She nodded. "I expect this is one of your gentleman's notions. I told you I'd never understand them."

"I suppose you were right. Damn queer, isn't it? The whole thing seems so self-evident to me."

"Just one of those things one doesn't do."

"I'm afraid so."

"I should never have thought of it in a month of Sundays. If it had been my friend I'd have pelted off feeling that now I was giving a return for Friday's pay envelope. Slave mentality! I hope you're convinced now that I should never have learnt your code of behaviour."

"Would it matter? We're both 'honorable men.'" He forget his grievances. He smiled again. "Olive, it will be lots of fun finding out about each other."

She shook her head. "You mightn't like what you found. In fact I'm almost sure you wouldn't. I don't think I'm a very nice person. I've a suspicion that if I met myself I'd hate myself."

"I'll risk it, Olive."

"I won't," she said firmly.

"Well, compromise by coming out with me to-morrow night. I've been given two stalls for Gertner's dying play. I want you to see Gina Palerme. She's something not of this world."

"Yes, I'd love to, Peter."

"And after——"

"No, after I've a date with Mr. Clissold and Mrs. Robeson at the Blue Parrot."

"Don't tell me Clissold's gone gay."

"Of course not. Strictly business."

CHAPTER 5

Punctually at nine Olive presented herself at the stage door. It was the last night of the London run. Discipline was a little relaxed in the theatre. The doorkeeper eyed her with indifference.

"Miss Crawford? Got an appointment, Miss?" She nodded.

Claudette Crawford was hidden in a change of frock, and the little room which held the dresser and a couple of visitors seemed very full. Olive hesitated on the threshold.

"What is it?" Claudette Crawford's blonde head appeared out of a mass of pink tulle.

"I've come from Mr. Clissold," said Olive. "You remember you said you could see him at nine, Miss Crawford."

"Clissold? Clissold?" The actress peered down at her dresser, who was busy with the hooks. "Do we remember, Emmy?"

"No, Miss."

"It was about publicity," said Olive.

"Was it? Do sit down. Give her a drink, Bertie. Have a cigarette? Clissold . . . Clissold. . . . My back suspender isn't done up, Emmy. Oh, it all comes back to me. Somebody's cocktail party." She turned to the young man addressed as Bertie. "My dear, it was at Harry's. What a drink he mixes! No wonder I can't remember a thing. You were there, Pearl. You would dance on the piano."

For a moment the conversation was diverted to Harry. The others agreed, with variations, that Harry undoubtedly mixed a snifter, but that he was a novice compared to Bimbo. His was a drink.

"The kick of Bimbo's cocktail," said Bertie, "well it's positively a method of locomotion—like being propelled out of a cannon's mouth."

Miss Crawford turned to Olive. "What did I say at this party? Absolutely nothing that can be regarded as evidence."

Olive smiled placatingly. Her revelation would undoubtedly be in the nature of an anti-climax. "Mr. Clissold thought that you were interested in having some publicity done, especially with a view to keeping your name before the London public while you are on tour."

Miss Crawford appeared to search her memory. "Is he dark and rather sinister? I remember. It's all coming back to me. I thought he was charming, my dear, simply charming. So divinely repellent."

There was a sound of running feet, there were voices and laughter in the passage outside. Someone was humming a chorus from the show.

"Interval," murmured Emmy.

"Can I come in, darling?"

"That you, Fred? Oh, I want to see you."

Fred came in with the particulars of a cut the producer wanted as they had run over their time with last night encores.

"I'm neglecting you," murmured Miss Crawford to Olive, "but you know how it is on a last night!"

Olive sat on obstinately, amid the noise and the confusion and the constant stream of visitors. She knew that she would be more popular if she made some excuse and left, with vague murmurs about "some other time." But there could be no other time. The company were off in the morning. Olive sat on doggedly. It was all she could do. Someone else, she thought, might have invented some striking method of holding Claudette Crawford's attention, but though Olive racked her brains she couldn't invent a thing.

At last an electric bell warned them that the interval was ending. The visitors scattered. Miss Crawford got up and examined herself in the long mirror.

Olive got up too. She drew the contract out of her bag. She made a last despairing effort.

"If you'll just sign here, Miss Crawford. That's all. Then I can get your copy and your photographs from your secretary."

"Sign?" For a moment Olive held Miss Crawford's undivided attention. She looked at the document with suspicion.

"Yes," said Olive sweetly. "You remember Mr. Clissold made a special reduction to five guineas. It must have been Mr. Harry's cocktails. I've never known him do such a thing before."

Claudette Crawford stood quite still, looking at the contract. "Five guineas," she repeated thoughtfully.

Outside the call boy rapped on the door. "Overture and second act beginners, please," he said.

The blonde head went up. The blue eyes left the contract and once more fastened

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612907

themselves on the mirror. "I'll let you know," she said. "I'm afraid I can't stop now."

OLIVE swallowed her pride. "Mr. Clissold has a very telling scheme worked out for you," she lied, hoping that she would not be called on to describe the details.

Miss Crawford was no longer interested. "I'll let you know," she repeated coldly. She moved towards the door.

Olive was beaten. "I'll leave the contract here," she said politely. "Perhaps you'll post it."

"That's right," murmured Miss Crawford, who was obviously not listening. "Emmy, my fan."

The door closed behind her. The dresser had already started to pack the baskets for Manchester. "Excuse me, Miss," she said pointedly, picking up a pair of shoes at Olive's feet.

"I'm sorry." Olive took her dismissal. "Good night."

"Good night, Miss." The tones were dry and superior, those of the confidential servant who had triumphed over the outsider.

Olive walked blindly along Kingsway. Six nights out of seven Clissold exposed his nerves to this kind of indirect rudeness. "He Who Gets Snubbed." Could any success be worth it? She didn't mind work, but she did mind being made to feel an impertinent intruder. She didn't mind a row or a scolding. It was this continuous asking of favors—favors so subtly, insultingly refused—this was what undermined one's self-confidence.

At the corner a beggar stood with a kind of stoical indifference holding out a tray of matches. A fellow feeling made Olive slip a penny in his hand. A professional? Probably. What did it matter? To ask and be refused. Well, if he were a professional he earned whatever he got.

Six days out of seven Kit Clissold had to expose his nerves to this kind of humiliation. To know as you fell asleep at night that just such an interview was promised for the morrow, to know when you woke in the morning that you were due to take the rap at just such an hour. And never to be able to answer back, never to tell the clients to go to hell and take their unsigned contracts with them—the customer is always right, the prospective customer is inspired direct from heaven.

Six days out of seven——

Peter enlivened the office next morning by reading them the spicer extracts from Miss Garrick's confessions.

Peter was enjoying himself. "This composition," he explained, "is a marvel of pathos and prudery. It could be read with impunity by a maiden of sixteen, yet an elderly rake can fill in the innuendoes with any kind of naughtiness he fancies."

It was indeed a masterpiece. The office felt that Clissold's was on to a good thing at last.

DURING the afternoon, while she typed her menus, Olive anxiously debated whether she should wear her black crepe-de-chine or her gold chiffon velvet. It suddenly seemed very important. She must do Peter credit. Which showed a certain mental dishonesty, for Peter had known both frocks well for the last eight months, whereas Kit Clissold had never seen either.

It was the old gold she wore in the end. It emphasised her creamy skin and her dark eyes. It clung to her slight figure so that she looked very tall and straight. When Clissold saw her late that night his ghostly smile became a reality.

"Why," he said, as he crossed the lounge of the Blue Parrot to meet her, "you almost make me feel it's a party."

She smiled back at him. "Why not?"

"You ought to know I never go to parties. Besides, it's no use."

"What?"

With a quick gesture he ran his hand up and down, indicating everything about her. "All this. It's no use. It doesn't soften my heart. I hate little girls like you." He spoke lightly, but she guessed that he was putting out a warning, that perhaps he felt the need of self-protection.

"I'm not little, and why do you think you hate me?"

"Just as a class. London is full of you. Thousands of pretty little typists who think the boss may be good for a meal, but would leave the boss to save himself if someone else whistled them off with the promise of an extra ten bob a week or a wedding ring."

"Whereas, of course, the boss wouldn't dream of sacking the typist if he wanted to cut down his staff or didn't like her spelling."

HE laughed. "Young woman, I'm telling you what's what. You can't keep on contradicting me—at least not all the time."

"Can't I? You watch me. This is a party. . . . At least, let's pretend it is." As she looked up at him she thought that she had never seen anyone who looked in greater need of relaxation. Under the smile his face was strained, his eyes were feverishly bright, and his fingers played nervously with his cigarette. The mask was cracking. She looked away. It seemed indecent to pry into another's soul. She had no morbid curiosity. She hoped that he would be able to carry off his bluff right to the very end, that he would go down game, fighting, and secretive. "Let's pretend," she repeated.

"We ought to be in good training for pretending. It's all we do. Pretending to our clients that we'll be able to keep their names in the limelight and pretending to ourselves that we'll get enough clients to be able to go on pretending to the ones we've got!"

"Talking of clients—there she is," whispered Olive, as she sighted Mrs. Robeson.

Kit Clissold nodded. "A woman with the courage of her convictions—five of them. I did a spot of investigating this afternoon. She and Mrs. Allemar are the same person. I suppose if I'd been more of a night-club hound I'd have spotted it right away."

"That's what comes of not going to parties," whispered Olive as Mrs. Robeson bore down upon them.

Mrs. Robeson was large and she was alarming—perhaps almost more alarming when she was being pleasant than when she was enraged. In height, in breadth, in manner, she seemed larger than life size. Everything about her shone and glittered and twinkled, from the diamonds on her dress to the bright beady eyes through which she surveyed the world.

"Ah, there you are," she seemed to pounce upon them with the smile of a tigress who was glad to meet you in her jungle because presently she would be able to eat you. "Now I've kept a table for you. Up there in that alcove by the far window. We'll be quiet there for a chat."

Kit Clissold's look followed her finger, which pointed to a table at the far end of the room, a little screened by the jungle palms and raised up a step from the floor level. A discreet little table where you could be almost unobserved. "Thanks so much," he said.

"The meal is on the house." She grinned with cheerful vulgarity. "Go and drink yourselves to death at my expense." She turned and looked Olive over, and then she smiled broadly, without malice. "If you're really a secretary, my child, you're wasting your time. My daughter at the Black Knight Inn could use you. She runs her place on different lines. Dancing hostesses."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Robeson," said Kit shortly. "I'm not sure that I can spare you my secretary."

Mrs. Robeson laughed. "Don't mind him, child. Men love you and leave you, but a good bank balance stays by you till the end."

"Does it?" Kit Clissold raised a pair of politely incredulous eyebrows. "Has that been your experience?"

"I've had my ups and downs." For a moment Mrs. Robeson looked back over her stormy, exciting, adventurous career. "But I've always put my eggs in dozens of baskets, and it served."

Kit watched her with jealous admiration. "All right, then," he said suddenly. "If your offer is a firm one I accept provisionally on her behalf against the day when she may need it."

"What a man!" Mrs. Robeson chuckled. "He'll never let a thing slip. Now order my bombe surprise, my dear. It's good to-night. I'll be back with you in half an hour or so, when I've got a few things settled here."

Kit Clissold led the way to the table that had been reserved for them. A waiter hovered deferentially with the menu.

"You order." Kit handed it to Olive with a smile. "Menus are your speciality. I never have any ideas about food, and I'll drink anything except champagne."

"All right. We'll have a multi-coloured meal." She quickly picked out the dishes that she hoped would be suitable to a masculine palate and ordered a bottle of Volnay.

The waiter bowed and left them. "I've probably ordered you everything you most hate to eat—but it's your own fault."

"Eat," he said, absent-mindedly. "I'll eat anything—except tapioca."

"Good soup?" she asked him over the Creme d'Asperges.

"Good soup."

"Well, thank goodness we're agreed on something."

He looked at her for a moment steadily. "Do me a favour, will you?"

"Sure."

THERE was a smile in his voice. "Don't make me like you. Women are so blamed powerful and so absolutely unscrupulous. I don't want to like you, see? I don't want to like anybody. Life is quite difficult and complicated enough without any personal emotion. The only thing that saves me from going stark staring mad is that I hate the lot of you." He looked accusingly at the frock of old gold. "You shouldn't have come out looking like that. You should be chained to a typewriter and dressed in sackcloth and hung round with note-books.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612908

I suspect that you're Public Menace Number One."

"You flatter me."

"I know I do, and it's just what I'm trying to avoid." He looked at his plate. "How did you know I liked sole?"

"I didn't. I didn't worry about you a bit. I chose the meal entirely on the principle of having everything that I could never have at home."

Kit looked about the crowded room. "She does good business, the clever, courageous old devil." He examined the scheme of decoration. "Those parrots," he said. "How about some live ones? Couldn't we work up something there? Lots of stories about the difficulties of getting 'em all blue. Pathos—old lady parting with pet parrot to meet the rent. Adventure—explorer fetching us blue parrot from the Amazon. And then—" he warmed to it—"all the be-kind-to-your-dumb-friends folk would protest, and we could prove how the parrots just loved being here——" He stopped suddenly and looked at her. "Or is that a rotten idea too? You know I'm beginning to respect your advice."

SHE shook her head. "I thought this was a party. You never stop planning for the business."

"I'm afraid I don't—not often—I'm sorry. You see it's pretty important to me—and others."

"Others?" she echoed. So perhaps he had a wife to beat, as Peter had suggested, and the plural implied a family.

"The outer office."

"Oh, them!" she said with ungrammatical disdain.

"Well, they're dependent on me, aren't they?"

"I shouldn't worry too much about them."

"Why not?"

"They're quite rightly looking after themselves."

"Tell me about them. It's shameful how little I know. I like the pretty one that does the odd jobs—the one with the funny name."

"Tansey."

"That's it. Hard luck on a kid like that having to work."

Olive saw that there was a lot to be said for being five-foot-next-to-nothing and blonde and having appealing blue eyes. "She's all right. She's going to marry Bill Willment."

"Willment? Oh, the photographer chap." Kit Clissold looked doubtful. "Isn't he a bit insensitive? Is he good enough for her?"

"Rather. Bill's a peach. Perhaps not a lover in a grand way, but what a husband he'll make."

"Well, I think she would have done better with the Cambridge fellow—young Bent."

"Oh, no," said Olive quickly, just too quickly, because she had to amend it by adding casually, "Peter is wedded to the drama."

"I suppose that's why I never get more than half his attention."

"Oh, the drama is an out-of-office hours affair."

Kit Clissold shook his head. "He doesn't give a damn about his work, and he hates the sight of me. You see, I don't wear his old school tie."

"Peter's not like that," she said indignantly.

"Oh, not consciously," he admitted hastily. "It's a subtle something that he can't help.

"We just look at everything from a different angle. He regards my business as a rather poor and tiresome joke, while to me it means something quite serious. You don't agree?" he said anxiously as she was silent, thinking how a little while ago she had said all those things to Peter herself. "It's not that I blame young Bent."

"No, I understand. But Peter will be all right, because his plays are really quite good."

"And Miss Davidson?"

"Oh, it appears that she's being sought after by a firm of wine merchants."

"And you can always be a dance hostess. You're almost provided for. I can share my last crust with Miss Meredith with an easy conscience. Funny, all this going on under my nose, and it might have been miles away for all I knew about it. Funny what a barrier can be made of a frosted-glass door with 'Private' on it. Because you see," he hesitated for a moment and then went on, "you see I'm not really the kind of person that has any right to be sitting behind a glass door. Once I was like you—a——"

"A nine-to-sixer?"

He nodded. "I was determined to get out and on. I was doing well, but I wanted to be my own master. I'm not very good at bending the neck to the yoke."

She smiled. "That I can well imagine."

He pushed his plate away from him and leant forward eagerly. "My own master! What a farcical idea that was. I'm no more my own master now than I was when I worked for Raymond. I've got to go round, hat in hand, cadging custom. I can't do it honestly like the butcher or the baker. I've got to insinuate, to suggest, to put the idea to them so subtly that they will think it their own. It's got to be done out of office hours when I'm disguised as a friend and a gentleman. It's got to be done over drinks in expensive hotels. And when it doesn't come off I've got to take the snub gracefully.

"I know. It's such an insult to one's intelligence. Remember, in June, when we had to tell the world that Alan Hare's performance in 'Handful of Silver' was a world-beater? Every time I said he was wonderful I felt myself blushing inside. And you know Mason, that clever young fellow on the Comet, he would keep on arguing with me about it—quite seriously—talking about timing and technique—and saying earnestly that he did wish he could convince me that Alan Hare's old-fashioned methods were helping to destroy British films!"

"Mason is new to the game."

"YES, and he went away quite upset. He'd thought till then that I was quite intelligent—for a typist. Then he decided that he had made a mistake. And I felt ashamed. I wanted to rush after him and explain that Alan paid us five guineas a week to think that he was Britain's greatest heavy."

"I know. I know," he agreed eagerly. "It happens every day. Showing people how Simplex works, when in nine cases out of ten it stays obstinately stuck; telling the world that Dainty Disks are so unbreakable and concealing that their tone is that of a slate pencil; urging the world to smoke Sandringham cigarettes, which leave the throat like a rasp. All lies—and not even well-paid lies."

He smiled back at her. "All my life I've been trying to get up. And what have I to show for it? I might have been content to be somebody else's employee and let them do the worrying, let them meet the bills, let them manage the staff. I could have gone home with a pay envelope every Friday. I shouldn't have been any poorer."

"You would have been bored."

"I might have had a home, a life of my own. What is it gets into a man? Why this ambition to be his own master? It takes everything from him, and often gives him nothing, save the right to live alone and work drivingly, unsuccessfully, from morning to night. There's no employer in the world dare overwork one like one overworks oneself. And what does one get out of it all? A wreath of fennel?"

SHE sought words for her conviction that it was all worth while. "To create anything, from a business to a baby, that seems to me to give some point to it all. And in the end——"

"Oh, the end." He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?"

It was half-past twelve. Rather ostentatiously the bottles were being taken off the table.

The theatre-goers who had come in for supper were leaving, but other people were arriving. There was a constant coming and going.

"Mrs Robeson is giving herself a good half-hour."

"Yes, I want to see if tea drinking becomes popular now."

"We're back on the job! Well, weren't you ever taught that there's no fun like work?"

"Yes, but I never believed it."

He looked at her profile, chiselled, clear-cut, perfect. "I bet you were a tough little nut," he said with a mixture of admiration for a fellow fighter and disappointment that anything so lovely should have to be in the dust of battle. Because you couldn't came through unscathed. Of that he was sure. It would reveal itself somewhere, somehow, in the end, no matter what veneer you acquired in the victorious advance. He was sorry.

"I was. I had to be," she said shortly. "Weren't you?"

For a moment his mind went back over the long, lonely years of struggle. "I could never afford to give an inch," he said.

Her eyes were thoughtful. "Pleasant people with easy lives can't understand," she said, thinking of Peter.

He looked at her earnestly, anxiously. "You mustn't expect or want people to understand," he said. He paused and then he added, "Does it matter much?"

And surprisingly she heard herself saying: "It doesn't matter at all."

"I'm glad," he said simply, just as Peter had said it twenty-four hours earlier. "After all, if people let you down you can always take refuge in business, even our kind of heart-breaking business where failure dogs you."

"It's going to pick up," she said, and noted that half a dozen clients were taking tea.

He laughed and looked into her eyes. "Prosperity is just round the corner."

"Why not?" she said stoutly. "It must be somewhere."

As he spoke a noise at the other end of the room distracted their attention. The door to the street was shut with a harsh grating sound and a bolt was shot noisily into place. A woman screamed once, suddenly, and then stopped. Olive looked up quickly. They were a long way from the door. She saw people half-rising from

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612909

their seats. There was a low hum of well-bred English voices. At the door half a dozen men barred the exit.

"The police," said Kit softly.

"You—you had it raided after all," gasped Olive.

"No. It's just happened. Our luck. We've got to get out of this at all costs. A scandal would finish Classold Publicity."

"But how?"

"We'll find a way."

His mouth set in the thin line of determination that was already so familiar, his hands gripped the edge of the table.

CHAPTER 6

KIT looked about him. A moment before he had been relaxed, human, almost boyish. Now all that had vanished. He was once again keyed up, coldly determined. The tired nerves were braced to meet the situation.

Olive instinctively looked to him for leadership. "If we're questioned . . .?"

"We'll have to give our real names. Our only excuse is that we were here on business. But we're not going to be questioned. We can't risk it. We've got some pretty Puritanical clients." He spoke softly, quickly, his eyes on what was happening by the door.

"But surely nowadays——"

"You've no idea how they can twist a thing to one's disadvantage."

"But we haven't done anything——"

"What does that matter? We were here—obviously not a nice place. We were here together—they might even find something wrong in that——" He smiled grimly. "Though the Lord knows it was innocent enough."

"I see. What would they do to us?"

"Fine us—which we couldn't afford, and give us the one type of publicity we don't want. It's ironic after trying so hard to keep ourselves and our clients in the news that the moment we become a front page splash we have to decline with thanks. So we're taking no risks. We're not going to be questioned."

"That won't be so easy."

"Leave it to me. I'll find a way out. After all, I got you in this mess. It's up to me."

"That's all right," she said quickly, reassuringly.

"I know it's safe to count on you."

The confusion in the Blue Parrot was increasing momentarily. Over it all it seemed to Olive that the painted parrots screamed, malevolent, satanic, triumphant, as if somehow they had brought this thing to pass and were glad. Their beady eyes looked wicked. Evil birds. She could almost hear their cackle above the human din.

Anger was rising. Men's voices could be heard indignantly protesting. A young girl sobbed hysterically. At the swing doors the kitchen staff, looking hot and sulky, appeared. They were shepherded by a couple of policemen. One of the dish washers was protesting her innocence in voluble Italian.

Plainclothes detectives were starting systematically to take the names of the clients. Sometimes a visiting card was tendered, sometimes with suspicious alacrity came the name of "Brown." Unhesitatingly half a dozen teapots were seized. Someone must have given information.

In the midst of the confusion, Mrs. Robeson was holding two detectives at bay, a hand playfully on each. Her life had been full of tight corners and she had always found them exciting and enjoyable. She was joking, cajoling, protesting, treating them to an overwhelming display of good fellowship. Yet it served no purpose.

"We'll fix all that at the station."

Politely but firmly, immensely impassive, the detective led her to the police car that waited outside. One of his colleagues followed with the head waiter.

Kit and Olive were a long way from the door. Behind their table was a window, painted fantastically to represent a jungle, with blue parrots screaming from the tree tops. Kit felt cautiously for the catch.

"Look out."

Olive had noticed that one of the policemen by the swing doors was watching them. Kit drew his hand away.

"We can't be very high up. I must find out. Listen, Olive, open the clasp of your bag and then drop it by mistake."

Olive did as she was told. The bag fell and its contents scattered on the floor. Her lipstick rolled into one corner, her latchkey into another. Kit knelt down to pick it up. Under cover of the table he hastily pushed up an inch or two of the window and peered out into the darkness. Below was a courtyard, hemmed in by tall blind houses.

"It's about an eight foot drop," he reported. "Think you can make it if I go first and catch you?"

"Yes."

"Well keep close to me. We've got to take the first chance that offers." He stood up and handed her the bag.

"Look out," she said. "That policeman has been watching us. He's coming our way."

"All right. Look calm and be friendly with him. Got everything?" he asked, as she peered into her bag.

"No, my lipstick."

THE policeman was moving in their direction, with his slow, professional walk. Olive watched him curiously. She wondered what he was going to do or say. In all her life the arm of the law had merely been for her an instrument to hold up the traffic when she wanted to cross the road. It suddenly struck her that all this was very serious. The law, even as represented by this stolid, ordinary policeman, was powerful and impressive.

"Now then," he said, "just come down and join the others, please. The Inspector wants all your names," and he nodded his head in the direction of the crowd.

"We're just coming, officer."

"We don't want to be here all night, you know."

At that moment there was a diversion. A man who was a little tight was making a scene, resisting, asking to be arrested. Someone had him by the arm.

"All right," he shouted. "I'll go. I'll like to go and tell 'em what I think of 'em. What are we?" he demanded rhetorically. "Englishmen or slaves?" He swung his arm aloft to emphasise his point, almost lost his balance and demanded sulkily, "Where's my hat?"

"His hat," echoed somebody.

The cloakroom attendant had already come forward. He had a number of coats over his arm. Several of the men had already sorted out their belongings. The waiters were helping.

For a moment the policeman's attention had been distracted. Now he turned back to them. "Now then, come along, please."

"Yes, officer. We'll follow you. The lady dropped her bag. I'm just looking for her lipstick."

"Well, hurry up."

The policeman moved a few yards away and waited, keeping a watchful eye around. No lurking in corners. No escaping by doors that had been overlooked while he was on the job. Promotion swam dazzingly before his eyes.

Kit bent down to pick up the lipstick and whispered to Olive. "I've got to get my hat and coat. They're plastered all over with my name. Stick close to me."

Olive nodded. "Thank you," she said, as he handed her the lipstick.

"Leave your coat on the chair. We may want an excuse to get back here."

They came down the step that divided them from the rest of the room. Kit took a circuitous route to reach the cloakroom attendant and avoid the Inspector. The man helped him into his coat. He put his opera hat under his arm. He tipped the man heavily. There was for the moment a natural alliance against a common enemy, between the staff and the clients.

By the swing doors that led to the kitchen a waiter was watching for his chance. The policeman standing near was exchanging a few pleasantries with the chef. The business of taking the names and addresses was going forward slowly. Everyone had a word to say, some to protest their innocence, some to argue as to the legality of the proceedings, some very worldly and wisecracking. Under stiffening instructions from headquarters the detectives were trying to reduce the number of false names. Proofs of identity were being asked. It all tended to prolong the business in hand. The tension was relaxing. People were beginning to talk to one another. There was a subdued hum of conversation.

"They're being damnably thorough," Kit whispered, as he saw the Inspector examining a driving licence.

But Olive was covertly watching a waiter by the swing doors. Something in his attitude aroused her curiosity. He looked alert, like a man watching his chance.

"Edge back to our corner," whispered Kit. "Our only hope is that window. Keep as near it as we can—inconspicuously."

Olive moved gently forward keeping her eyes elsewhere, as if her attention was focused on the Inspector. She worked her way along, inch by inch. They were half the length of the room away from their table. The detectives were ranging to one side the clients with whom they had finished. The number of people still to be questioned was rapidly diminishing. At any moment one of the detectives might pounce.

There was a rustle behind her. Olive looked round quickly and saw that the waiter had disappeared, and that the swing doors were moving a little. A moment later one of the policemen looked, too. He saw immediately what had happened. He followed his man. But the waiter had a moment's start, and he knew every step and turn. Before authority could do anything more, the place was suddenly plunged in darkness.

A WOMAN screamed. The next moment Kit's hand closed over Olive's wrist. He did not speak. They both knew exactly the direction of their objective. In the first moment of confusion they managed to reach their table.

People were striking matches. Automatic lighters were making treacherous little circles of illumination, that cast eerie

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612910

shadows through which the jungle birds could be seen for an instant and were lost again. Someone was ineffectively working the light switch up and down, as if hoping for a renewal of the daily modern miracle. Here and there a cigarette-end glowed red, a drawer light.

"Quick."

Olive caught up her coat. Kit slid the window up. It moved noiselessly. Olive could feel the night air in her face. For a moment Kit straddled the sill, then his hands clung for support, and the next moment Olive heard a faint thud as he reached the ground.

"Come on," his voice came urgently up out of the darkness. "Don't be scared. It's quite easy. I'll catch you."

THERE was no time for thought or fear. Olive followed his example, holding on till the last minute, then closing her eyes and letting herself go she somehow found herself in Kit's arms.

It was dark in the little yard. He held her close. She trembled with excitement. For a moment he hid his face in her hair.

Now that there was a breathing space they were conscious only of each other. They were swept by a gust of passion, shaken by desire. She seemed very soft and fragile to the touch, very young and unprotected as she rested against his heart. His years had been anguished and empty. He wanted her achingly. He was desperately conscious of his own loneliness.

"Thank you," he whispered, "thank you for everything."

Then he set her gently on her feet and put a hand under her arm to steady her. "I'm all right," she said reassuringly.

"Good girl."

Up above them the lights suddenly came on again. Kit pulled himself together and quickly pushed her into the neighbouring shadows. Through the open window came a sound of shouting, and then the angry persistent blowing of a police whistle.

"The fools are putting up a fight. Great mistake. This way."

He led her round the yard, keeping close to the shadow of the building. Their footsteps sounded uncanny. The windows of the tall houses looked down on them like sightless eyes.

"Offices," said Kit. "Bit of luck."

Yet it seemed too much to hope that they were all empty. The noise, though now only a confused murmur, could be heard distinctly in the quiet courtyard. If anyone were there, a sleeping caretaker perhaps, he would be roused and would throw up the window in eager curiosity, and being a caretaker, hired to regard most folk with suspicion, would give the alarm.

As they moved softly in the shadow, it seemed that the little yard was of inordinate size, that they had been walking like this stealthily for a long time. Though every step would bring them nearer to safety, they dared not hurry. They would be betrayed for certain if they looked as if they were running away. They must be watchful, they must make no slip. Like a detective story, thought Olive, the clever murderer was always caught by doing just one silly thing. She drew in her breath sharply.

"Frightened?" asked Kit.

"Terrified," she whispered back.

"It was a near thing. And we're not out of the wood yet. Of course, if the police surrounded the place . . ."

"Then?" she asked.

"Oh, then, I imagine we've aggravated our fault about one hundred per cent."

They had come at last to the iron gate that led out of the courtyard. It was open. Kit peered up and down the quiet street. Within a stone's throw were crowds among whom they could pass unnoticed, but first there were these dangerous backwaters to be negotiated, little quiet streets where at any moment they might find the game was up.

Kit laid a restraining hand on her arm. "Stroll," he said.

She adapted her walk to his. Somehow it was difficult not to hurry.

"In another few minutes we'll be sunk or saved," he said. "For once luck was our way."

"It's a sign," she said, though her voice trembled a little.

"Prosperity is just round the corner. Eh?" he rallied her.

"Why not?" she said stoutly. "It must be somewhere."

"It's been arrested to-night, clapped in quod for keeps, by a detachment of the special branch." He paused a moment, and then he laughed, lightly, easily, and it struck Olive anew how rare a sound it was. "Oh well, who cares, anyway?"

He put a hand under her elbow as if to guide her. There was danger in his touch. They thrilled to the contact. Every word they said, everything they did, seemed to have a special significance, as they walked at this unnatural pace, through the silent West End. There was a fear that was half exhilaration, in the knowledge that at any moment they might be stopped and questioned. A peril shared had hurried forward their intimacy, had given them a close sense of companionship. They did not need to say much. It was as if their silence spoke.

THE lights of Shaftesbury Avenue gleamed like a port in storm. They slipped unnoticed into the stream. Kit breathed more freely. "You're a good girl in a crisis," he said. "But then I always knew you would be——"

"You're not so bad yourself," she countered.

His hand pressed warmly comforting on her arm. "We're getting swollen headed. For that matter"—he looked at her sideways, smiling—"we always were. We both know that we're fine fellows, that's why we keep trying to get up and out." The laughter died out of his voice. "That's why we keep getting hurt."

"It's worth it," she said quietly.

"Perhaps—if there were company on the way."

"He travels the fastest who travels alone," she quoted.

"I wonder. It's handy to have someone sometimes——"

"To see the luggage through the Customs while you wrestle with the passport official!"

"I've done a lot of travelling alone—and it seems to me that I've been the devil of a time on the way." Once more he looked at her. "The matter should be put to some practical test," he said.

"Oh, undoubtedly." She laughed, softly, happily, sure that neither of them would ever "travel alone" again.

"Here's the car. Our last lap. Looks as if we really were out of the wood."

Kit's car was parked in Golden Square. It was a shabby two-seater tourer, built for utility. He handed Olive in, tipped the man, and headed towards Piccadilly.

Once the car moved forward they felt safer. The streets were empty. The strain of loitering was over. Olive sat back, relaxed, watching Kit's profile, clear-cut, inscrutable, watching his strong, nervous hands on the steering wheel.

Kit stepped on the accelerator. "Looks like we'll have lost our best client soon—by gaol fever. Poor Mrs. Robeson. Such a good payer. A heavy loss, especially as things are with us. But it's damned queer. At the moment I can't realise or care. Perhaps I've had too much to drink. I don't feel light-headed, but absurdly light-hearted."

"With you that's a very bad sign," she said, laughing.

"True. And I've certainly no cause. Things are about as wrong as they can be—but to-night—we're pretending—to-night is a dream—a few hours snatched from reality—to-morrow we'll wake up."

"There are some dreams that last all one's life." Her voice was very soft and her eyes were starry.

"You think I'll never be quite sane again. Perhaps you're right."

For a moment there was silence between them, each was wrapped in a vision of the future, and it seemed as if their dreams met and were fused, as if they knew each other's thoughts without speaking.

At length Olive asked, "What do you think will happen?"

"They'll fine Mrs. Robeson something colossal. After which she'll have to economise. We'll probably be her first cut."

"So prosperity is still a lap ahead." She watched the road as if the car might catch up with the jade. "Yet I feel we're hard on her heels."

"So do I. We're rather absurd."

They drove on in silence, half afraid of breaking the spell that held them. Olive deliberately let her thoughts wander. Every word that Kit had said was indelibly printed on her memory. Golden words. There would be time enough to take them out later and look at them, when she was lonely or depressed. Now it was enough to feel, to let her mind wander deliciously over all the trivialities that made up one's life. Unconsciously she watched the windscreen wiper. Suddenly an idea struck her. She giggled softly.

"Share the joke," he said, looking down at her.

"Simplex Wipers! I've an idea for a gossip par. The latest American craze—specially large wipers fitted to one's windows for rainy days."

Kit threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Who is it now that never forgets the business?"

"Well," she countered, "it's rather fun, isn't it?"

"I'd never thought so—till to-night. It had always seemed to me a desperate adventure, holding on with one's eyelashes, frightened. Now it seems quite different somehow—the adventure is gay and glamorous."

"No fun like work."

THEY laughed together softly in their new found intimacy. Silence fell, and they did not trouble to break it. A golden vista of days seemed to stretch before them, days in which there would be time to say everything. There was so much to say, but why hurry, why not flavour each moment delicately, add a joy by anticipation?

Time seemed to be racing along at tre-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612911

mendous speed. She wanted to hold it back to keep this lovely glamorous exciting moment. Time had a way of knocking things out of your grasp. Such a moment might never recur. It was so terribly easy for things to get spoiled. Something sang in her heart. If she spoke above a whisper she would miss its music. Her fingers tingled. She was newly, thrillingly alive. She had learnt to believe in miracles.

Terribly quickly it seemed they reached Olive's "glorified bed-sitter." Kit held her hand a second longer than was necessary.

"Thank you again, Olive. Good night, my dear."

"Good night." Her voice was soft. It lingered over the words. "Everything will be all right," she whispered.

He smiled and shook his head. "Everything will be all wrong," he whispered back, "wrong as it can be—but to-night we're pretending—to-night is a dream—a few hours snatched from reality—to-morrow we'll wake up. Good night again."

She stood where he had left her and watched the red light of the car disappear swiftly in the distance. He was wrong. One needn't wake up. There were some dreams that lasted all one's life. She turned and pushed her key into the latch and groped her way through the dark dome passage that always smelt of the evening meal. Her heart sang. She glowed with a soft new beauty. The ice-maiden had melted. She was a white flame.

Tansey opened a sleepy eye at the flicker of the light. "You're getting into bad habits, my girl," she grumbled. "I don't give a damn about your beauty sleep, but you might consider, mine."

"All right," said Olive, who was in a mood to be lenient. She pulled back the curtains and switched off the light. "It's a clear night. I can undress in the dark."

The gold velvet dress lay at her feet. She picked it up and threw it on the bed. She stood at the window and looked up at the stars. For a long time she stayed, unconscious of the cold, looking out at the night. Her thoughts were confused, kaleidoscopic, but under it all there was exultation. Life had found a meaning. There were long golden days ahead. And the stars twinkled like bright eyes ready for mischief.

CHAPTER 7

NEXT morning's papers had a full account of the raid. Everyone was out on bail—heavy bail in the case of Mrs. Robeson.

Olive kept her own counsel. Tansey asked nothing, because her mind was full of the man who might take over Bill's studio, and of a walnut bedroom suite which she had seen in the Tottenham Court Road. Peter knew where Olive and Kit Clissold had been, but Peter was somewhere away in Belsize Park with the man who had invented the Simplex Screen-wiper.

Miss Meredith, however, had seen about the raid in the papers, and being more conversant than the other with the true state of the business, took the matter more to heart.

When Olive went in to see her first thing in the morning she found her surrounded with newspapers, deriving a kind of melancholy satisfaction from reading every word of the story.

"Oh, Olive, there you are. Mr. Clissold phoned through to say he thinks there's a follow-up here." She pointed to an article by a famous American star on "When I Played Before the President." "Ring up the feature editor and see if he'd take one from our Miss Garrick. She's played before lots of royalty."

OLIVE laughed. "Rather. I should think she was a child prodigy at the court of William the Conqueror."

Miss Meredith looked up reprovingly. This was no laughing matter—few things were, in fact—and this morning especially there was no cause for laughter. As she looked up Miss Meredith's glance was arrested. Olive looked absurdly young and happy and very much alive. The little blue frock shone in the glory of clean collars and cuffs. Everything was the same as usual, from her trim shoes to her sleek dark waves, and yet somehow it was different. Olive had a party air. Miss Meredith could not understand it. Nor was there anything to which she could take exception, much as she would have liked to do so. For you could not allege that Olive's shoes or frock or make-up were unsuitable to office wear. They were all obviously neat and appropriate. It was, Miss Meredith decided, something in the expression of the eyes—an exultation unsuitable in a typist. One should not go about one's ordinary avocations looking as if one had been presented with the keys of heaven. Miss Meredith decided to put a stop to such a state of affairs.

"It's all very well for you to joke about things, but I can tell you, Olive, they're very serious." She turned back to the newspapers. "You've seen about the raid? Mrs. Robeson is our best client."

"I know, Miss Meredith. It's a bore." Then Olive's voice took on a new assurance. "But Mr. Clissold will find a way out."

Miss Meredith tapped the desk impatiently with her pencil. "That's what you girls always think. Everything will be all right because the person above you will have to find a way out." Miss Meredith pressed herself. She was the person "above" Olive.

"Don't worry, Miss Meredith. You'll see, when Mr. Clissold comes he'll have an idea."

"When Mr. Clissold comes," rapped out Miss Meredith, "and where do you think he is now?"

"I don't know." The bright smile wavered for a moment.

"Well, I'll tell you—and you keep it to yourself—but I'll tell you because it's a good thing you thoughtless girls should learn how hard it is these days to make a business succeed." She paused impressively. "Mr. Clissold is out selling his car so as to be able to meet the wages at the end of the week."

Olive's face softened with a new elation. "I think that's rather fine, don't you? I like a real last ditcher."

"Well, see that you're worth it," said Miss Meredith shortly, very sure in her own mind that Olive was nothing of the sort.

Olive went back to her desk determined to play her part with credit alongside one who could make such a handsome gesture of defiance at bad fortune.

Tansey was collecting her photos. "Me for Fleet Street! Sunday organs," she grumbled. She held a discreet head of Miss Garrick at arm's length. "Look at that. And the Art Editors say, 'Haven't you any pretty girls? Any legs? Let me show you what they send me from Hollywood!'"

Olive laughed. "Tell 'em she's played Portia before the King of Siam."

"Do they care? They say, 'I don't want to know what she's done—it's what she looks like.'"

"Tell 'em she's British."

Tansey picked up another. "And I ask you. Mr Angus McFaillen—inventor and engineer. Who's he?"

"Simplex," said Olive briefly.

"What a face!" Tansey sighed and gathered the pictures together. "All the others are just as bad. Of course, the whole thing is just a waste of good shoe leather. How can Pain-in-the-neck Clissold expect to get results on this bunch?"

Olive could not trust herself to answer. She thought Kit Clissold was a fool to sell his car in order to keep them in work.

Nothing went right that morning. There was no catching up with the jade prosperity.

The feature editor was extremely unsympathetic when approached about Miss Garrick.

"Ada Garrick?" He seemed puzzled at first, finally identifying her as "that old fossil," and firmly declining to have anything to do with her.

Olive put down the receiver with a sigh. She'd try for just a paragraph, just a mention. Pinker, dramatic correspondent of the "Sun," was her special friend. He'd often done things for her before just to oblige.

This time, however, he failed her. "Ada Garrick! Can't be done, my girl. Who cares, anyway, about that old cheese?"

"Sorry, Pinker, I just thought——"

"Suppose you haven't heard anything more of the rumor current about the Lane?"

"No. Sorry."

"Well, cheer up. Get a few new faces and I'll be your little friend."

IT was uphill work and no mistake. Who cared, to-day, that Ada Garrick was the best Juliet of her generation? Who cared, to-day, that when she went to America millionaires had her dressing-room carpeted in roses? Who cared, to-day, that for the sake of her art she had refused a prince of a reigning house? Who cared, to-day, that she was a child of the theatre, born on tour, cradled in a dress basket, educated in the wings? She was just "that old cheese." She was worth far less to them than the girl star discovered last week who would drop out of the news in favor of the next girl star discovered the week after.

Olive narrowed her eyes as if to look into the very far away. It was terrible to grow old like Miss Meredith, without having had anything—but perhaps it was still more terrible to grow old like Ada Garrick and lose so much. Plaudits that grew faint, and died away, laurels that withered and crumbled to dust, and a new generation that spoke of you as "that old cheese."

Patiently Olive lifted the receiver. She would try Weller, of the "Record." He was always brusque and unpleasant, but he was part of the day's work.

"Really, you publicity people think you are at liberty to waste everybody's time. What the hell do I care about Ada Garrick?"

He rang off. Patiently Olive worked her way through all the likely papers. Patiently but unsuccessfully. Ada Garrick merely remained "an old cheese."

When Olive went back to report to Miss Meredith a young man came in from the

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612912

outer world. Olive recognized him as a prosperous young actor, well known as a master of Cockney types and almost constantly in work.

Miss Meredith did not recognise him at all. Olive lingered out of curiosity, ostensibly searching for something in the files.

"My name's Swan—Cyril Swan," said the young man, as if that explained everything.

Miss Meredith smiled vaguely and hopefully. Further conversation, she felt sure, would reveal his identity.

"Could I see Mr. Clissold? I'm in a great hurry. I should have fixed things earlier, but my contract was only signed at the last minute."

"I'm afraid Mr. Clissold is out. Can I help you?"

It transpired that Mr. Swan was going to America for two months. He wished his name kept before the British public during his absence.

"It's just a matter of business," he said apologetically. "The public and the managers—they forget so quickly. I'll send you some stuff—and leave you lots of photos and things."

He rambled on. Miss Meredith was extremely deferential. The young man who had been a little shy and intimidated at the beginning, began to think that he was probably almost their only client. Imperceptibly his tone changed. He grew dictatorial. He wanted this, that and the other, and finally he named an absurdly small price for the service. It was accepted gratefully by Miss Meredith.

THE young man departed with a certain swagger. Olive cursed inwardly. She felt that Miss Meredith had entirely mishandled the interview.

"Well, that's a little something," she said complacently as the door closed on Mr. Cyril Swan. "Now, Olive, what is it?"

Olive told her the story of Miss Garrick.

"I do hope you approached them in the right way," she said, pushing back her chair. "I've got to go and see Dainty Disk Records. I'm most anxious to collect what they owe us. Where's Mira?"

"She went out early to lunch. She had a date."

"Well, you had better mind my office till I come back. I don't suppose anyone else will call so near lunch time."

"Very well, Miss Meredith. I'll hold the fort."

Miss Meredith put on her hat—severe and unbecoming—and she gave one last anxious look round the room. She was sorry Mira was out—so much more reliable. She had always thought that Olive Arnold was flighty—a vague word which to her mind covered a multitude of sins—and the more she saw of Olive the more convinced she was that she was right. The girl lacked stability, and she was as hard as granite.

Olive transferred her typing to Miss Meredith's machine, and started on the new Chew Gum series. A thousand almost illegible words had come from their tame medical student. They hoped by next week to be in the throes of a controversy which would ultimately prove that Chew Gum was beneficial to the digestion. The teeth were scheduled for December, and in January an attack on fat was to be launched.

Olive, with the aid of a dictionary, was puzzling out the article. It was thickly interlarded with technicalities.

She did not raise her head at the sharp knock on the door. It would be Bill or Peter, and she was tracking down a word that looked like "enterokinase."

"Good morning," said a loud voice in her vicinity.

She looked up hastily. A big man, middle-aged, prosperous, purposeful, stood before her.

"Good morning," she said, smiling blandly. "I didn't hear you. Is there such a word as 'enterokinase'?"

"I never use it," he said, as if that ruled it out of the dictionary.

"Won't you sit down?" She pushed her papers away. "What can I do for you?"

"Enterokinase—enterokinase—" he repeated. "I hate being baffled."

"Never mind. Mr. Clissold will know."

"That's the fellow I want to see."

"I'm afraid you can't—not at the moment. He's out with one of our clients. He hardly ever sees anyone without an appointment."

The man looked up at her and said: "I'm Sir Timothy Fox."

"Toffee," she breathed.

Everyone knew Sir Timothy, the biggest toffee manufacturer in England. Her heart missed a beat. A big man—a big order, perhaps. She must be careful. Her hands gripped the edge of the desk, but her lips were smiling.

"Yes. Now when can I see your boss?"

"Well, now, he'll like to fit you in at the first possible moment, Sir Timothy, but you know how it is. Of course, this is always our busiest season—the winter."

Sir Timothy looked across at her in some surprise. He had heard that Clissold Publicity was on the rocks, but that young Kit Clissold was a clever chap. You could get a job done dirt cheap at his place, and well done, too. If this girl was putting up a bluff she did it very well. Smart girl. He liked the look of her.

"Busy, are you?" he said slowly. "Well, will Mr. Clissold be back this afternoon?"

"He will." Olive drew the engagement book towards her, and, screening it from her client, pretended to examine it. "But he hasn't a moment. Could you make it Saturday? 11.30?"

"Saturday. Not till then?"

"I'M terribly sorry. I'm afraid not." She gave him her most engaging smile. "You know how it is. I expect in order to get an appointment with you one has to be entered at birth—like for the M.C.C."

"That's a good one." Sir Timothy's laugh filled the little room. "I must tell 'em that at the office. They'll like that." He got reluctantly to his feet. "Well, Saturday then—11.30." He paused and looked searchingly at Olive. "What's your name?"

"Olive Arnold."

"You quite happy here? Well paid? Good hours and all that?"

"Why, of course, Sir Timothy."

He looked her over slowly once more. "Because I'm losing my secretary—she's a smart girl, too. Going to be married, the poor fool. All arranged in a hurry. Anyway, I'll want someone in a fortnight's time. Like to come? What are you getting? I'll give you a pound a week more."

"Thank you very much, Sir Timothy," said Olive unhesitatingly, "but I'm afraid Mr. Clissold couldn't spare me. Besides, you don't know anything about me. I might be terrible."

He beamed in fat self-satisfaction. "I know all about you, my dear."

She wished he wouldn't call her "my dear," but she smiled politely and said: "Do tell me how."

"Well, I'm a pretty successful man. Isn't that so?" He waited for the gratifying confirmation.

"Wonderfully successful," she murmured.

"And I've worked my way up from nothing. All my life I've relied on my instinct. Sounds absurd. If anyone else told me I'd not credit it, but here you have the proof. It worked." Sir Timothy liked talking about himself. He expanded genially. "My first instinct as a starving East End kid was to get all the sugar I could. It feeds you, it warms you."

She nodded. "I've read your advertisements."

"And they're right, you know. Sweets for the hungry kids. I had that instinct always. I'd swop anything I owned, marbles, tops—I hadn't much—but I had an instinct that I needed sugar. When I started in business I followed my instinct all along the line, and look where it has got me." He paused a moment and looked at her squarely. "Now it's your turn. You tell me something quite honestly. You're a pretty smart girl, aren't you?"

Olive answered quite honestly: "I'm a pretty smart girl."

"There. Didn't I tell you my instincts were always right. And you'll come to me?"

"No," she said.

He looked round the shabby little room. "Sure?"

"Quite sure, thank you."

"Well, you think it over. I'll be along Saturday."

SIR TIMOTHY walked heavily down the stairs. After all, Clissold Publicity must be booming. It wasn't merely bluff or the girl would have jumped at his offer. But she was real smart, manner, appearance, just the sort of thing he wanted. Someone who could talk to people. He'd get her yet. He'd pay her price.

As his footsteps echoed down the stone staircase Olive's heart thumped at every step. She had put up a magnificent bluff—but she was suddenly a little frightened. How would authority take her excursion into diplomacy? Kit Clissold would understand—but Miss Meredith. That was a very different matter. Olive decided to tell her nothing about the caller. There would only be a row. She entered the appointment very small in the book and hoped that it would pass unnoticed till she had an opportunity to tell Kit Clissold himself.

She was frightened and surprised. Why had she refused Sir Timothy's offer? Hastily her startled self-respect produced a dozen good reasons. She didn't want to work for a fat man who called her "my dear"; she wasn't interested in toffee; she couldn't get anywhere in a firm that size. But she didn't really succeed in deceiving herself. In her heart of hearts she knew the answer to her own question—so "soft" an answer that she was afraid to give it tongue.

In the outer office she found Peter who had just returned from Fleet Street.

"There you are, Olive! Listen, great news, 'all's right with the world.'"

"Well, spill it."

"Gertner's reader has got the play and there is a rumor he may cast his optio over it this very week-end, as Gertner is in

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612913

a hole for a production. We may know something, somehow, by next week."

Olive smiled. She knew, and she was glad to know, that at the moment she had taken second place to Gertner's reader. "Oh, Peter, you should be wedded to your art."

"Yes," he said, dryly, "but she's almost as cold a comfort as the modern maid."

"Still, if Gertner should——"

"If Gertner should——" Peter put his head on one side and looked at her reflectively. "It would be nice if they could say—at the first night, the dramatist's wife, who is still tall and dark and lovely, wore a striking creation of——'"

"Will you shut up, Peter. I've got to get on with this Chew Gum infamy. I'm all behind hand."

"And what about our Ma Robeson? Gertner nearly put her raid out of my head. Weren't you and Clissold there on business?"

Cheerfully cold-blooded, Olive handed him a deliberate lie. "Yes, but we'd left before the fun."

"Pity. I'd have laughed to see our Clissold clapped behind prison bars."

"Why?"

"Just wanton malice," he said airily.

IT was late afternoon before Kit Clissold hurried through the office. He stopped for a moment by Peter's desk. "That Arctic expedition—see it in this morning's papers?"

"Not yet," murmured Peter, who had spent a large part of his morning in getting information by devious ways as to the whereabouts of Gertner's reader.

"Well it's your business to know what's in the morning papers," said Clissold shortly. "Find it. It's organised by Sir Ian Canning. And they've got to take something of ours." He talked quickly, precisely, impersonally like one dictating notes. "A thousand Sandringham Cigarettes? Winter is coming. We could work up something about their heat-giving properties."

"I know. Hell hasn't the monopoly of smoking warmth. Rather clashes with their 'cool smoke' ads."

Clissold went on as if Peter had not spoken. "Or entertainment in the long Arctic nights. Dainty Disk records, light and unbreakable. You think it over. Find out who is their manager. Make it clear that they can throw the stuff overboard in the Channel provided we have their testimonials and their photographs. Find out their lowest figure."

"Right."

"And don't be funny with them. Your copy is getting too damn humorous these days. The people who pay us don't like it."

Peter gave an almost imperceptible gasp. He flushed angrily. Since he had left school no one had spoken to him in this tone of authority. "But it's good business," he countered argumentatively. "Forces people to read it. Nearly everyone will read a funny par rather than a serious one."

"You do what you're told," rapped Clissold, and turned on his heel.

Peter stared wrathfully at the frosted door. "Always the little gentleman."

"Now come," said Olive softly, "that's your monopoly."

He smiled at her. Peter's rages were always on short duration. "You're no lady," he retorted, "mocking a man when he's down."

CLISSOLD'S buzzer ended the dispute. Mira Davidson jumped to attention with unusual alacrity, and giving Olive one contemptuous look hurried in to the chief. A moment later she emerged white and furious.

"You're wanted," she snapped at Olive. "I thought you weren't going to poach—but you do. You stay late at night to get behind me—but you won't have it all your own way. I'll see to that."

Olive did not trouble to answer. She picked up her notebook and disappeared behind the frosted glass door. Kit Clissold was at his desk. He looked white and tired and strained, but he managed to produce a ghost of a smile for her.

"Very sticky spot, Olive," he said. "Going to take all our combined efforts to pull us through." His hands gripped the edge of the desk.

"I know it will be all right," Olive spoke with assurance, for she held Sir Timothy up her sleeve.

"I'll take your word for it—I'd take your word for most things." He stared across at her and for a moment he looked almost boyish, like some reincarnation from his forgotten past. "How nice you look," he said. "You aren't just part of a dream. You're a flesh and blood reality that can stand the light of day. It worried me all night for fear I'd wake up and find you existed only in my one-in-the-morning-imagination!"

Before Olive could answer they were interrupted by the house phone.

"Show him in," said Kit shortly, down the line. Then he raised his head. "You stop here, Olive, in case I need you—which I'm quite certain to do."

"Yes, Mr. Clissold," she said demurely, but her eyes sparkled.

A moment later Miss Meredith fluttered to the door. "Sir Harry Clark," she said, and vanished discreetly.

Olive took an almost instantaneous dislike to Sir Harry. He was small and dapper, with shifty eyes and a vicious mouth. His manner was insinuating, and his vowel sounds were impure.

"Mr Clissold," he said smiling. "So pleased to meet you." His tones were oily. "I just want a little help."

"Glad to be of any assistance," Kit Clissold was curt and business-like but not unfriendly. He didn't care for the little man, either, but after all a client was a client.

"It's like this"—Sir Harry paused for a moment. "Rather, a tiresome personal story," he said apologetically, "and rather confidential."

"Please let us have the particulars."

"It's like this—I've been out of England a long time. I had my position, but you know how it is. People get forgotten. I've come back with my daughter, she's eighteen. No mother, you know. No relations in England. Now I want to settle down here. I want my girl to take her proper place in society. I want the right publicity to help that along. You understand me?"

"I think so."

"Nothing overdone, you know. A word here and there—'among those present'—I'll give some little dances and dinners. I want you to put me on to the right Press people to invite. You take my meaning?"

"Perfectly."

"Nowadays one can't be too squeamish, can one? When I see the people who lend their names to advertisements! Of course, I wouldn't do this at all if it weren't for my girl. When one is eighteen a good time is essential."

"Of course. And you'd be surprised, Sir Harry, if I told you the names of some of the people for whom we work. After all, these days, society is a business like anything else."

"That's exactly my point. Well, I'm glad you can manage it. And about terms? I'm ready to pay whatever you think reasonable."

Kit Clissold ran a practised eye over his man. "Olive, just give me the social file," he said, to gain time.

Olive buried her head in the filing cabinet. On an odd envelope she scribbled, 'Don't touch him. I bet he's a crook.' She slipped it inside the folder and walked across to Kit's desk.

"Here you are, Mr. Clissold." She opened the folder and put one finger on the envelope. "Those were the last figures," she said.

Kit bent and read the message and nodded. "I see," he said, vaguely turning over the pages. He did not look at Olive. When at last he raised his eyes it was to Sir Harry. "Ten guineas a week, Sir Harry," he said. At least he would bleed the nasty little man. "A month's money in advance. I'm sorry to have to make it so heavy, but the kind of publicity you want is not easy to get. It means a lot of work."

"Ten guineas a week. That's all right." Sir Harry spoke quickly.

"Perhaps your daughter has some copyright photos?"

"Never mind about my daughter just at first. You concentrate on me." He pulled a sheet of typing out of his pocket. "I'm giving rather an original little party next week. I'd like to make it known. Here are the particulars. Now let me give you a cheque for the first month in advance."

WHEN the door finally closed on Sir Harry and they were alone, Kit turned cheerfully to Olive.

"That's the day well begun."

But Olive was worried.

The door opened suddenly, and Miss Meredith, startled out of her usual ceremony, rushed in waving the appointment book.

"Sir Timothy Fox—or rather his secretary—has just rung up Mr Clissold."

"Toffee—good Lord—rich as Crocsus. If he should want us——"

"He wanted to know," said Miss Meredith, who had suddenly assumed a deadly calm, "could he come at eleven instead of eleven-thirty on Saturday? He was sorry you hadn't been able to see him earlier, but if you could make it eleven." She turned accusingly to Olive. "The appointment is in your handwriting."

"Yes, I made it. I said . . ."

Before Olive could finish Miss Meredith crashed her way on, delighted at the final vindication of her judgment. "And Sir Timothy says about that secretarial job he offered you, would Miss Arnold tell him her figure."

For a moment there was a death-like silence in the office. Olive drew in a sharp breath as she wondered how to reassure them of her loyalty in face of such apparent proof to the contrary. It would have been easier without Miss Meredith.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612914

Kit, however, did not give her the opportunity. He was the first to speak. He looked suddenly haggard, like a man struck between the eyes. She'd cheated. He might have known she would. The dust of battle had left its mark. She was just another cheap typist off after the highest bidder.

But when he spoke his voice was under control, cold and even. "So you are leaving us, Miss Arnold? Well, don't let us detain you. Our overheads have always been too heavy for our business." His thin lips curled in self-contempt. "I always wanted to keep as many people as possible in work. We can manage without you, and you can start work for Sir Timothy straight away."

"I refused Sir Timothy's offer," she said.

"So I understand. But he's increased it. You did very well. I'm only sorry you didn't come to me frankly and say you wanted to go."

"But Mr. Clissold . . ."

"That's all, thank you."

"But won't you listen?"

"That's all, thank you," he repeated with emphasis. "Leave your notes with Miss Davidson, please. Good-bye."

She did not answer. She could not trust her voice. She turned on her heel and walked out of his office with her head erect. Terribly hard, these modern young women, thought Miss Meredith, as she slipped discreetly away to her own room.

For a moment Olive stood by her desk like one dazed. It was after six. She heard Tansey call something unintelligible as she rattled downstairs. Peter was writing, his head bent over his desk. The others had gone. Olive looked blankly about her. Something caught at her breath and constricted her throat, something strange and unfamiliar. It shook her slight frame. It was a sob. Peter heard it. He looked up, startled, and hurried towards her.

"Olive—Olive—darling."

Somehow her head was on his shoulder, his arms were about her, she had a dim impression that he was kissing the back of her neck.

And then she heard the door of the inner office open. She heard Kit's quick angry steps cross the room, the outer door banged, and the steps died away down the stone stairs. And Peter could not stay her sobbing.

CHAPTER 8

THE next morning seemed unending. Bill came in while Tansey was still in Fleet Street.

"Listen, Olive, I've made that chap a firm offer for the place we saw last night. He's to meet me at 12.30. Don't tell Tansey in case it all falls through, but if everything is all right I'll be back with a bottle of champagne at one o'clock."

"Right you are, Bill."

"Keep the others for me. We'll have to celebrate."

Miss Meredith came back an hour later, saw Olive, and immediately summoned her into the reception room.

"I thought you were finishing yesterday, Olive."

"Yes, but Mr. Clissold says I may stay on for the present."

"But what about Sir Timothy——"

Olive gave a little sigh. "I keep on telling you all—only nobody will listen—that I've refused Sir Timothy's offer."

Miss Meredith was shocked. "Well, I must say, I think you're a very foolish girl. I should never have suspected you, Olive, of being so improvident. After all, it's no great secret that Clissold Publicity is feeling the pinch. And don't, my dear, imagine you're doing us a kindness by stopping on. We're over-staffed, you know. Only Mr. Clissold is adamant that nobody is to be sacked. I really cannot understand you, Olive."

"As long as I'm reasonably honest, sober and industrious, Miss Meredith, is it necessary for you to understand me?"

"That's very rude, Olive."

"Of course it's rude, Miss Meredith, and I'm sorry, but you leave me no alternative. After all, my motives are my own affair."

"Of course." Miss Meredith shut her lips very tight. "You girls to-day can't bear to take advice, but with all due deference to your generation, you don't know so much about job-hunting as I do. Unfortunately, I've been at it for twenty years. I think you're a fool to throw away a good offer, but if you like to be a fool, as you say, it's entirely your own affair. Now run along and get on with your work."

"Yes, Miss Meredith."

Well, Olive thought savagely, as she closed the door behind her, everyone was agreed that she was a fool. And the most infuriating part of it was that she agreed with them herself. Of course, she was a fool. She pushed the news of Sir Harry Clark's "original" party viciously into envelopes and slung them across for Tansey to stamp.

BILL came back at one o'clock precisely, with a bottle of champagne under one arm and half a dozen knobbly parcels under the other. He stood for a moment dramatically in the doorway, making sure that the coast was comparatively clear.

"I've done it," he said in a hoarse, penetrating whisper.

Tansey looked up hastily. "What, Bill, what?"

"Bought the house."

"Oh, Bill." She flung her arms excitedly around his neck.

"Congratulations," said Olive, with all the hearty intensity she could muster.

"Stout fella," said Peter.

"Oh, darling—oh, how wonderful—how perfect!" Tansey's exclamations were on a rising note of a peculiarly penetrating quality.

"Look out you two," said Peter, "someone will enter unannounced."

"Well, we've got to celebrate." Bill was carefully setting down the bottle and handing the parcels to Tansey. "No one can say anything to Tansey because she's leaving anyway. As soon as Clissold can spare her, she's got a date with the registrar."

Tansey had been rapidly undoing the parcels and spreading them over the wide window seat. There was a long French loaf, and a sausage, and Russian salad, and a chocolate cake, and a box of marrons glace. She looked at them delightedly.

"Oh, what a party," she said, like a happy child.

"But will Authority appreciate Party," Peter put in a warning note.

"Tell you what," said Tansey, "we'll invite old Pain-in-the-neck to the celebrations. It's our lunch hour after all."

"He'll spoil the fun," objected Bill.

"He'll do that anyway," countered Tansey, "because if he isn't asked he'll come storming out to know what it's all about."

Olive fetched the tea cups from the cupboard. "Thank heavens Mira went out early."

"And Meredith?"

"She's there."

"Go on, Bill. You do her. I'll tackle the boss. Quick before my courage dies." She crossed her fingers, and, holding them aloft, went and knocked smartly on Clissold's door.

"Come in."

TANSEY vanished, and a moment later reappeared with Kit Clissold himself. He was obviously ill at ease. His voice was artificially genial, and he was very careful not to look in Olive's direction. Bill simultaneously emerged from the reception room with Miss Meredith.

"Well, Willment, I must congratulate you." Kit Clissold held out his hand. "Lucky man, I'm sure," he said conventionally, and then added more gravely, "I hope you'll do very well when you strike out in a new place."

"Different class of work, you know. Private sitters. No commercial stuff. It's a gamble." Bill was self-conscious under the scrutiny of so many eyes.

Peter laughed. "The business proposition is a sitting cert, compared with the marriage venture, Bill."

Peter had never been brought up to be afraid of the boss. He always treated Kit Clissold with charming politeness, but completely as an equal. Anything else would have seemed to him absurd. He could never get used to the mentality of the others whose training had taught them to regard the boss as a creature apart and slightly sacred, a creature before whom one automatically altered the tone of one's conversation.

"The business proposition," said Bill, whose ideas came slowly, "looks pretty good, so we're hoping for the best."

"That's the spirit," Clissold's enthusiasm was forced. He looked at Bill as if he were seeing him for the first time. "I never knew you had these plans."

"Well, it was partly Tansey's idea," stammered Bill, and to escape he crossed to where the champagne bottle stood and started to wrestle with the wire with the help of a pen-knife.

Kit Clissold swung round to have another look at his telephone girl. Under the kittenish ways he now recognised the core of determination. He nodded. He smiled a little grimly. "I'm told there's nothing helps a man like a good wife."

Peter gave Tansey a brotherly shove. "Don't you believe it, Bill. If anyone offers you five hundred pounds capital in exchange for Tansey—grab it."

The others laughed. "Peter, pretending not to be romantic," said Tansey scornfully. She looked up at him. "Olive knows better."

Peter looked down at her, and took her small face in one hand and squeezed it gently out of shape. "Yes, but Olive knows better than ever to speak out of her turn, kitten."

"Oh, Peter, you're hurting."

The popping of the champagne cork provided a distraction. "I do hope you'll be happy," murmured Miss Meredith sentimentally.

But Kit Clissold felt that the conversation was only safe when it concerned the new business enterprise. "You have enough capital, Willment? I mean success often gets delayed on the way."

"I can wait for three years," said Bill.

"Three years," echoed Kit Clissold, who had only been able to wait for two. "Three years—that might be enough."

"Why, Mr. Clissold," said Tansey, "you do take a gloomy view." Olive had filled

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612915

he tea cups with champagne and Tansey handed him one. "You'll have to drink our healths."

"We've got to have a toast," said Peter. "To Bill and Tansey and to their success."

"No, no," said Miss Meredith, quickly. "To their happiness. You know success isn't everything."

"Nice old-fashioned habit—getting married," said Peter when the others had left.

"Suits some people," said Olive guardedly.

He watched her thoughtfully as she gathered up the cups. "Olive Arnold, why don't you want to leave Clissold's?"

Her mind worked rapidly while she stacked the cups on the tray. She had to produce some pretty good reasons to satisfy Peter. "It's like this——" she said slowly. Then she paused while she carried the tray outside and left it on the landing where the cleaner would find it and deal with the washing-up. It was a very natural pause. It gave her time to construct a convincing story.

"I'm waiting," said Peter.

"It's as I told you. I want to stay on to see what happens. Fox's Toffee is a strong concern. I'd be just one of a hundred secretaries. Nothing would ever happen except that Fox would pay a bigger dividend and that more toffee would be eaten, and more money would be spent on advertising and new uses would be found for the by-products, and I should be just nothing—typing letters from morning to night. I couldn't possibly take the slightest interest in the turnover or make the slightest difference to the output, or be anything except the thing I hate most of all—just a routine worker doing a repetition job."

She stopped for breath. She was proud of herself. It really was a most convincing claim. But Peter had never taken his eyes off her face. She wasn't sure that he was convinced.

"Whereas here?" he asked.

"WELL, here you must admit yourself that it is exciting, when you don't know from one moment to the next whether Friday will be pay-day or 'Good night, Nurse.'"

"You like that?" Peter remembered some peculiarly hard money bargains he had seen her strike.

"It's exciting. And here I'm somebody. I'm even occasionally allowed to have an idea. I matter. I can feel I'm creating something."

"I think you're quite mad," said Peter, slowly dispassionately.

"I know. So does Tansey." Olive gathered up Bill's bits of string and swept them into the wastepaper basket. She turned and faced her questioner. "From sixteen to eighteen I worked in a shipping office. For eight hours a day I wrote things like 'Your bill of lading to hand. . .' I didn't even know what half the things I wrote meant. It didn't matter to anybody. Provided I was mechanically efficient, nobody cared. I was expected to live only after office hours. But by the time I'd struggled from the city to my rooms it was seven. By the time I'd cooked and eaten a meal it was eight. By ten o'clock I was ready to fall asleep. I had two hours of life of my own out of the twenty-four. It's not good enough. I want to stay in an office that's a little mad and human and where I can see what's happening all the way round."

"But how long will that office last?"

"I don't know. But I want to see it out—to hear the end of the story."

The afternoon wore away. Olive worked her way through Tansey's phone list; created some semblance of order in Tansey's cuttings which had got considerably in errears; made the tea; cut a stencil to be duplicated as confirmation of the phone calls; looked up Peter's references; and typed the copy with which her basket always seemed to overflow.

Miss Meredith and Mira reappeared shortly after two o'clock. Kit Clissold came back at three, closed the door of his office and gave no further sign of life. Outside a fine, dull rain had begun to fall. It grew dark early.

It was one of those days when office life seemed intolerable. Over everything was a film of London dirt. Opposite Olive's desk grinned a signed photograph of some near-celebrity. It had gone a little yellow and the cut of the hair was out of date. The calendar over the mantelpiece had thumb marks. The map of London on the wall had a trail of ink spots where someone had once shaken an agitated fountain pen. On the mantelpiece were an alarm clock, two meaningless blue vases, and a host of cards, most of them out of date, admitting the bearers to dull exhibitions and recitals that no one had wanted to attend.

EVERY detail of the room was familiar. Olive looked round her sadly. She was a fool, she thought. One of the first things she should do was to provide for her own future. If she had a grain of sense she would accept Peter's good offer, or Sir Timothy's good offer. She had prided herself that she was ruled by her head, not her heart. If she were not careful she might spend all her life in just such an office—for this office was reproduced in thousands all over London. Youth was such a fleeting thing and then the dull years would stretch before her.

What was she waiting for? What was she expecting? She hit her typewriter softly. Kit, it sang. Kit. But he didn't want her. He didn't care. He was an ill-tempered, ill-mannered brute. It didn't matter. Sometimes you had to be honest with yourself. Nothing mattered if you loved a man—and she loved Kit.

The admission was startling—so startling that she stopped typing and sat staring idly out of the window. Well, she had always prided herself that she was a realist. Why not face the fact? She loved him—like that—suddenly, desperately, unreasonably. It must be love because it was such an absurd sensation. It must be love when you were ready to forgive a man his bad manners and his bad temper, when you were ready to put his interests before your own, and when whatever he did seemed exactly right.

That she supposed was how Tansey felt about Bill. It was very surprising. She considered the others with a sudden access of sympathy. She supposed to the outsider she looked as foolish as they did. It was a humiliating thought.

This love was a novel experience—almost as novel as crying. And as unreasonable. For what on earth did she know about Kit Clissold? For one evening only, she had talked to him as an equal. That proved that the thing must be love, because it was too sublimely ridiculous to be anything else.

For all she knew he had a wife and family—or was tainted with hereditary insanity—or drank—or diced—or doped. For all she knew there were other women—lots of other women in his life. Claudette Crawford had found him "divinely repellent." Why should Olive think that she herself was either his first love or last love?

IT was he who said that such moments were fleeting, and that dreams didn't stand the light of day. Perhaps he was speaking from experience. Well, anyway, he had been proved right. Now they were both awake.

A sound of footsteps caused her to look up. Miss Meredith, fluttering and pale, was leading across the office a policeman and a plain clothes detective. She knocked on Mr Clissold's door, the two men disappeared inside, and Miss Meredith scurried back to her own room before anyone could question her.

Even Mira Davidson was roused out of her habitual calm. "What on earth is happening?"

"Haven't you heard," said Olive crushingly. "Scotland Yard wants us to do their publicity."

She could answer Mira back but in her heart she was frightened. She waited agonisingly, her eyes on the glass door. What could it mean? Some repercussion of the Blue Parrot raid? The police knew that she and Kit were there after all? It must be highly illegal to climb out of a window when you are wanted by the police. Kit would be ruined—perhaps put in prison——

Mira watched the clock nervously. She didn't want to be mixed up in anything shady. She didn't really care for this office—the people in it were all very queer. If there was going to be any trouble Mira didn't want to be in it.

Fifteen minutes later the police left. Mira looked significantly at the clock. It was five to six. She began ostentatiously to tidy her desk.

The buzzer went. Olive jumped to her feet, ready shamelessly to forestall Mira.

"Will you go?" said the latter coolly. "I very much want to get away punctually to-night."

Olive nodded, with a fleeting thought that the crew of Kit Clissold's sinking ship weren't putting their backs into getting the craft ashore.

She opened the glass door without knocking.

"What is it?" she said breathlessly.

Kit Clissold's hands gripped the edge of the desk, but his face was still a mask, his voice even. He was going down fighting. "You?" he said.

"Yes. The Blue Parrot?"

"No—not the Blue Parrot."

"Then what?"

He smiled wryly. "You can say 'I told you so'—but you're too much of a lady."

"I'm not a lady—and what's it all about?"

"You were right as usual—you seem to have a monopoly of being right."

"What about?" she said impatiently.

CHAPTER 9

"HARRY CLARK is a crook—fraudulent share promoter. We were the confidence end of the trick. If these newspaper paragraphs aren't stopped we lose our good name with the Press and not only are we ruined as a respectable agency, but we may even be guilty of aiding and abetting." He spoke fast and decisively

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612916

but he did not raise his eyes to look at her.

"Well, they can be stopped," said Olive firmly.

"Yes." He paused for a moment as if marshalling his forces and then he rapped out his orders. "Bring me the list of the papers to whom the dope has been sent. And get the rest of the staff in here. There mustn't be any slip-up on this matter. We've got to be quite sure that every Press man who has been approached is told to cancel the paragraph. And it's got to be done at once, by telephone, or telegram, or personal contact. I don't want anything left to chance. We'll stay in this office all night if need be."

"I'll fetch the others.

But the big office was already empty Mira had melted away.

Olive went into the reception room. "Miss Meredith, we're all wanted. Is Peter back?"

"No, he isn't coming back. He phoned through to say he'd got hung up at Elstree. You know what these film studios are. What does Mr. Clissold want?"

"He'll explain," said Olive shortly. "It's a rush job."

They were only three to deal with the matter. Kit wasted no time in lamentations. He said no word more than was absolutely necessary. He divided the papers between them. Miss Meredith was to wire the provincial ones, cancelling the information and to phone the weeklies.

"We can conform all that by letter tomorrow. Miss Arnold and I will go down Fleet Street and see this bunch ourselves. They're the dangerous ones. Telephonists and subordinates say they'll give a message and very often that's all that's heard of it. I'm taking no risks." The list of papers was on two sheets of typing. He handed one to Olive. "You do this half, I'll do the other."

"Yes, Mr. Clissold."

HE held the door open for her and she passed down the stairs before him. The rain had stopped. In the street he hailed a taxi.

"Ludgate Circus," he said to the man, and turning to Olive he added. "We'll work backwards." He went on talking in a hard impersonal voice, as if he were afraid that a silence would betray him. "Lucky Sir Harry paid in advance—otherwise we should be distinctly out of pocket over tonight's adventure."

Regret flashed through Olive's mind for all the lovely things unsaid between them, regret that their golden intimate silence had been killed for ever. And so she followed his lead in a voice as impersonal as his own. "I suppose his cheque is a good one."

"Oh, I imagine so! After all, if he were setting out on some delicate drawing-room financial operations, he wouldn't start arousing suspicions with dud cheques."

"I suppose not."

"Of course he had to choose us! There must be at least two dozen publicity firms within the four miles radius of Charing Cross. Nowhere would do him but Clissold's. Our luck! We seem to have shipped a Jonah." He paused to light a cigarette and added, "I wonder who it is?"

"We haven't got a red-headed woman on board, have we? And none of us are cross-eyed." Her voice came lightly, laughingly. Two could play at indifference. "Or do you think perhaps that Miss Meredith is a witch?"

"No," he said softly, "but I sometimes think that you are a devil." Then very quickly as if he had not spoken he added, "As the copy caught the lunch hour post they'd have it easily by six. Sir Harry may be being 'set up' this minute."

The taxi had reached the Haymarket. It was held up in a block. Sir Harry was a topic that could hardly be expected to carry them all the way to the Circus.

A dangerous silence fell between them. They seemed isolated in the noisy press of traffic. Covertly she studied his profile. He looked very alive now, keyed up for battle. He still had resources of energy to call upon in time of trouble. And there was always a demand. It seemed these days as if nothing could go right, as if there were a jinx on everything they tried to do.

He broke the silence deliberately. "You'll miss our little telephonist when she gets married," he said, still as one making polite conversation. "I'm sorry Willment hasn't established his new business before he drags the poor little thing into it. He probably doesn't realise what it means. It's no fun for a woman."

"Oh, I don't know—starting together, working together. If I were Tansey I shouldn't want to be out of it."

"THAT'S different," he said curtly, as the taxi moved forward again.

"What is?"

"You and Tansey. She's soft. You enjoy fighting."

"I don't. You've got two things mixed. I don't mind—how would you put it—'striving'—making an effort, trying hard to accomplish something. But fighting implies anger and enmity."

"And you think one can—what was it?—'strive' with any success without anger and enmity. You take too rosy a view of life."

"And you take too jaundiced a one." She laughed unhappily. "Somewhere between us are the sane people, like Tansey, who see life just as it is. She's going to have a wonderful time—the new house—the fuss and excitement. I never realised before how much marriage is bound up with semi-detached villas. It appears that your lease is just as important as your lines."

"Would you feel like that?" he asked.

Her answer came very softly. "No. I wouldn't care where I lived with the man I loved."

The taxi stopped suddenly at the Circus. Kit opened the door, got out, and held a hand out to help her.

He turned quickly to pay the man. Olive studied his face in vain. It was inscrutable.

"You can start with the 'Daily Express,'" he said. "I'll cross down to Temple Avenue and do 'Reynolds.'" He raised his hat and moved away.

For a moment she stood staring after him, as he went swiftly threading his way through the intricate traffic. Then she pulled herself together and set about her dreary task. Up and down the stairs of Fleet Street offices, filling up innumerable chits, stating her name and business, waiting till someone could see her, following office boys along endless corridors, making tired, hurried journalists understand that what she had to tell them was important. It all took a long time. It was nine o'clock before she was back at the office.

Kit Clissold was there before her. Miss Meredith was making her final calls. lassitude of exhaustion was on them Everything seemed an effort.

"Did you get them all?" Kit asked.

"Yes, Mr. Clissold."

"Well, I don't think we can do any mo

"No."

The phone rang. Olive saw Kit sti like a man expecting a blow. She pic up the receiver. "Clissold Publicity ha

"Thought I'd catch some of you you the pretty girl?" A cheerful, metal voice at the other end. "This is M Robeson."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Robeson."

"You work very late, my dear. I b it is all work." She gurgled roguis

"Oh, yes," said Olive flatly, "all w Did you want Mr. Clissold? He's here.

"I THOUGHT as muc More suggestive laughter. "No. Just hin I'll get off with a fine and t business will be carried on as usual want to hear more about that stunt yo thought of—remember you were going tell me—the night the party got out hand."

"I remember."

"Well, you bring your boss along to me, any night after eleven."

"I'll tell him, Mrs Robeson."

"That's right, my dear. Well, bye-b and be good—if you can." The metal laugh died as a click told that the r ceiver had been replaced.

Olive turned to report. "Mrs Robes is carrying on as usual, and would li to see you any evening after eleven."

"I'll go along," he said shortly. "No you'd better both push off." Miss Meredi had already put on her hat and w struggling into her coat. "Take a ta and charge it to the firm, and don't fo get, Miss Meredith, that you've each do three hours' overtime."

"Thank you, Mr. Clissold." Miss Mer dith hurried to the door. "I'm sure mother will be worried. I'll run along Olive heard the anxious patter of h shoes down the stone staircase.

Very slowly Olive tidied her desk, pr paratory to leaving. Her movement dragged. Kit watched her for a moment

"That's all?" she asked.

"Absolutely all." His voice had a no of emphatic finality. "We're finished."

His face was hard. He turned toward his own room. "Good night," he said, an the glass door swung shut behind him.

Olive did not take a taxi. She walke all the way through the quiet, empt streets. She had come to a new decision If Clissold's could get Sir Timothy's a they would be safe. It was a big job. E would then catch up with prosperity. An she would accept Sir Timothy's offer. Sh couldn't go on every day seeing the man she loved. It hurt too much. It wa better to make a clean cut and start afresh In time she supposed everything got forgotten. And why should she love him—why should she? He was unkind, ungrateful unmannerly. But in her heart she knew all that had nothing to do with it. You didn't love people for their virtues, or hate them for their vices. I. was instinctive, inevitable, unescapable, and did not yield to argument. It was damn foolish, and it hurt like hell. It was a joy and an agony. It was life and death. She would get out of it all. And foolishly, hopelessly, despite all argument, she knew

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612917

that there was no way out, she knew that she would love him till she died.

It wasn't easy to forget when all that life held in the future was forty-eight hours a week of typing. And what of Kit's future? It hung perilously in the balance.

It was a pity, because she could have helped him. She realised now just where he went wrong. He knew his job, he could please his clients, but he couldn't handle his staff. She saw it all now with sudden clarity. That was what was holding him back from success. A man can't do his best work unless his subordinates are willing, and Kit inspired neither affection nor loyalty. He was always just, but he was never gracious. He told people what to do instead of asking them. He over-rated their intelligences and under-rated their susceptibilities. Studying your staff was no more a waste of time than greasing your car. The object in both cases was the same. You wanted from both the maximum of work. "Smooth running," as they said in the advertisements.

IT was ironic. Here was a man who wouldn't let anyone be sacked. He left his smart flat, he sold his car, to keep them all in work. He took his obligations seriously. He felt an almost paternal responsibility. He got nothing in return. Someone who cared far less, someone who greeted the staff in the morning with easy familiarity, someone who occasionally laughed with them, praised them, jollied them along, would have inspired more devotion than any amount of real self-sacrifice.

Peter came to work unusually early, bursting with news and excitement.

"Olive, Olive, darling, what do you think?"

"What?"

"Couldn't phone you—must get a phone at your place. Oh, Olive, Olive . . ." he babbled incoherently.

"Peter Bent, pull yourself together. Break it to me."

"Gertner—he's taken the play. I mean really actually taken it—contract signed and everything. Pinch me, Olive, I know it's a dream."

"Oh, Peter."

"And Gina Palerme is to play the lead." His eyes grew luminous. They wore a look once reserved for Olive alone. "She's the eighth wonder of the world. Gina! In my play! Oh, Olive, isn't it all too overwhelming?"

"Oh, Peter—Peter dear—I'm so terribly, terribly glad. Not just conventional pretend glad, but real honest-to-goodness glad. I always believed in that play, Peter, I always believed in you—not as a nine-to-sixer, Peter—you're no good in an office. You're a playwright. Oh, Peter, it's lovely that something really satisfactory has happened at last."

Dear old Peter—bless him—for the moment she forgot her own troubles. She gave him both her hands.

He drew her towards him. "Oh, Olive, I knew you would understand."

"Bless you, Peter, it's wonderful."

THE door clicked. Kit Clissold came into the office. Peter turned a little, his arm still round Olive's waist.

"Great news for both of us, Mr. Clissold."

"Indeed."

Peter did not seem aware of the ice in Kit Clissold's voice. He rattled on excitedly. "Great news! You're losing my valuable services. Gertner has taken a play of mine for immediate production."

"Congratulations," but Kit's eyes were fixed on Peter's arm.

"I couldn't have done it without Olive. You know she always believed in it—and me."

"So I've always understood."

"And, Mr. Clissold, this is where you come in. Gertner is sending a man along next week to ask if you'll do the publicity. I do hope you will. Seems the last fellow killed the show with his stuff. It was a fantasy and he would treat it like a farce."

Kit's manner was brusque. "Very good of you, I'm sure, Bent. I'll be happy to see Mr. Gertner's representative." He turned on his heel and walked quickly into the office.

Peter looked after him wrathfully. "Warm human delight I call that. Graciousness personified. You'd think I'd offered him a live bomb instead of a damn good job."

"He's all right," said Olive. "We had a pretty trying evening here last night."

"What happened?"

She was vague. "Just a client dust-up."

Peter laughed. "Darling, you're such a little gossip! You'd be an addition to any sewing circle. Anyway, whatever happened, I think Clissold is one of the most tiresome men I know. Thank the Lord I'm seeing the last of him."

Tansey arrived rather late and flurried, and the tale had to be told all over again, and then Mira Davidson phoned to say that she was ill and couldn't come. Olive knew just what that meant. The police visit had frightened her and she was off after the wine merchant's job. The staff seemed to be melting away.

"Just what is the matter with Mira?" Tansey asked.

"She's taken to the boats," said Olive absent-mindedly.

"What?"

"NOTHING. I'm raving. Don't mind me. She's got a common cold."

Olive looked at the empty desk and thought that it was queer that she would never see Mira Davidson again. Every working day for eight months they had sat side by side. She looked quickly round the room. Tansey and Bill, Peter and Miss Meredith—she would not live for long in any of their memories. These transitory business associations had no roots. They were founded on nothing but a spell of common interest. They meant so little. When she stepped out of Clissold's no one would greatly care what happened to her. Peter would remember vividly for a week or so, then sentimentally for a month or two, and then dimly for a year, and then—forget. No one would care. She was all alone. It gave her a queer sense of isolation.

She shook off the mood. There would be new associates in the toffee world, which reminded her that Sir Timothy was due at eleven. If Miss Meredith cringed to him Olive felt that all her good work would be undone. She knew she could rely on Kit to be stern and unbending.

"Peter," she whispered, "are you ingenious?"

"Don't interrupt me. I don't want to come back on Monday. I'm trying to mop up all my arrears this morning and leave a clean sheet behind." He held up his piece of paper and cocked his head on one side to admire his own handiwork. "Sandringham Cigarette. Not a bite in a box full. Like that?"

"No, and listen. You've got to do a last job for me. You've got to get Miss Meredith out of the office for a couple of hours."

"How? Why?"

"You find out how and never mind why."

Peter considered for a moment. "Completely unscrupulous?" he asked.

"The end justifies the means."

"On your head then——"

"On my head."

Peter got up and went downstairs. Presently a voice floated over the telephone wires asking for Miss Merewith. Tansey made the connection. Five minutes later Miss Meredith, in her hat and coat, put her head into the big office.

"I'VE got to go out. The Simplex people have a query about their last account. Very inconvenient moment, Olive, I suppose you had better receive Sir Timothy. Now do try this time not to do anything foolish."

"Yes, Miss Meredith."

"I shall be as quick as I can, but the Simplex people have their office in such a tiresome place in the City."

Ten minutes later Peter reappeared. "I've just caught the post," he said, innocently. "I want Miss Meredith to O.K. this expenses account."

"Miss Meredith has had to go out," said Olive gravely.

"You don't say so."

"I do." Olive gathered up her work. "I'll be in charge in the reception office."

Sir Timothy arrived punctually. He beamed down upon Olive.

"Well, here we are—on the tick," he said heartily. "And how are you to-day? Well, have you decided yet about my offer?"

"Yes, Sir Timothy, I'd like to accept it."

"Good. Sensible girl. How much do you want?"

"Five pounds a week," said Olive firmly.

"Sensible girl. Never sell too cheap. If you can look after yourself, you can look after me. I like you modern girls—so hard and self-reliant. I like anyone who knows how to get on. And you're right. To get on nowadays you have to be tough."

The hard, self-reliant girl twisted her mouth into the imitation of a smile. "You're right, Sir Timothy." She wished she hadn't such an overwhelming desire to pillow her head on her arms and howl.

"When can you start?"

"Monday?"

"Suits me fine. You'll overlap with my Miss Grainger and she'll show you the ropes. She's a good girl." Suddenly he winked. "But you know the best of 'em go soft once in a while, think they're in love and want to get married. Great mistake. Don't you dare do that on me."

"I won't. I promise. I'll never go soft and get married.

"Of course," he said dispassionately, "you're a great deal prettier than any secretary should be. But there—one can't have everything. Now, let's go and see this boss of yours."

Olive led the way knocked on the door and showed Sir Timothy in.

Kit bowed coldly, and said "Please wait" to Olive.

She had thought that she could rely on Kit to create the right impression and he did. He gave a most convincing display of indifference to the job that was being offered to him. He struck a hard bargain. Sir Timothy was impressed.

In close of the interview he turned

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612918

and said, "Well, that's all very satisfactory. We start as from Monday then. I've only got the better of you once, Clissold." He surveyed Olive with a beaming paternal smile. "They breed 'em tough in this office. Nothing for nothing, eh?"

"The better of me?"

"Just my little joke. There are other secretaries—I know. I know."

"Others," said Kit coldly, his eyes on Olive, "they're a drug in the market."

She didn't wince. No matter how much he hurt her she wouldn't give him that much satisfaction. But he shouldn't have a monopoly of speaking the truth. She bided her time.

KIT did not raise his eyes from his desk. Olive became very business-like. "I'll type these notes," she said, "for Tuesday's advertising conference. I'll file them before I go, and I'll get the confirmation of that gramophone story off, and that article——"

He interrupted her. "You're going away?" It struck her that of all that she had said this was the only thing that he had understood.

"You've told me to go often enough—this time I'm going—for keeps."

"The sinking ship."

"It's saved."

He did not seem interested. He wrote the word "Toffee" experimentally on his blotter and considered it. "So you've changed your mind. Why?"

"I decided I wasn't doing any good here."

His only movement was that the pencil dropped from his tell-tale hands. His voice was cold. "I'm glad you're bettering yourself. My staff seem to have had a great run of luck. Well, don't let me detain you. . . ."

"Mr. Clissold. . . ."

"Yes?"

She threw back her head a little. Her fighting spirit gave her courage. She looked at him squarely. "Before I go I want to say something—something I couldn't say when I was your employee."

"Please do."

She paused a moment and averted her face a little. It was easier so, if she couldn't see him. Yet she was determined to speak her mind. She smiled inwardly, thinking of an old tag. It was going to hurt her more than it would hurt him. He would always remember her as a scolding voice. They would never meet again. Kit—darling, darling Kit—all the golden things unsaid between them had resolved themselves into this. And yet she must. If he were to succeed, if the business on which he had set his haert were to prosper, these things must be said—and there was no one else to say them.

"Go on," he said impatiently.

Her voice was low and reasonable. "You've complained that the staff hadn't any ideas—didn't co-operate. Well, you can't co-operate with a porcupine. I know that now. Everyone has tried to help. Mrs. Robeson stuck to us. Peter put us on to a fine new opening. Even I got Sir Timothy to think we were in great demand. You've caught up on prosperity—but"—her voice wavered but she struggled defiantly on—"you've no staff left. Once you told me to shout back at you. Well, I'm doing it now. If you want your new staff to co-operate with you you've got to go part of the way to meet them and not be so icy—so inhuman—so unfair. You've got to be glad when things go right——"

"I wasn't aware that things had gone right."

"Two important new clients—and they'll bring others—what more do you want?"

"Lots of things."

"Still, meanwhile, aren't you glad? Don't you care?"

His voice was very low. "No," he said, "I don't care.

"We've got Gertners—present from Mr. Peter Bent. God how I'd like to refuse it! We've got Sir Timothy—thanks to you—all these blessings from heaven and I don't care. It's not natural, is it?" He got up. "A man should be happy counting such blessings. He should beam on the world like Sir Timothy. Still, there may be other things a man wants—even more than clients. That's surprising. That's not in your fighting philosophy. That's something the little girl of granite can't understand." He moved towards the door. "Well, you're going where you'll have a normal boss who'll always keep smiling. I hope you like it. And I'll hire a normal staff that'll mind their own business. Good-bye."

He banged the door behind him and was gone.

She stood quite still in the middle of the room. All the fight had gone out of her. Kit—Kit—and somehow it seemed that he was only a little boy—desperately hurt. And she could do nothing, nothing. Give him nothing—save a love that he didn't want.

CHAPTER 10

SHE found Peter alone, outside, feverishly emptying the drawers of his desk.

"Chaos is come again," he chanted. "I can't leave this riot for my successor."

"I must follow your example," said Olive quietly. "I'm going to Sir Timothy after all."

"You're going——" Peter stopped short in his tidying. "I am glad," he said heartily. "That's splendid." He whistled a little tune, rolled a bunch of flimsies into a ball, and shied them at the fire.

"What's so splendid about it?" said Olive dryly.

"I'll tell you." He abandoned his desk and came over to hers. "You'll laugh yourself sick but you ought to hear."

"A good laugh is always a pleasure," she said, but from the line of her mouth you might imagine that nothing would ever amuse her again.

"Well, believe it or not, I suspected that you were staying on here for old Pain-in-the-neck himself. Can you cap that one?"

"No, and I shouldn't try." She banged a drawer shut with unnecessary violence. "My imagination can't compete with yours."

"I'm a fool." He laughed. "But when a man's in love——"

"In love! This time, Peter, you do make me laugh. You're no more in love with me than I am——"

"Than you are with Kit Clissold! Well, have it your own way, darling. Argument won't alter facts." He moved back to his job at the desk. He contemplated the confusion and then picked up a pile of index cards. "She loves me, she loves me not," he sang, dropping them one by one into the wastepaper basket. "The cards cannot lie, lady."

She watched him shuffle two in at a time. "No, but the soothsayer can cheat."

"She loves me," he ended triumphantly.

"She does not, and Miss Meredith will probably want those 'rejected addresses'."

"Who cares? I'm a playwright now, not an office boy. I've lived here for months in prison. I'm free. I need never see any of their silly faces again. And you're free, too, Olive——"

"Free for what?"

But he did not hear her, because just at that moment the telephone rang. Free for what? Her question remained unanswered.

Peter picked up the receiver. The call was for him. It was a message from Gertner's secretary. The young dramatist was wanted at the theatre. He turned back to Olive and his eyes were shining with excitement.

"I've got to go now, Olive." He looked at his desk. "I'll finish this when I come back. Don't let anyone touch it. You'll be here then?"

"I'm not sure, Peter."

He came and stood close to her. "I'm not going to say 'Good-bye'."

"Of course not," she agreed. Everything between them was dying a beautiful natural death. It would be a shame to interfere. There was no need to hurry the process. "I expect I'll see you next week."

"Sure," he said. "I must dash now."

She heard his light step hurry down the stairs—a satisfied sound. "You'll lose Peter—and then where will you be?" Tansey had known it all along. Well, it didn't much matter. It would be selfish to try to hold him. They had nothing to give one another. She was glad that he could run so cheerfully out of her life.

Everything went wrong that week-end. Peter was away in the country with Gertner's pet producer. Bill and Tansey were with a friend in the wholesale business who was going to get them their furniture at a substantial reduction. Olive spent Saturday afternoon in dogged misery, getting a sort of savage satisfaction from doing all the things she most disliked.

"A counter-irritant," she announced to the empty rooms as she tidied and mended and washed and reconstructed. On Sunday she decided that she would take a great health-giving walk. There was, she knew, an intimate connection between a broken heart and a want of exercise. She would stride over the hills, recapture her sense of humor, cut out the sentiment, start life afresh, devote herself to her new job, and plan a happy, busy, useful spinsterhood.

Unfortunately for such good resolutions Sunday dawned grey and rainy with a biting east wind and every possible depression that Iceland could export.

Tansey insisted on braving the elements. If she and Bill didn't measure every corner of their house that day they couldn't get ahead with curtaining and carpeting, and these things were an essential preliminary to their being married on the following Saturday.

SO Olive fought out her battle alone. It would be absurd to stride over the hills in such rain and probably start her new job with a streaming cold. So she curled disconsolately in an armchair with a novel, forcing her mind away from the forbidden paths.

It wasn't easy. Every now and then she laid her book down and conducted an argument with herself. What was she frei-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612919

ting about? She had lost a man who could never possibly be of any use to her. Couldn't she see it was a good riddance? And what was the use of a philosophy that gave little for cash and nothing at all for love if it didn't stand by her at the first crisis. Nothing at all for love, she reminded herself, and here she was in danger of considering the world well lost for Kit Clissold.

Well she knew herself now for a fake and a sham. She wasn't a genuine ice-maiden. She was "soft." Her mind went back over the fighting past. She had never been soft, even as a kid. She remembered a day at school when a notorious bully had decided to take her down a peg. Too "stuck up" they thought her. He'd twist her arm till she screamed for mercy. But she hadn't screamed. She'd held out, she was still holding out when the sight of a policeman at the corner had scattered the group. She hadn't squealed then, and she wouldn't squeal now. A broken heart was a purely imaginary pain. Since it only existed in the mind it could be conquered in the mind.

THEY were good arguments, but they did not afford her much relief. "Soft." She was glad her mother couldn't see her. Well, if she were soft, it would be a secret between herself and the four walls. No one else would ever know. Her facade would be unaltered.

After supper she faced the rain, and made her way to a hot gospeller's meeting at the Albert Hall. She was anxious to see Ada Garrick's performance. The weather had not kept the crowds away. It was an open meeting and people were pushing at every door, a great mixed bag of people.

Olive joined the nearest queue and soon found herself in company as she clattered up the interminable stone stairs. All the better parts of the hall were full and she was jammed in the gallery, surrounded by wet mackintoshes and dripping umbrellas. She was only just in time. Ten minutes later the doors were closed. No one else could be admitted.

From where she sat Olive could see the platform, very small and far away, and the great organ, and the row of seats behind and the flowers and the floodlights.

It was still a quarter of an hour to the advertised time. Someone started a hymn. The audience took it up lustily. One hymn followed another. The atmosphere grew friendly. People slipped out of their wet mackintoshes. The umbrellas lay at their feet, the little puddles no longer spreading. Everyone was excited. Occasionally there was a shout of "Hallelujah."

Olive thought with pride that this was a fine stunt. The best bit of work that Clissold's had ever put across. She looked down into the well below. Somewhere near the platform Kit and Ada Garrick were waiting—discreetly apart. Peter should have come along, for this was his real first night. He'd never have such an audience again.

Suddenly there was a peal on the organ. The congregation were silenced. Half a dozen men walked on to the platform. Two more arc lamps came into play. From the sides the newsreel men could be seen focusing their cameras. The stewards stood to attention. There was a moment of impressive silence. Expectancy hung in the air.

A man detached himself from the little group. Olive craned forward. From where she sat his face was a blur. He was a middle-aged man, inclined to be fat. He stood well to the front of the platform and for a moment continued to look in silence at his audience.

"Friends. . . ."

The amplifiers all over the house magnified his low tones so that no one need miss a syllable.

"Brothers and Sisters. . . ."

HE started quietly with effortless eloquence. Gradually his voice grew louder and stronger. Passion filled his speech. His periods rolled freely. He moved his arms in wide, sweeping gestures. His performance was a crescendo of emotion, culminating in a passionate appeal for confession.

As he stopped a rustle could be heard through the vast audience. People sat back. They moved in their seats. Women opened their bags and felt automatically for their powder-puffs. Throats were cleared. Here and there was a whispered word.

Then there was a more definite movement. Somebody from the stalls was going up on to the platform.

Olive could not see who it was till the person was half way up the steps. It was a bullet-headed man, short and square and dapper. He came forward quickly and spoke fast as if he were afraid his courage would fail him. He was not impressive. He stumbled and halted and then hurried doubly quick to make up for lost time. He told a confused story of a business deal that weighed on his conscience. The meeting lost something of its tense atmosphere. Olive hoped that Ada Garrick would not delay too long.

The bullet-headed man had finished. The hot gospeller was wringing him by the hand. Once again there was a definite movement, this time from one of the boxes at the back of the stage. Olive saw the heads turn in the stalls. There was a whisper of excitement.

"Coo—look at her," said the man at Olive's side.

Everybody craned forward. It was a woman in a long mink coat over a dress of dull white satin. Olive stared hard. Ada Garrick had planned to wear red velvet. Had she changed her mind about the frock at the last moment? The woman came forward with slow grace. Olive blinked. This was a blonde. Now she could see the sleek gold head, see her walk up the steps with a brisk young movement. Olive held her breath. The woman turned and faced the audience.

A little gasp ran round the hall. The whisper spread rapidly from one to the other.

"It's Madge Hewitt—from the Lyric. Ain't she lovely?"

"Glad I came. This is a do."

"Good as a show any day."

"Brave of her, I call it."

"Lovely."

Madge Hewitt from the Lyric. Olive felt stunned. The cultured voice was coming clearly through the amplifier. Madge Hewitt had jumped their claim. Olive didn't hear a word that she was saying. How had it happened? Had there been a leakage of information? Had Peter told it as a funny story to one of his garrulous friends? Had Mira sold it to the opposition? Did Miss Meredith talk in her sleep?

Olive couldn't listen to the words. She was only conscious that the voice trembled with emotion, that there was an occasional sympathetic sniff from the audience, and that the whole performance was being a roaring success. At the Press table she could see a row of bent heads.

Then the voice was silent. One or two forgetting the occasion, started to applaud and then stopped guiltily. People on the platform were congratulating Madge Hewitt. The hot gospeller was shaking her hand over and over again. Perhaps it was he who had framed the whole thing.

Olive got up. Apologetically she pushed her way out. She walked down the interminable stone stairs into the street. Outside the rain had stopped. She crossed the road and took an omnibus to Piccadilly. She sat dejectedly inside. Prosperity was still a jade who ran a lap ahead.

Sisyphus and his stone—— It had rolled back again. Kit Clissold was no nearer to the top of his mountain.

Next morning, Tansey was coughing and sneezing and running a temperature.

Olive was up early, determined to be punctual for Sir Timothy. She surveyed Tansey ruefully. "You can't go to work like that."

Tansey sneezed. "But they'll be so short-handed."

"Well, they'll be worse off when you've given them all that cold of yours. Bill wants to marry you, not bury you, on Saturday."

Olive brought her tea and toast, dosed her with quinine, propped up her pillows, gave her a novel, and told her to stay put.

"I'LL phone Miss Meredith on my way, and when you get too hungry there's milk in the larder and a tin of biscuits in the cupboard. I'll be back just after six, and I'll bring a lot of nourishing food in with me."

"But Bill——"

"I'll phone Bill, too—but he's not to come near you. For heaven's sake keep covered up and don't do anything more than usually stupid."

Tansey sniffed. "Thanks for the loving words, and if you are buying nourishing food—don't let it be fish!"

Olive made her phone calls at the post office down the street and hurried to the address which Sir Timothy had given her.

The offices and factory were combined in one gigantic building near Tower Bridge. Olive gasped a little when she saw it. She had been used to three shabby rooms for which Kit Clissold paid a staggering West End rent. His office furniture had been bought second-hand. The reception-room had seen his only attempt at decoration, and the result had faded long since and looked as shabby as the rest.

Sir Timothy's offices were magnificent. The lift hurried her up to the tenth floor. When she had worked her way through the great outer offices, where a dozen clerks sat busy behind their typewriters, and where all the furniture was the very newest, most fatigue-resisting, hygienic that could be bought, she came to an inner corridor, and was faced by a dozen mahogany doors, behind which sat managers and assistant managers, works managers and department managers, and behind one more impressive than the rest sat Sir Timothy Fox himself.

Beneath she could hear the far-away

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612920

throb of the machinery, and a faint smell of burning sugar filled the air.

Impressions crowded in on her as she followed an office boy into the sanctum in which Miss Grainger was to be found. The boy indicated Olive with a jerk of the head. "Morning, Miss Grainger. Young lady says you're expecting her."

"My name's Olive Arnold."

"Oh, that's right. Thank you, Tom. Come in, please. Sir Timothy told me you'd be along to-day."

CHAPTER 11

MISS GRAINGER was a handsome young woman of twenty-five, with a professionally pleasant manner, which successfully concealed any individuality she might have. She was dressed exactly for her part—the perfect secretary—in a severe, well-tailored, brown frock. The room, like everything else, was a model of order. It might have been imported just as it stood from an efficiency exhibition.

For a moment Olive's mind strayed back to the haphazard arrangements of Clissold's Publicity, where if your chair wasn't the right height you sat on an atlas, where an empty tobacco-tin served as ash tray, and where at tea-time there were never enough cups to go round.

With an effort she switched her mind to what Miss Grainger was saying.

"I'm so glad you were able to come this week. I can show you everything and Sir Timothy need hardly feel the change."

"I'm afraid I'll be a lot of trouble," said Olive politely. "It's not at all the kind of work I've been doing."

"You'll find it quite easy and Sir Timothy will make allowances. He's very reasonable and considerate."

It sounded rather like a reference. That wasn't how they had talked about old Pain-in-the-neck. Kit—darling, darling Kit—she wouldn't mind how unreasonable he was—a struggling, fighting human being. Then once more she switched her mind back to listen to Miss Grainger's polite explanations.

Miss Grainger was admirably lucid, and Olive was glad to have something on which to concentrate. At midday Sir Timothy himself came into the office. He was pleasant, fatherly, and extremely hearty. The sight of his new secretary reminded him of his publicity.

"That's right, Miss Grainger, show her everything. And get Mr. Clissold on the phone. He must be at that advertising conference, to-morrow, seven-thirty."

"Yes, Sir Timothy."

He gave her a few more instructions and disappeared. Miss Grainger phoned Clissold Publicity.

"They say he's not in." She rang off.

"I'LL try for him again later." Already she was looking for her next number. "Was he nice to work for?"

"Very nice," said Olive, in a small, stifled voice.

At lunch time Miss Grainger introduced her to the canteen. "There's a special room for the clerical workers."

Like everything else, the canteen shone and glistened. It had electric stoves and refrigerators, and even a soda fountain. The menu told you how much protein and how many calories your food contained. The food itself was cheap and excellent. But Olive thought longingly of ill-cut sandwiches and tea and indigestible cakes that she and Tansey had shared sitting on the window-sill in the office of Clissold Publicity.

After lunch Miss Grainger disappeared into the inner sanctum to take Sir Timothy's letters. When she came out she said casually, "I'd better ring your late boss, again."

This time, thought Olive confidently, he would be sure to be in. Kit Clissold always nursed a new client.

But he wasn't in. Miss Grainger turned from the phone to report. "His secretary says he hasn't been in all day. She sounded a bit flustered."

"He's terribly busy just now, and he's short handed," said Olive. "If he doesn't show up to-day—perhaps he's had to go out of town for a client—he'll be in the office punctually in the morning."

"Well, I've asked her to ring me if he gets there this afternoon."

But there was no word from Miss Meredith. At six o'clock Olive left, bought a tin of soup and a ready-cooked chicken, and hurried home to Tansey.

The cold was taking a normal course. "I'm bored and starved," announced the patient. "Feed me body and soul."

SO Olive heated the soup and gave her a detailed account of the glories of Sir Timothy's establishment.

"Any news from the old firm? How did Meredith take my defaulting?"

"She remained calm and Mr. Clissold apparently hasn't shown up all day."

"God—the office must be a desert. And where is old Pain-in-the-neck? Do you imagine he's gone on a razzle?"

"No," said Olive shortly. "I can't imagine what he's doing. It's not like him to neglect an important new client."

"He'll lose the old boy if he's not careful."

Olive pushed a bowl of soup under Tansey's nose. "Here, drink that, and build up the frame." She did not want to hear Tansey put her own vague fears into words.

Assisting Miss Grainger next morning, Olive found that all the time she was waiting for the moment when they would ring Kit Clissold, when Miss Grainger would turn from the telephone and say that he would be at the conference at seven-thirty, and this dumb terror would be lifted from her heart. She had fled from his office that she might forget, and now she was remembering every word, every look, every gesture, remembering in an agony of anxiety.

At midday Miss Grainger tried again. This time she was plainly worried. "Isn't it queer, Miss Arnold? There's this big conference to-night, and I don't know how we're to get at Mr. Clissold. He's not at his office. Sir Timothy won't like it at all."

She was right. Sir Timothy did not like it, and one could hardly blame him. He came in, with unruffled heartiness, at tea-time, in order to get ready for his conference.

"Got all the documents, Miss Grainger?" Of course she had, everything was as neat and correct as could be.

"That's right—and our friend Clissold?"

"I haven't been able to get him, Sir Timothy."

"Not get him? What do you mean?"

"He hasn't been at his office, and his secretary says she doesn't know where he is."

"Doesn't know where he is? Well, that's a nice way of doing business. You ring his damn secretary and tell her he comes to my conference to-night or I'm through with him."

"Yes, Sir Timothy."

"And that treacle amalgamation?"

"Yes—I have the letters here."

"Bring them in to me—I want to give you some notes."

Olive was helpful. "You go along, Miss Grainger. I'll ring Clissold's for you."

"Would you? I'll come right away then, Sir Timothy."

Olive waited till they had both disappeared before she gave the number.

Presently she heard Miss Meredith at the other end.

"This is Olive, here, Miss Meredith. Where is Mr. Clissold?"

"Oh, Olive!" It was almost a sigh of relief. "I don't know. He hasn't shown up at all for the last two days and I can't get any answer from his flat, and such a lot of people have been wanting him, and I don't know what to do."

"He must get to Sir Timothy's conference to-night."

"Yes, but where is he?"

Olive was silent for a moment. "I'll find him," she said. "Don't worry, Miss Meredith. I'll find him. Don't say anything. Just keep the flag flying for another hour."

"Well, Olive, I'm sure I'm glad you have some idea where he is. Of course, if there had been an accident the police would have notified us."

"That's true. Don't worry. It will be all right."

Olive rang off and sat with her hands clasped in front of her. It would be all right. But would it? How, where could she find Kit Clissold? If there had been an accident. . . . No, Miss Meredith had rightly ruled that out of court.

THE door of the inner room opened. "Did you get him?" asked Miss Grainger.

"Yes," said Olive boldly. "It's quite all right. He'll be along this evening."

"Oh, that's good." She turned back and reported the news to Sir Timothy.

Olive looked at the clock. It was ten to six. She would not be released till the hour struck and the siren blew. Between six o'clock and seven-thirty she had to find Kit and get him to the conference.

As she stood in the street she decided that her first try would be at his flat—not because she had any real hope of finding him there, but because she did not know where else to go. She remembered the address since the morning when she had phoned to tell him that the Blue Parrot was defying the law. There was no time to be lost. She took a taxi.

The flats had no lift. They were very dingy. No life seemed to stir within. Olive mounted the stone staircase to the third floor. A blank front door, like all the others, confronted her. She rang the bell. There was no answer. She reached up for the knocker, and as her hand touched the door it gave a little. She looked closer. It had not been properly latched. She pushed it and went inside.

She stood in the dark, narrow hall. Everything was very quiet. Against the wall was an old-fashioned telephone. The receiver hung down by its cord off the hook.

Olive pushed the nearest door open. It was a dining-room, furnished with barest necessities, and the only sign that it had ever known human habitation was a folded

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612921

evening paper on the sideboard. Olive walked over and picked it up. It was an early edition of Saturday's "Evening Herald." Kit had come back, then, after he left the office.

She was frightened, increasingly frightened of what she might find behind all these closed doors. She wanted to run away and hide. But she was a fighter. She had boasted she was a fighter. She laid down the paper and stepped quickly across the hall and opened the door of the room opposite. There was a noise. She could hear it before she switched on the light.

Kit Clissold lay on the sofa. That was the first thing she saw before her eyes took in the outlines of the ugly sitting-room. Kit lay on the sofa, one arm across his face, and on the chair beside him were the remains of a decanter of whisky and a bottle of bromide. She could hear his breathing, deep and regular.

She was no longer frightened. She glanced at her watch. Half-past six. In an hour's time he had to be sane, and sober at a conference.

She stepped across to the sofa and shook him hard. He groaned a little and his arm fell away from his face. She could see it now, grey and lined and relaxed. She shook him again. His lips moved as if framing a word, but his eyes did not open.

CHAPTER 13

"KIT," she said, low but insistive. "Kit . . . wake up."

His head dropped forward unresponsively. She hurried into the hall and opened the nearest door. It was the kitchen. She filled a jug at the sink and came back with it.

The water on his face roused him. He shook his head and opened his eyes. He stared about him for a second and then his look fastened on Olive.

"You," he said. "You."

"Yes. Listen. You've got to be very quick. Sir Timothy is expecting you at a conference at seven-thirty. It is now six thirty-five. You've just under an hour and this office is quite a way. You've got to get there or he's through with you."

He stared at her dully. A clean handkerchief stuck out of his pocket. She took it and wiped his neck where the water was trickling down, and then his face and his hair. As she worked she talked. "Pull yourself together. There's no time to be lost."

He struggled back to earth. "You," he repeated. "The last person. . . . Why do you want to force me to remember? Why do you . . ." He stopped abruptly. He pushed her away. "Let me alone. Who asked you to interfere?"

Their eyes met and anger ruled them. That he should throw away his chances like this—that she should find him so humiliated. Anger was there, and pain and discomfiture. They measured one another like enemies.

He struck first, pushing back his damp hair with an impatient gesture. "Last time we met you told me I couldn't keep my staff. Seems to me my trouble is how to get rid of them."

"Don't worry. I'm quite exceptional," she retorted, stung. "And don't flatter yourself. I'm not your staff any more. I'm here for Sir Timothy. He's expecting you at seven-thirty, a fact you seem to have forgotten."

He held his wrist-watch in front of his eyes. She saw him blink before he could get the figures into focus. "What are you worrying about? It's only six-thirty."

"Yes, and Sir Timothy has been trying to get hold of you for two days."

"Well, he hasn't bought me body and soul, has he? I'll be at his damned conference. What more does he want?"

"A lot more. He'd like you sober, tidy, and industrious."

He jumped to his feet. When he stood up he swayed a little. He held the edge of the mantelpiece for support. "I've stood about enough of this. How the hell did you get in, anyway?"

"If you want to be really private it's advisable to shut the front door."

A SMILE flickered over his face. "Right, as usual."

She looked him over. "You'd better change your collar. If there were any coffee in the kitchen I'd make you a cup." She hadn't meant to say that. She was determined never to stretch out a helping hand again. The words had slipped out. "Is there any?"

"I don't know. I'm sure." He shifted his position and studied himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. "I look a nasty bit of work," he said dispassionately.

She hardened her heart. "You do."

"All right. I'll straighten up. You promised Sir Timothy to produce me on time. I wouldn't like you to disappoint him so soon."

The kitchen door was ajar. Olive walked in. On the table was what she took to be the remains of Monday morning's breakfast. There was some coffee in an aluminium pot. She put it on the gas. She hadn't meant to do this. She heard him moving about, cursing under his breath. She hadn't meant to do this. It was weak. Kit had to be taunted back to work. That was the quickest way. There was no time for any other process. The only trouble was that the effect was so transitory. She could enrage him into little spurts of activity, but she knew that under other circumstances she could have restored his self-confidence, given him back the only strength that would carry him all the way. She watched the flame under the coffee-pot. Well, it was useless to think about that now. Sir Timothy was waiting.

Presently Kit called from the bedroom. His voice was bitter. "That was a grand stunt we pulled off on Sunday night."

"I know. I was there."

"I'm becoming superstitious."

"What about?"

"My luck. It's too bad to be just chance. Did you find any coffee?"

"Yes. I'm heating it."

"I'm ready now."

She poured the coffee into a cup and carried it into the sitting-room. Kit looked white and strained, but he was once more meticulously tidy, shaven, his hair sleeked close to his head, wearing a fresh suit, that was obviously professionally brushed and pressed. Once more he looked remote and impersonal as he had done in the past at the office. She could hardly believe that ten minutes ago she had seen him with the mask off.

She handed him the coffee-cup and two aspirins. "Ministering angel," he murmured as he took them, and the contempt in his tone embraced them both. "I wonder where I put Saturday's 'Evening Herald,' he said. "It gave me an idea."

"It's in the dining-room. Drink that. I'll get it in a minute." He smelt the coffee suspiciously. "Don't blame me. I didn't make it." She looked around her at the drab, untended room. "You get bad service here."

"Only here?"

"Yes. At the office you get much better service than you deserve. I used to stand up for you. Wasn't I the fool? The others used to say you were no good. And they were right."

"What makes you think so?"

"You lie down on a job."

"When? Whose?"

"This one." She pointed to the bottles. "How long have you been unconscious?"

"Since Sunday night. Now let me tell you something."

"I'm listening."

"Every man is entitled to a holiday—isn't he? You'd think nothing of it if I'd gone away for the week-end, would you?"

"It's not the same thing."

"Certainly it isn't." He paused for a moment marshalling his arguments. "If I'd gone away for the week-end I'd have walked up and down the Brighton front remembering every minute that Clissold's Publicity was cursed; that nothing I could do would go right; that my staff detested me; that my clients doubted me; that I had no balance at the bank and a host of liabilities—and that Sir Timothy would probably die and Gertner go into bankruptcy. I'd have remembered the damned business every moment of my holiday. What I needed was to forget." He smiled grimly. "I managed it."

She looked up at him gravely. "Ingenious. But I'm not impressed."

"I'm a fool to talk to you," he retorted hotly. "You couldn't understand—your kind understand nothing—slipping calmly from one job to another—your greatest worry being how often you can afford a permanent wave."

"I'm still less impressed when you whine about your responsibilities."

The blow went home. "Thank you," his voice was icy.

SHE followed it up. "I'm not impressed because you left Miss Meredith nearly distracted. Everyone was ringing you Monday and Tuesday. You left Sir Timothy none too pleased, and you've left yourself in no fit state for anything."

"You think not." He accepted the challenge, which was what she had hoped he would do. "I'll show you about that. We'd better be going. I'll call a taxi. You get that paper for me." It was the old brusque, impersonal tone with which the employees of Clissold's Publicity were so familiar.

The taxi was waiting for them when they reached the foot of the stairs. He sat down heavily beside her. He passed his hand across his eyes and shook his head. "What am I supposed to be going to?" The fight had gone out of him. His head ached intolerably. Nothing could possibly matter in this "morning-after" world.

"An advertising conference. I gather from Miss Grainger that it lasts about an hour. She takes the notes to-day. After that I'm called in, the advertising men depart, and Sir Timothy has some purely publicity scheme which he wishes to discuss with us."

"Good God! Sounds most enthralling. How do you like your new employer?"

She smiled. "He's extremely hearty and he calls me 'my dear.' Very pleasant, but

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612922

all the same I suspect he's got a temper. No one could have got to his position merely by being hearty."

"I thought that was the sovereign receipt for success. Weren't you advising me the other day to chum up with the outer office?"

"It was quite safe advice. I knew you'd go on losing your temper just the same."

"I see."

"And haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. You were right—as usual."

THE taxi drew up outside Fox's toffee works. Olive led the way upstairs. Miss Grainger showed Kit into the inner office.

"There's only one more to come," she said to Olive, when she came back. "You won't be wanted for at least an hour." She studied her companion. "You look very tired. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No. I'll get something now and come back."

"That's right. You'll find that one needs one's wits about one for these conferences. They all talk at once—but you'll soon get used to it. You're very quick."

"It's kind of you to say so."

"Sir Timothy has a wonderful flair for picking people. Your Mr. Clissold looks very ill—or does he always look like that?"

"No—it's—it's that he's had a very busy week-end and a frightful rush to get here."

"It's all a great strain for them, isn't it?" she said correctly. "Well, I'll expect you back about eight-fifteen."

"Yes, Miss Grainger."

Olive walked thoughtfully to the nearest teashop. She savored her new position. Kit was no longer her employer. She could talk to him in his own language. She was going to see that he got there—even if he hated her for it. She was going to push him along to success—even if it had to be done with cruelty. Some day he'd be glad. He had to have success because he had nothing else.

She didn't like to think about his desolate flat. It was "soft" to want to mother a man, to want to see that he had his meals, and that his home was properly kept, and that he wasn't allowed to take refuge in drink. It was difficult not to offer him the comfort that only a woman could give, the comfort of telling him that he was wonderful, that everything would be all right, that no one could handle the situation better, the comfort of being assured of someone's affection. It was "soft" to want to be kind, when it was probably more bracing and effective to be cruel. It was certainly much more difficult. She must set a rein on her tongue and a curb about her heart. Either might betray her.

Olive was back punctually, and a quarter of an hour later Miss Grainger emerged with the members of the advertising staff. She nodded to Olive.

"GO right in. Sir Timothy is waiting."

Olive looked across anxiously at Kit. He was white as a sheet, but his lips were set grimly. There was a wrinkle of pain on his forehead, but he sat still and apparently attentive, though his tell-tale hands gripped at the edge of the table.

Olive was not the only person who stared anxiously at Kit. Sir Timothy didn't at all like the look of his new publicity agent. He hoped he hadn't been deceived. It wasn't often that he got taken in over anything, but perhaps he'd been a bit hasty in engaging this man and his attractive secretary. The girl seemed all right, so far, but he certainly didn't like the look of the man. Where had he been these two days? To judge by his appearance he'd been on a blind. How did the girl know where he was? It was all very fishy. Everything about the Fox toffee works had to be above suspicion. In England respectability paid.

He glanced sideways at Kit. The fellow looked in a shocking state. He couldn't do his work properly in this condition. Sir Timothy wouldn't be getting his money's worth and that was a thing he couldn't endure. The girl looked cool enough—and damned pretty, too—but there was something between the two—of that he was certain.

However, all three behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. Kit tried to ignore his aching head and understand what Sir Timothy was saying. Once he looked across at Olive. He could see her profile as she bent over her notebook. How calm she looked, how terribly self-possessed. He hated her—hated all such girls with their airs of superiority safe above the battle. She was so damnably right, he thought wearily, always right. He hated her. He hoped he would never see her again. He must make it impossible to see her again. She was too dangerous and disturbing, she was too clever and too beautiful, she was too amusing and too companionable. He was defenceless against her. She hurt him as no one else in the world had the power to hurt him. He hated her.

SIR TIMOTHY had disposed of his preliminary business. He made a little pause and pushed the cigarettes towards Kit.

"Now," he said impressively, "on another matter. This is what I really wanted to talk to you about. I'm putting a new product on the market—nothing that will clash with eating toffee—something you can eat as well as toffee." He opened a little sample box to show them the contents. "Milk tablets—for hikers—for workers—for travellers—for everybody who may want a compressed meal. . . ."

Sir Timothy went on at length. He addressed them on the merits of the tablets as if they were the public who were expected to consume them. He liked to believe in his own products. He generally found that if he talked long enough he could convince himself. He worked up to his peroration. "Now I want these put across as extra sustaining. There are lots of tablets on the market, what we've got to demonstrate is that ours replace a whole meal."

"I see."

There was silence in the room for a moment, then Sir Timothy returned to the attack. "We want to get that across right away. We want to do it in some spectacular manner before I launch my big advertising campaign. You can go for twenty-four hours on six—or shall we say eight—of our milk tablets." Sir Timothy looked inquiringly towards Kit. He was like a man who had put his penny in the slot and expected some return.

The wrinkle on Kit's forehead deepened. "I see. Hiker's food."

"Yes. Hikers never eat our toffee, anyway. It's too sticky, and it makes you thirsty. But they will eat our milk tablets. So far the chocolate people have nobbled all the public that needs sustaining. Now it's our turn. But it's the wrong time of the year for hikers."

"Yes." Kit suddenly slapped Saturday's newspaper on the table. "I've got a better one than hikers."

"Good." Sir Timothy smiled inquiringly. Now the young man would show his paces.

Kit opened the paper. "You've seen this, of course. Chorus-girl pilot. England's youngest flier. Baby May, who is to make a solo flight to Australia. All right. She'll take no provisions save Fox's milk tablets. How's that?"

Sir Timothy looked doubtful. After all, he might be held responsible if anything went amiss. "Well, I don't know. It's a long flight. And while of course our milk tablets are extremely nourishing no one could be expected to live on them for the length of time."

"Of course not—but all these fliers come down and have a square meal. Their provisions are only for over the sea. And how do we—or anybody else—know what she takes on board once she leaves England?"

Sir Timothy still demurred. "Of course it would be a splendid send-off. But—you know I wouldn't like anything to go wrong. Supposing people found out afterwards that she shipped all sorts of other foods later on? I don't want to be mixed up in anything that isn't absolutely above board."

"She'll take jelly good care that they don't know, because it wouldn't do her any good. Besides, we'll offer her half the money now and the other half when the whole thing is successfully accomplished. That will ensure her being careful."

"Yes, she must be careful. The confidence of the public is my greatest treasure."

Kit looked wrathfully at his new client. "She'll be careful," he said. "I'll make her." One had the impression that if provoked he might lay Baby May across his knee and give her a good hiding.

"You really believe in this idea?" Sir Timothy was still uneasy. "I don't want to check you right at the start. If you think you can pull it off well and good. You'll be able to judge better when you've seen the girl and heard her terms. But if you have the slightest doubt I don't want you to go through with it. We have a big reputation here. People in a small way can take a risk—we can't."

"It'll be all right."

Sir Timothy turned to Olive. "What do you think, my dear?"

KIT laughed. "Don't ask Olive. She'll say it's a rotten idea. She always does."

Sir Timothy ignored the interruption. He waited for Olive's answer. "Well," she temporised, "I don't quite see where it could go wrong." She pointed to the page. "Except that I don't like the look of the young lady."

Sir Timothy smiled in his patronising fatherly way. "I think we may attribute that to a little feminine jealousy."

He studied the picture of Baby May, who from being a nobody in the chorus, had suddenly become a national heroine.

"Pretty little kid," he said. Which reminded him of just such another who was waiting for him in a flat off Curzon Street. The conference was finished. Sir Timothy wanted to get away. "Well, I'll leave it to you, Clissold. You'll see the young lady right away and let me know what happens."

"Yes, Sir Timothy."

"And you, my dear, run along home. Transcribe all that in the morning."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612923

KIT and Olive walked along the street together. "Go on," he urged. "Say it. Tell me you think it's a rotten idea."

"No," she said judicially. "It's a good idea—if it works. But supposing the girl is honest. She'll never trust her life to those milk tablets."

"She won't be honest," he said, "few people are, and they're never the people who get into the papers. Now I must go and find her." An involuntary little sigh escaped him. He felt licked.

Olive laid a hand on his arm. "Not to-night."

"Why not?"

"Be sensible for once." She smiled at him. "Have a meal and go to bed and see her in the morning. She'll get the better of you to-night."

He smiled back at her—his faint, ghostly smile. "You are always right." He hailed a passing taxi. "I'll drop you at your place. Get in." As the taxi started he said. "I ought to be taking you along with me to-morrow. You're good at spotting crooks."

"No. You'll do better alone." Hadn't Claudette Crawford found him "divinely repellent"? "Besides, I don't see how she can be a crook, despite her face."

"Why not? And what's the matter with her face?"

"I don't like her mouth. Still, flying solo to Australia is no joke. There are so many easier ways if one wants to be crooked. I can't see what's her racket."

"No, but I'm beginning to think that I've only got to meet anyone these days for them to fall foul of the law."

"Once you told me not to see bogies everywhere."

"I was right. I expect Baby May—what a name—is a charming and courageous girl—only when she's crossed to Australia on a diet solely composed of Fox's milk tablets she'll also be a corpse. We'll have a murder on our hands. That's the snag. I see it all now. . . ."

"What?"

"Well, the way things are going these days the girl will be honest—perfectly honest—and she'll agree—and she'll come down dead of malnutrition and the world will say that Fox's milk tablets were to blame."

"And Sir Timothy will lose 'the confidence of the people.'"

"Nasty old hypocrite. I don't know how you stand him. I know," he went on quickly before she could answer him, "consider the alternative. You doubtless made a very wise choice."

They were nearing Olive's road. She didn't want to let him go like this, so bitter, so lonely, so unhappy. It might be "soft," but she didn't care. "Listen, what about your meal? Would you like me to give you something?"

"No," he said shortly. His hands were pressed hard together.

"Weren't you ever taught to say 'thank you'?"

"Yes, but I never succeeded in learning. Now, you listen to me," he went on grimly, "once I asked you to do me a favor."

"Which was?"

"I asked you," he said slowly, "not to try to make me like you. I've told you already—life's too difficult as it is. But you couldn't do that one simple thing I asked. You'd do anything else, but not the thing I wanted. Well, I won't take anything else—see? Now, do you understand?"

"I understand." She did not look in his direction. Icy fingers touched her heart. That's what she got for being "soft." Well, it was the last time. "You won't have to complain again." The taxi slowed before her door. She jumped out quickly. "Good night," she said. She did not turn round but ran lightly up the steps and disappeared.

Tansey was sitting up, eager for gossip, busy on her wedding invitations, which were going out on postcards, each one in the bride's own rather laborious handwriting. "You are late, Olive. Did Clissold turn up at the conference?"

Olive nodded. "Yes. How's the cold?"

"Oh, I'll have to go back to work to-morrow. I've no further excuse. Did Pain-in-the-neck say where he'd been?"

"No. Everything went off as per schedule. Shall I make some tea?"

"I'll do it. You look all in."

"New jobs are always tiring," said Olive, sinking into an armchair. "So much to remember and one can't be haphazard at Fox's."

OLIVE took her tea and listened to Tansey's chatter about the day's minor events. She was sorry when it was time to go to bed, when sleep closed Tansey's mouth. For there was nothing left save to face her own thoughts, save to tell herself again and again that she was a fool. She had nothing left now—not even her pride. He thought that she pursued him. He had told her pretty plainly that he didn't want her. Why couldn't she believe him? Why did she still treasure this absurd illusion that no matter what he said or did he needed her—loved her perhaps? She had no justification, no reason on her side. All she could do would be to hide her thoughts, and offer him only her most stinging hostility. It was a pity. She had so much to give and there was so much that he needed. In time she supposed someone else would come along to fill the gap. It was not easy to grow reconciled to this idea.

The following afternoon Kit came to tell Sir Timothy the result of his interview with Baby May. The fact that Olive knew she was being a fool didn't make any difference. She found herself anxiously scrutinising his face, wondering if he had had his full complement of meals and the proper amount of sleep.

When the conference in the inner office was ended the two men came out together and Sir Timothy paused by Olive's desk.

"Well, we've got her, my dear. Mr. Clissold proposes to have her menu all over to-morrow's papers."

"That's fine," said Olive automatically.

Sir Timothy nodded. "A fast worker, I see, when he get on the job."

"How did she take the suggestion?" Olive asked.

"Only thing she objected to was the division of the money. She fought that tooth and nail, but I was firm," said Kit.

Olive looked up quickly. "I suppose she means to go."

Kit took her point. "I thought of that. She plans to start Monday early—the moon's full next week—the money won't be paid into her bank till she has actually taken off."

Sir Timothy patted Kit on the shoulder. Kit was not used to such fatherly gestures. Olive saw him squirm, though his face was still a mask. "You've thought of everything, my boy. Now, I mustn't delay you—but when this rush is over I'd like you to see my factory."

"Thanks. I'd like that very much. Well, I'll get ahead with this story."

Kit had gone and the room seemed queerly empty. Olive felt defeated at last. She had shot all her bolts and none of them had gone home.

Tansey that night brought news from the office.

"Pain-in-the-neck has engaged an old harridan to replace you, Olive. She's at least fifty and plain to match. Do you think his wife made him?"

"He hasn't got a wife."

"How do you know?"

"He—he told me."

"Well, hasn't some woman had a lucky escape."

Olive saw the next morning that even with only the assistance of his "old harridan" Kit had managed to put across the story of Baby May and Fox's milk tablets in great style. Baby May was right in the news. The public wanted to know everything about her. The papers would even publish pictures of her surveying her equipment, with Fox's milk tablets well to the fore.

Sir Timothy was delighted. "It was worth the money. And let me tell you that little girl struck a hard bargain." He grew sentimental. "But, after all, she deserved it. Plucky little kid."

HARD news was scarce the next day, and Baby May held her place on the front page. The public learnt what brand of petrol she was using, what kind of oil, whose sparking-plugs and whose radio, who had dressed her, who had supplied her flash-lamp and her wrist-watch, where she had bought her charts and who had made her shoes and her lingerie—and learnt, too, her views on love and marriage and art, on careers for women, and the state of the theatre, and the future of flying.

Kit was triumphant. Tansey reported from the office that he had been seen to smile, and Olive herself had visible proof on Friday night. Kit had been completing the final arrangements with Sir Timothy, and he stopped by Olive's desk on his way out. She was alone in the outer office. Miss Grainger had taken a message to the factory.

"Did I once hear you say I was lying down on a job?" he asked.

"I was wrong," she said shortly.

"I can't believe that. You're famous for being right."

"We're not through yet."

"No, but this time we're really launched. Why, even if she crashes within the first half hour Fox's milk tablets would have sustained her all the way to Australia. What could go wrong?"

"Nothing."

He looked at her searchingly. "You're afraid."

She steeled her heart against him. "Why should I care? It's nothing to me any more."

A sudden gust of nervous anger shook him. "That's typical. Go from one employer to another, what do you care whether they sink or swim?"

She sighed. "Do decide which way you want it. One minute you reproach me for

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612924

caring too much, and the next for not caring enough."

His temper died as suddenly as it had risen. "I'm a fool," he said. "Don't mind me. I'm all on edge." He pulled himself together and nodded casually. "Good-bye."

He left the room abruptly. Olive made no effort to detain him. He asked to be let alone—well, she was through. She'd never try to help again. She sat looking blankly at the letter in her machine—a letter with the Fox trade mark of a child with a bag of toffee. If anything went wrong with this stunt. Darling—darling Kit. It wouldn't be fair. He'd taken so many knocks. He didn't want her, and she wouldn't intrude, but she couldn't conquer her feelings—at least not just yet—not just yet. Time was said to work miracles. She'd be interested to see Time do his stuff.

CHAPTER 13

OLIVE left the office punctually. Friday was pay day. She had her five pounds in an envelope. She had also the five pounds which she had taken out of the post office that morning. The winter coat could wait. It didn't matter if you were shabby at Fox's toffee works. No one would imagine that Sir Timothy was insolvent. She wanted the money for a wedding present for Tansey. She'd soon save it again.

She made her way to one of the big stores that stayed open till seven. She knew just what she wanted—a silver tea-service. It would delight Tansey's heart and need not offend her own eye.

She secured a small one for eight pounds. Two pounds would meet her share of the rent and feed her for the coming week. Soon, she thought, she would be quite well off.

For the first time she pondered on the possibilities of five pounds a week. She'd got to fill her life. She looked again at the silver tea-service. The assistant was wrapping each piece in tissue paper. She'd got to fill her life. After all, women did get some kind of satisfaction from presiding over their own teapots in their own homes. She was never going to have that so she'd got to have something else—and the sooner she found it the better. She had been "soft" long enough. It was a mistake—it got you nowhere—it got you nothing—not even thanks.

On Saturday Tansey got married. She was radiant. A little group of friends saw the thing through and adjourned subsequently to Tansey's new home.

Peter was among the guests. Olive realised that he had come out of a sense of duty and that he found the company distinctly trying.

"I can only make a flying visit, you know," he explained. "Just to see the thing was legal. Olive, I haven't seen you for a whole week." He looked at her critically. "You've aged, woman. Does Sir Timothy prove unkind?"

"No, but weddings are rather trying."

"You always thought so. I see you haven't changed your mind."

She wanted to retort "But you have." How surprised he would be if he were now called upon to marry her. But all she said was, "Is Gertner satisfied with your publicity?"

"Yes. You've got to hand it to old Pain-in-the-neck that given any possible subject he'll make the best of it. Trouble was we always had such impossible subjects. Yes, he's done a good job. He knows his stuff. I needn't tell you that, though, you were always his advocate. And then he sacked his advocate! I hope you're cured now."

"Oh, yes, I'm cured." She changed the subject. "How are rehearsals going?"

"An agony and a delight. Gina is going to be superb." Already he was anxious to be back. "Well, I daren't stop. I've got to get to the theatre. Good-bye, kitten," he gave Tansey a brotherly kiss. "Be good."

Peter was drifting out of their lives, just as Olive had always known he would. He said good-bye with earnest assurances that he was going to ring her at his very first free moment and that they would go off and have a marvellous time together.

Olive was the last to leave the party because she stayed to help Tansey wash up the new crockery in the immaculate white sink and use the spotless kitchen cloths and set everything back on the newly-painted dresser.

They parted in the old-rose drawing-room, which was one of Tansey's many dreams come true. "Good-bye, Tansey. It's silly to say that I hope you'll be happy, because I know you will."

Olive gave one last look round, looked at the three-piece suite and the damask curtains and the Wilton carpet and the back of Bill's head as he busied himself collecting and emptying the ash-trays, and at Tansey in the pearl-grey costume, and out at the little garden and the bicycle-shed that this time next year would doubtless hold a pram. "This is the end of every man's desire. . . ."

"What'll you do to-night, Olive? I don't like you going back to that flat all alone." She looked at Olive doubtfully and was reassured. Olive looked so cool and detached and unmoved. Tansey laughed. "At least I would mind if it were anyone but you. . . ."

"Don't you worry. You can't see me sitting at home pining, can you?"

"No, I can't."

"I'll ring you from the office next week."

"Right. I'll come down one day and we'll have lunch together."

"Fine. Good-bye, Tansey. Good-bye, Bill."

"Good-bye. . . . Good-bye. . . ."

And then there was silence—a silence in which Olive found her way back by bus, a silence which lasted all that night and all next Sunday. A quiet, new silence, that was, she argued, to last her all her life. The sooner she grew accustomed to it the better.

ON Monday morning hundreds of interested people eyed the sky anxiously. It was a lovely day. Baby May was to take off. She had insisted that this one feature of the flight should be private.

"I don't want anyone there," she had told a reporter, "any one at all save my mother and my manager. I might cry. I wouldn't want any of you to see that."

The reporter recorded that while making this statement Baby May had looked absurdly young and extremely beautiful. So they had let her have her way. They waxed sentimental about it. Monday morning's papers, therefore, contented themselves with the bare announcement that Baby May had left her private flying field in her own plane at six a.m. Olive read the news on her way to work.

By twelve noon came the first excitement. Sir Timothy brought in the racing editions of the evening papers. In the stop press were three lines to the effect that Baby May's plane had crashed outside Paris. Sir Timothy was unmoved. He really had had splendid publicity. Baby May could be of no further use to him.

But more was to follow. The next edition of the "Evening Herald" had a scoop—a real hot story such as had not come the way of any paper for months. They risked a dozen libel actions, and played it for all it was worth.

IT happened that their Paris correspondent had been on holiday, and had the great good fortune to be on the spot when the accident occurred. He was able to make a series of startling revelations.

In the first place, Baby May's flight was not a solitary affair. As the machine descended he discovered that there was a man in control. The crash was pre-arranged, but it had proved rather more violent than they had anticipated. The pilot was unconscious, and Baby May herself had taken a whole-size crack on the head.

At the nearest estaminet they had dosed her liberally with brandy while they went in search of a doctor. The drink and the knock combined had been too much for her. She became lightheaded. Hysterically believing she was dying, she had given the reporter a confession. The flight was a racket. She had never intended to fly for Australia. She had meant to crash gently, let the pilot go into hiding, and she herself was to be found, a little damaged and pathetic, alone in the machine.

The whole affair had been very paying. For every commodity she had used she had asked her price. She enumerated the manufacturers, the publicity agents concerned. She told how much each paid her. After which, quite suddenly, she fell into a beautiful, childlike sleep, during which time the newspaper man dashed to the nearest post office and electrified London.

Nowhere was the effect more startling than in the office of Fox's toffee works. Never before had the breath of scandal touched Sir Timothy, and he was going to make quite certain that such a thing should never happen again.

Kit Clissold started for the city before he was summoned. There was nothing to wait for. The sooner the music was faced the better. And what music!

Sir Timothy simultaneously interviewed his secretary and his new publicity agent. He did not appear to distinguish at all between their guilt. They were equally damned in his eyes. Between them they had tainted the good name of Fox's toffee.

The temper of which Olive had always suspected him was now seen in full blast. It was a magnificent display. Sir Timothy let fly. He let fly for a full quarter of an hour. Even if the culprits had wanted to speak it would have been impossible. Happily, they didn't want to. Kit smoked a large number of cigarettes. They neither of them moved or protested. They were curiously alike in their attitude, coldly watching the display. Anyone less angry than Sir Timothy might have been intimidated, or at least made self-conscious by their scrutiny.

FINALLY, Sir Timothy summed up the main counts against them.

"You've disgraced my firm. I was against the idea from the start, but there was no holding you—or your secretary,

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612925

cap, that's what you are—both of you. u think in a cheap, sensational way. d dishonest. I warned you not to do thing unless it were absolutely safe. ll, I won't have my firm dragged down further, see? You and your kind, re just parasites on honest industry. I t up this works myself—you couldn't d anything. All you can do is to feed public lies. You can get right out of place and stay out. You're just a ple of adventurers. I don't want to r what you have to say. I never want see either of you again. You"—he indid Olive—"Miss Grainger will give you week's money. And as to you——" He ng round to Kit. "You can sue me for rs—if you dare. I'll fight you. I'll ch you a lesson. Now get out."

It stood for a moment quite still, with ghostly smile touching the corners of lips. Then he moved quietly to the r.

"See you in court," he said. "Good day."

In the outer office he turned to Olive, me on. We'll go to my place."

"Wait till I get my money."

Miss Grainger remained perfectly cor- to the end. She made out a cheque said good-bye politely, just as if she unconscious of anything unusual.

ack at the office Olive telephoned the Parrot. "Let me try it anyway."

Robeson was in. Olive recognised wicked chuckle. "Listen, Mrs. Robeson, is Mr. Clissold's secretary. Remem-"

"The pretty one. Of course I do."

"Been the spot we're in?"

"Yes, if I were sensible I'd leave you."

"Mrs. Robeson, we've got a plan—if you'll e."

"Let's hear it."

"Mr. Clissold is going to try to bring May to your place to-night—and rge party—of—of new clients."

"New clients," echoed Kit in a hoarse per. "What are you talking about?"

"We're going to get every paper in along to see this sight. Are you Mrs. Robeson?"

THE well-known chuckle along the line. "I always said you a smart girl. Sure, I'm on. Ring later and tell me the time and the ber of people. I'll spread the news ssip among my regulars. Must have ll house. You'll ring me?"

"I will."

Olive rang off and turned to Kit. "She's d sort. Now you've got to get Baby ."

"I will, if I have to bring her manacled."

For a moment Olive faltered. "If she come——"

"She'll come," said Kit eagerly. "You'll . All the others are going to weigh her with abuse and threats. She's em down, blown the gaff—in which ume they'll be quite right. If she't lost her head—— Still, that's past. with "reasonable luck, I ought to only one who comes with con- lations and a pleasant proposition."

"With reasonable luck!"

"Don't remind me of that! But what your 'new clients'?"

"Later's minor somebodies. I'll get 'em. point of our story will be that the thing has done us a lot of good . . ."

"I get you. That people realise that nterprise that got Fox's milk tablets o Baby May's plane is the enterprise that will get them on to the front page. I take you. I'll go off to her flat now."

"I'll do a lot of telephoning."

"I'll have all calls put straight through to you here."

"Better tell Miss Meredith the line we're taking in case any one comes into the reception-room."

"I'll do it on my way out." He nodded as he left the room. "Good luck."

Olive immediately picked up the telephone. She was excited at this last throw for the fortunes of Clissold Publicity. She had no time to analyse her motives. Kit and she were ranged together again in battle—lone fighters both. They were ranged against Sir Timothy and Gertner, and all cowardly men who fled when the fight was hottest, and who wanted results without risks. There would be time after to puzzle it all out. At the moment, action must be the only consideration.

AND action suited Kit Clissold. As ever, he had risen to the occasion. He had seemed almost happy.

With some difficulty Olive got hold of Peter at the theatre. With some difficulty she made him understand what she wanted.

It was nine o'clock before she and Kit had a moment's breathing space.

"We'd better go and dress now," she said. "We've got to meet the bunch at ten."

Kit laughed cheerfully. He looked almost boyish. "I bet the ceiling falls down on the place, or a gangster shooks us all up. It couldn't be that we'd ever get one straight story that went right."

"Well, you go and dress or our first disaster is that we shall be late."

"Oh, there's time for one cigarette." He pushed his case towards her. "Remember the last time we were at the Blue Parrot?"

Only too well. "Yes," she said noncommittally.

"Seems like a long time ago, so much has happened since."

"Yes."

He laughed. "We thought we had our spot of bother then. We didn't know what was waiting for us!"

"Hell will be a place where one knows what's going to happen next."

He looked at her attentively. "And what happens to you next? Olive, what are you going to do after to-night?"

She had been waiting all day long for the question. She had her answer ready. "I'm going to get a job, of course. I've got one or two things in mind." She embroidered the lie. "And Peter knows of something. Don't worry. I'll not have any difficulty."

He stubbed out his half-smoked cigarette with violence. He pushed back his chair and got abruptly to his feet. "I won't worry. You'll be right, as usual." He banged the door behind him as he went out.

Really, men were very unreasonable. What did he expect—that she would beg to be taken back? He had said that he wanted to be quit of her, and yet when she took steps to go right out of his life he didn't seem to like that either. Men were very unreasonable. All the same, the banging of the door made a cheerful little music in her heart.

CHAPTER 14

IT seemed to Olive that for the first time in the history of Clissold Publicity everything was going right. Perhaps the atmosphere of the Blue Parrot was conducive to success. Mrs. Robeson had smiled through many adventures. She was always ready for one more.

She entered with spirit into the excitement of the evening. "You're on to the right idea—you two." She nudged Olive. Something in the way she said "you two" gave the words a world of meaning.

"I hope so," said Kit. "It's our last throw."

She glittered at him with a look as near benevolence as she could manage. "I've always found that when I was absolutely beaten the only remedy was to pretend that I'd scored a bull's eye." She chuckled reminiscently. "Out in B. A. once some toughs shot my place up. What a night! Next day I opened without moving a thing. Blood and broken bottles. I left 'em all just as they were, and people flocked to see the fun! Yes, you two are doing the right thing."

"Well, we trust you to stage-manage it."

"You can. I'm giving you the long table in the centre of the room. My ordinary clients will want to see the fun. You've got to drink champagne. It goes quickest to everybody's heads and it always looks like a celebration. You've got to hail your people by their names just loud enough for everybody to hear without its looking obvious. Oh, you'll be all right, don't worry."

And for once it seemed as if they really would be "all right." Events shaped themselves kindly.

Baby May turned up according to schedule, in a diminutive frock and a wide smile, and with a bump on her forehead. She looked extremely appealing. Her appearance was greeted by an appreciative murmur. Now that she had recovered from her first fright, she had found a line of her own. She had been the innocent tool of the cupidity of others. Her pilot, still unconscious in a French hospital, was made the scapegoat. When the excitement had died down she could stop his mouth with a share of the proceeds. She had already signed a contract to appear on the halls.

The most important actors in the farce were the newspaper people. Olive made a point of a word with each, dropping discreet suggestions about Kit's influx of business, hinting at a story here, and exclusive information there. She introduced them to this and that person, not only Baby May, but Gyp, whose pictures, executed in whitewash and charcoal, would be all the season's rage, and Puffin, whose new novel would be out in the Spring, and out-of-work actors and society beauties, and even to one solid leather-goods manufacturer, whom Peter had thrown in at the last moment for weight. And Alan Hare reconsidered his idea of throwing them over, and Ada Garrick felt that in one night she had had value for her week's money, and a number of people who hadn't been very important to anybody that evening at six o'clock by midnight began to think of themselves as celebrities, and act accordingly.

Everyone saw something to their advantage in the party, and so everyone was happy.

Once she was certain that the evening was well launched Olive slipped away. She didn't want to see Kit alone again. It was too difficult to sustain her bluff, to play her part of cheerful indifference. In the treacherous hours of the early morning she might weaken. She had nothing now to save out of the battle, save her

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612926

dignity, and she had rather a fancy for bringing it out intact.

Next morning, she set about her grim task of job hunting. Miss Trent, who controlled the employment agency, was not too sanguine.

"Very bad time, Miss Arnold. I know how competent you are, but at the moment I haven't a person on my books who wants a shorthand-typist. I'll let you know."

Olive went next to her landlord. She had always respected him. She told him the situation frankly. Would he let her clear out of the flat immediately?

FOR his part, if there were any doubts as to her ability to pay the rent, the sooner she went the better. He made it easy. She sold her few belongings to the incoming tenant, and moved into a furnished room in a back street at ten shillings a week.

She didn't trouble to give her landlord her new address. There would be time enough to get in touch with her friends when she was in work again. After all, Tansey was the only person likely to look for her—and Tansey, a three days' bride, would have something else to think about. By Tuesday afternoon Olive was installed in her new quarters.

She didn't fool herself. It wasn't going to be easy. She had six pounds. It might have to last her as many weeks.

Every day she called faithfully on Miss Trent, she answered every suitable advertisement, she spent a large part of her meagre food allowance on stamps. She waited grimly. Something would turn up. In the end something always did turn up—otherwise half the population would be at the bottom of the Thames. It was only a case of hanging on with what optimism one could muster, an when that wore thin one substituted a brand of patience. That wasn't so good. It wore almost an air of defeat. It was too passive for comfort. One slipped so easily from patience to despair.

No one would have guessed to see Olive stepping along in her well-polished high-heeled shoes, in her thin, well-brushed coat, looking so tall and slim and remote, looking so cool and calm and efficient, no one would have guessed that she was anything but wholly successful. As she walked she hurried a little every now and then—past the food shops and the restaurants. These days she was always hungry—just hungry enough for it to be unpleasant.

At the end of the first week Olive went to see Mrs. Robeson. She found her in her little office behind the restaurant, a homely room, from which the parrots were excluded.

"Now what's the stunt, child?" said Mrs. Robeson, drawing up a chair for Olive. "The last one was a world-beater. Baby May did us all good. I hear you've as much work as you can handle. I'm glad. I stuck to Kit Clissold when it looked stupid to do so, but I always thought he'd got the right stuff"—she nodded to Olive—"and the right secretary."

"I haven't come from Mr. Clissold." It wasn't so easy. Olive was afraid that in a moment Mrs. Robeson's smile would fade. People didn't like to be told that you were looking for a job. "I've come for myself."

"Good Lord, child, what's happened between you and Kit Clissold?"

"Nothing. I don't work there any longer—that's all."

"That's all. Nonsense! Talk sense. You and he were——"

"No, we weren't. I know you always thought that, but you were wrong, Mrs. Robeson. I was just a clerk in his office." She smiled. "Why, he didn't even like me much."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Robeson was, if anything, more emphatic than before. "You can't fool me with that story."

"Honestly, I'm not fooling you."

The truth was so obvious in Olive's clear glance that Mrs. Robeson capitulated. "Well, I don't understand." She leant forward. "But of one thing I'm certain——"

"Yes?"

"That man needs you. Why, child, I've been looking at men and women, drunk and sober, all my life. They're the one thing I've studied. I know. You take it from me. I know. Even if I had a job I wouldn't give it to you. You've got to go back to Kit Clissold."

"But, Mrs. Robeson——"

"Don't be a fool. Take the advice of a woman twice your age, and with three times your experience. Run along back to Kit Clissold and don't waste my time because the two of you have had some silly misunderstanding."

AT the end of three workless weeks Olive had to fight hard not to feel frightened. Sunday was the worst day, but Saturday afternoons were bad enough.

It was cold and raining, and the shilling that Olive had put in the gas meter in the middle of the week would run out quite soon. It was cheaper to keep warm at the public library, but then Saturday was so very wet that she couldn't bear to face out again. She had anticipated her lunch hour, too hungry to wait. It didn't take long to prepare, or to eat—tea and bread and butter—it didn't take long to clear away or wash-up, and now the whole desolate, empty afternoon stretched before her.

She might go and see Tansey. The fares would cost her tenpence. But that wasn't the only deterrent. She didn't want to go till she had a job. Till—it seemed a long time. When all her money was gone then she would have to go. But Tansey had her own struggle. After all, Bill was only starting in a new place. They'd got to hang on and co nt their pennies. They couldn't—even if they would—do much. Olive must wait till the very last minute.

Or there was Peter. He would lend her something if she could bring herself to ask. Peter's "bolt hole." She had despised it once. Peter's play was coming on next week. He had wanted to be able to say "the dramatist's wife looked . . ." Well, she had turned down a star part, and now no one would even let her walk on.

She did not look round when the door opened. Her landlady had an irritating habit of popping in to ask, "Any luck today, dearie?" Her landlady's interest was twofold. She was naturally inquisitive, and if Olive had had no luck she mightn't be able to pay her way.

"Olive."

She swung round and jumped hastily to her feet.

"Kit Clissold!"

He stared at her as if he could hardly believe his eyes. "You've led me a nice dance," he said reproachfully. "But then you always did."

"What do you mean?"

"Going off like that without a word!"

"You'd told me to—very often."

He pulled out a chair and sank do like a man who had been running. looked up at her. "For a whole wee waited, thinking every day that you'd b up."

"Why on earth did you think that?"

He made a hopeless little gesture. thought we were working together ag That day Fox sacked us. You pulled the chestnuts out of the fire. Little of granite should come back to collect th reward."

"Peter always said I was a fake. granite—only stucco!"

"All that week I waited. Your stunt succeeded, you know. We were busy. Ev day I thought you'd come. I was pre lonely. What was the fun of it with you to tell me off?"

"But I told you I'd got a job."

"I know." He smiled. "I didn't bel you. I thought it was just one of yo debating points. I couldn't believe th you were really going to leave me like th By the end of the first week I began get desperate. I swallowed my pride a went round to your flat. The landlord di know where you were. Then I begun get really demented. I got on to Tan —to Peter Bent—I even went to see Fo That shows you. No one knew where were."

"I was waiting to tell them . . ."

FOR a moment he hun his face in his hands. "Olive, my de I've been nearly out of my mind. Th this morning Tansey rang up. She'd a a brain-wave. The employment agency th you'd both used. That's how I fou you." He got up and came and sa beside her. He dropped his voice. "Ol you were right—all the time."

"No, Kit. I said I could easily ge job. It hasn't been easy. I've been prov dead wrong."

Suddenly he caught her to him. "Y were right when you knew I couldn't li without you. You knew it all along. all your fault, darling. You knew I need you, loved you. Why didn't you kn it into my stupid head? Why did you me go on behaving myself like a fool? W did you let me hurt myself so much?"

She yielded her lips to his. "We both been stupid, Kit."

"Never mind," he said softly, "all golden days are still ahead." He put hand under her chin and turned her fa to the light. "You're looking pale, darlin

"I'm hungry," she said simply.

"Goodness. Where would you lik lunch?"

"At the Blue Parrot. I promised Mr Robeson."

"What?"

"That if this ever happened——" S left the sentence unfinished. She smil up at him. "Besides she may as well ha any publicity——"

"Attaching to our engagement lunch he finished the sentence for her. A when he held her to him Kit's smile w real and his hands were relaxed.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, a have no reference to any living person.)

Printed for the publisher by Sydney Newspaper Limited, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, and published Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4612927